Australian
PENTHOUSE
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
$2.95*
MAY 1984
PSYCHIC FRAUD
CLAIRVOYANCE, PSYCHIC SURGERY, WATER DIVINING, LEVITATION AND SPOON BENDING EXPOSED
HECKLER'S HANDBOOK
SNAPPY COMEBACKS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
NUGAN HAND
GUNS, DRUGS AND CORPORATE BANKING
HORSE TALK
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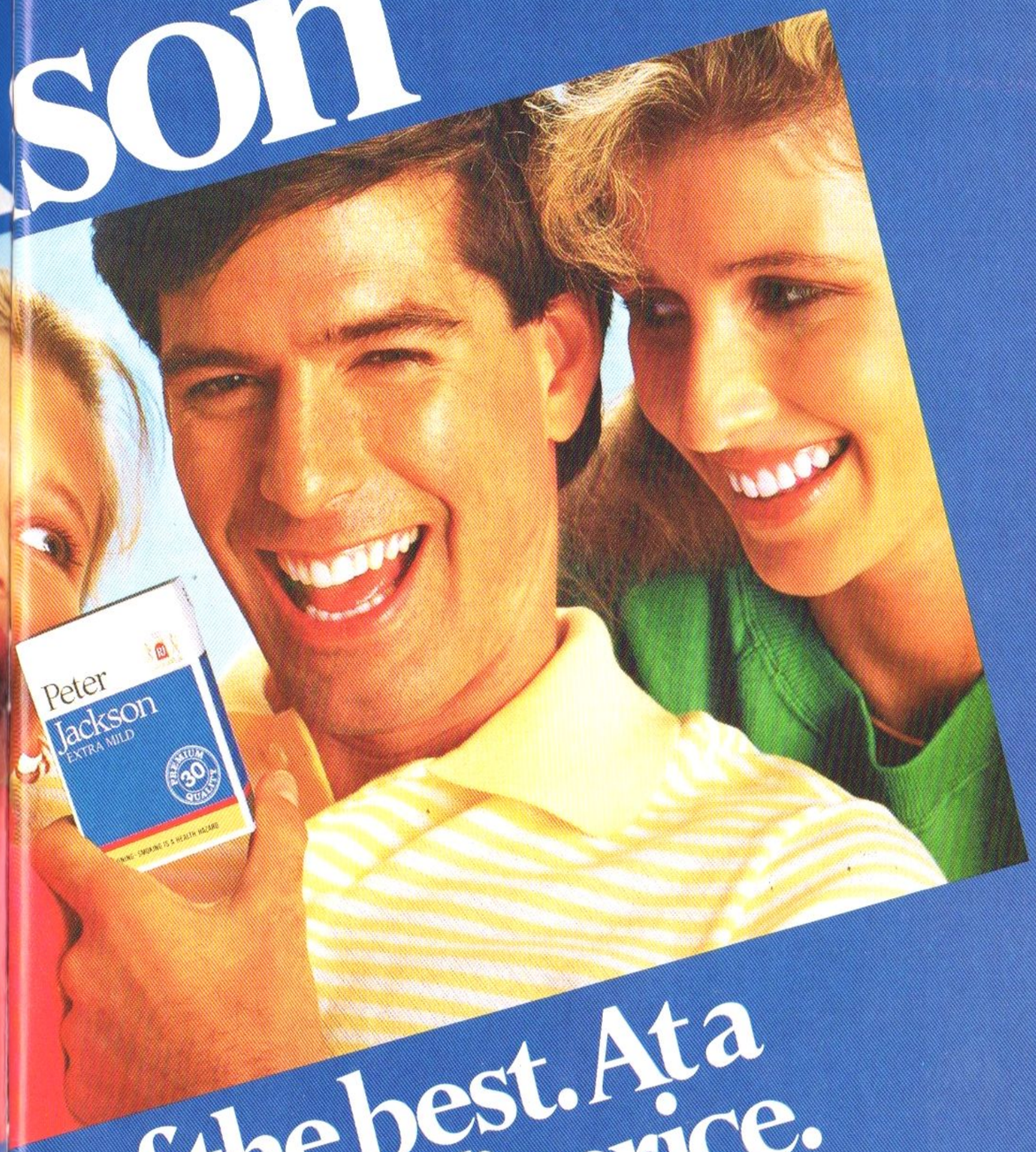


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Australian
# PENTHOUSE
The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 5 No 5/May 1984


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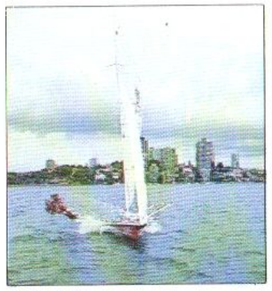
The Hecklers Handbook

The Bank That Passed The Buck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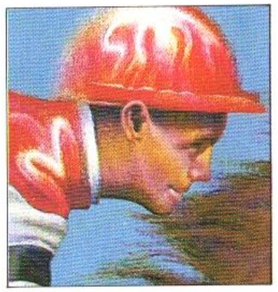
Horse Talk

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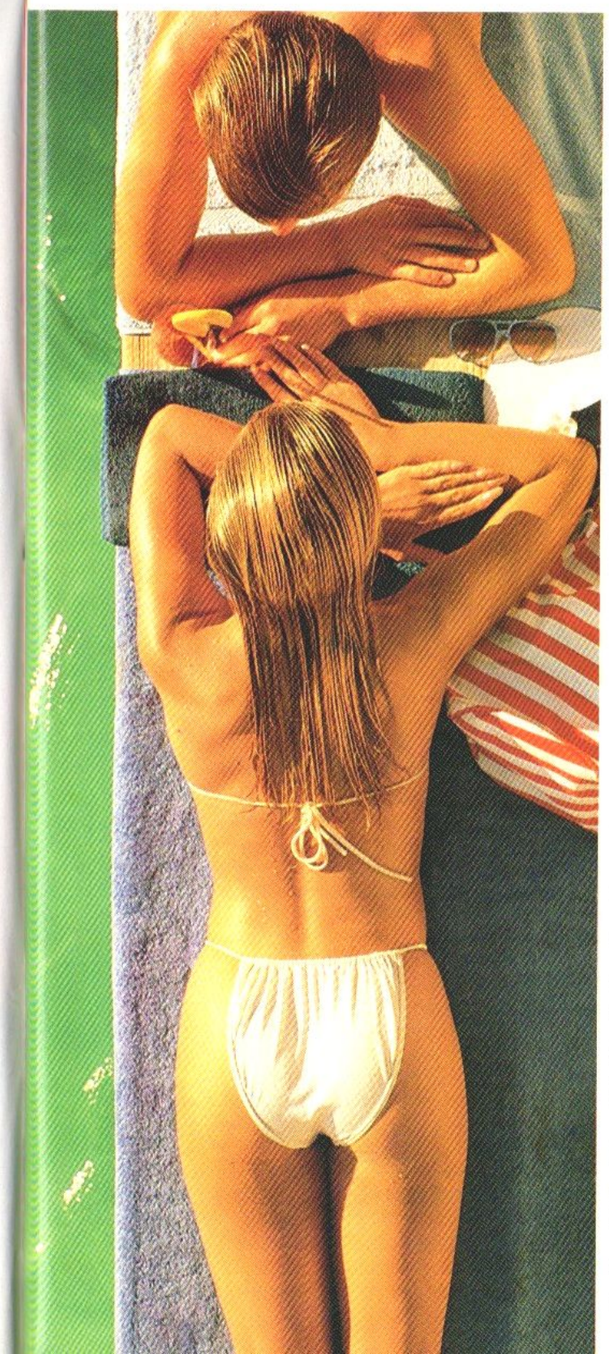
# "My P&O cruise was, without doubt, the best holiday I've had in my life."



**Welcome home...**

"The English service, especially the drink waiters, is spectacular. You put your feet up and don't do a thing.

Your holiday starts from the moment you step aboard – no boring travel or transfers before you arrive at your destination.

The ship is big enough to get lost in."

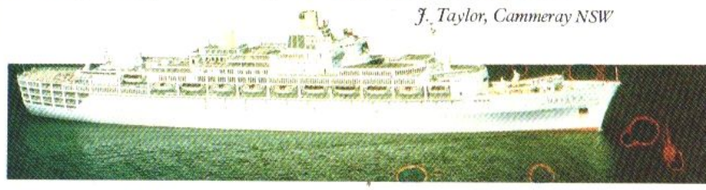
*N. Azzopardi, Waverton NSW*

"There was something to do every moment of every day on board. And none of the activities cost an extra cent above what I'd paid for the cruise — not even the cinema!"

*T. Dalton, Cleveland, QLD*

"So much was happening on our P&O cruise, the only thing we didn't get enough of was sleep."

*J. Taylor, Cammeray NSW*



**You could be having the time of your life.**

A P&O cruise is really twice as much holiday as you'll find anywhere else.

To begin with, you get the relaxation which you can only experience while cruising the tropical paradises of the Pacific: swimming across lagoons lined with multi-coloured coral; soaking up the sun on powder white beaches; sipping a long, cool drink in the shade of a beautiful palm tree.

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It's all for a price which is probably far less than you'd imagine.

P&O will even arrange for you to fly TAA at special low bonus airfares to connect with your cruise.

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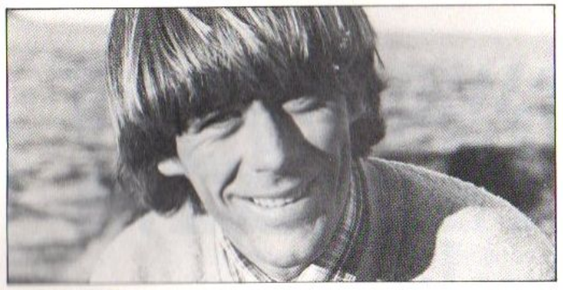
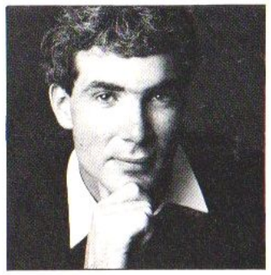
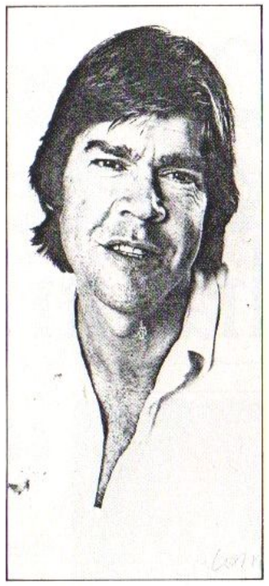


PETER CRAWFORD

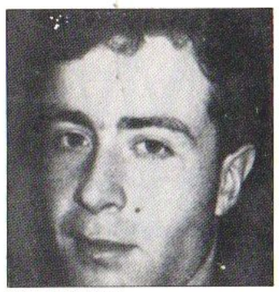
GRAEME ORR



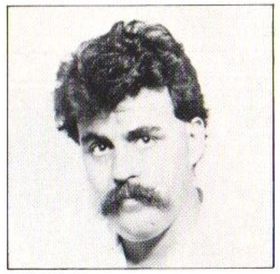
MARK FOGARTY



PETER CORRIS



NIGEL BUCHANAN



GLENN FORD

# HOUSECALL

Ironically, the technological age is also an age of superstition, irrationality and blind faith. It's fertile ground for the thousands of charlatans who daily separate gullible Australians from their money with claims of psychic powers. **Mark Plummer,** National Chairman of the Australian Skeptics — a group dedicated to exposing psychic fraud wherever it occurs — has accumulated plenty of damning evidence during his three-year running battle with the masters of deception. In Psychic Fraud (page 34), Plummer exposes the chicanery of psychic surgeons, clairvoyants, psychic crime detectors, levitators, spoon benders, water diviners and other claimants to paranormal powers. Superbly illustrated by **Nigel Buchanan,** this article could cause premonitions of bankruptcy among the occult brigade.

Australians were once considered the greatest hecklers in the world. Equally at home on the hill at the cricket ground or on the fringes of political audiences, these masters of repartee would thrill onlookers with illuminating *bon mots* like: "Hit 'im with yer handbag, ya mug." Now that it's become socially acceptable to attack both sportsmen and adversaries physically rather than verbally, the subtle art of heckling is on the wane. **Jim Pike** makes an hilarious attempt to revitalise the great Aussie tradition with The Heckler's Handbook, illustrated by **Tony Edwards,** starting on page 52.

Four years after the mysterious death of Frank Nugan and the collapse of the Nugan Hand Bank, many important questions remain unanswered . . . much to the relief of a number of prominent Australians. **Penny Lernoux** chips a few more pieces out of the stone wall erected by the US intelligence community in The Bank That Passed The Buck. That's on page 58.

Did you know that every time you respond to unsolicited mail, your name and address are automatically recorded on a computer listing which can subsequently be traded, bought, sold, swapped or rented to a host of organisations flogging anything from encyclopaedias to whoopee cushions? If you thought junk mail was merely another boring but essentially harmless aspect of the computer age, **Graeme Orr's** article entitled Getting Listed will change your mind. It starts on page 82 with an illustration by **Tony Lunn.** Eighteen-footers are to yacht racing what Formula One cars are to motor racing: they're expensive, technically sophisticated, and they go like a cut cat. Yachting expert **Mark Fogarty** couldn't handle the pace but managed to file a dripping wet account of the ride of his life. The Aquaholics, on page 86, is complemented by some great action shots from **Peter Crawford.** If you haven't got around 70 grand to plunge into an 18-footer, why not go downmarket and buy a racehorse instead? There are plenty of good reasons for owning a thoroughbred, and plenty of equally good reasons for disowning one. If you take **Rod Dunshea's** advice on buying and selling, training and racing, winning and losing, you could end up with a four-legged ticket to ride on the gravy train. **Robert Marshall** created the illustration for Horse Talk. Turn to page 96.

As usual, nothing is going right for **Peter Corris'** hard-bitten detective character Cliff Hardy when a vision of loveliness steps into his office with a tale of treachery. Hardy adds to his impressive history of headwounds before getting to the bottom of an intriguing case. Angel Of Death, illustrated by **Glenn Ford,** starts on page 102.

"The needle is around as far as it'll go, straining against the bump stop. For a full second now it's been resting on 300km/h . . . and still the brute is accelerating . . ." With eyeballs aglaze, motoring editor **Peter McKay** recalls his exhilarating experience behind the wheel of The Red Terror — the fastest road car in Australia, and maybe the fastest in the world. The adrenalin starts pumping on page 120.

Pat Cash, the *enfant terrible* of Australian tennis, is also the only player in the country who has the potential to put us back at the top of the pile of tennis nations . . . if only he can get his act together. What's stopping him, and what is he doing about it? Cash answers those questions in an exclusive interview with **Mark Fogarty,** starting on page 128. **Peter Gould** shot the accompanying photo.

This month's competition prize is a Commodore SX-64 color computer valued at $2000. This compact dynamo can fit into a briefcase, yet is able to run virtually any program important to business and industry — and if you want to play around, the Commodore has plenty of tricks up its sleeve. Turn to page 124, fill in the coupon, and a portable computer could be yours.

Speaking of compact, functional units, you'd be hard-pressed to beat 18-year-old Sydney beauty May Ling, who keeps her parts in perfect working order with a no meat, no drugs, no alcohol diet. Our Pet of the Month is an exotic blend of Chinese and Australian blood, and on this evidence there's an obvious need for closer bonds with our Asian neighbors. **Chris Dickson** captured the rare flower in full bloom. Lounge lizard Cara Richards, photographed by **Jerry Pasternak,** and voluptuous Paula Wood, shot by **Stephen Hicks,** make this a memorable month of May.




ROLL YOUR OWN

Different smokes for different folks.

El Supremo

Racehorse

Bomber

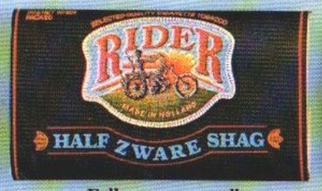
Regular

Trumpet

It's all a matter of taste.

Flavour & mildness in one

Smooth, full flavoured



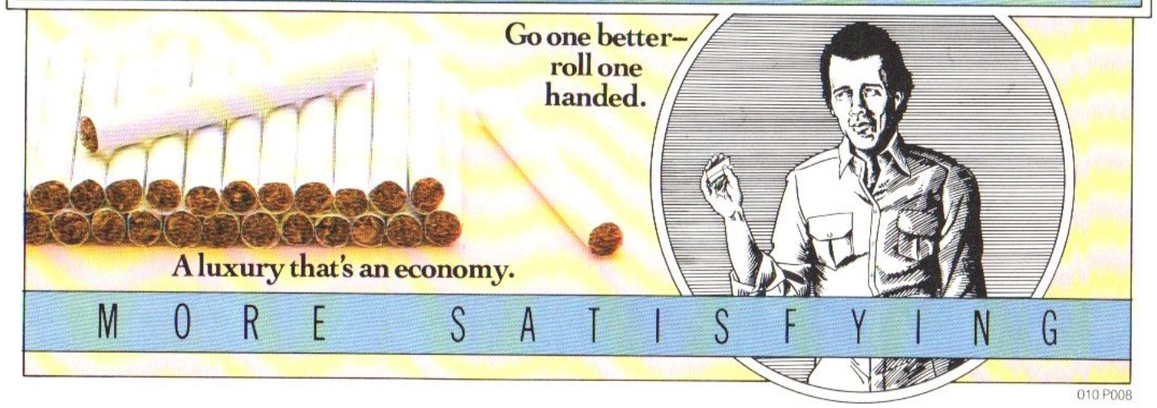

Full taste, easy roll

Mild toasted American

Fire cured, rich flavour

Subtle, sweet, aromatic

Mild cool menthol

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# PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

### The Wasteland

An article titled The Wasteland in October 1983 *Penthouse* stated that I said: "The recently deposed Fraser Government had gone for symbol, not substance," during a recent seminar on management of soils in drought and flood. This observation was indeed made at that seminar, but not by me! — *D.E. Smiles, Chief CSIRO Division of Soils*

### Flavor of the month

I would like to express my disappointment with Phil Abraham's statements in the January View From The Top, Cocaine Culture. What right does he have to claim that our successful artists are burning themselves out with cocaine?

He says, and I quote: "Why, the Americans are so desperate for inspiration that they have resorted to listening to Australian bands." Maybe the learned journalist should lash out and buy some of the local albums the Americans and ourselves are enjoying before he knocks them.

As long as Australians can produce music and films with heart, they will be more than the "flavor of the month" which some American critics have labelled them. We are finally producing the goods, so please don't knock our artists — encourage them. — *L.J. Nolan, Groote Eyland, NT*

### Classy Christianne

I was knocked out by your January Pet of the Month Christianne Jende. I don't blame her for falling in love with Australia, and I certainly wouldn't blame Australia for falling in love with her. I congratulate Chris Dickson for photographing Christianne so perfectly and where she belongs — in an atmosphere of class. She's a knockout. — *Dominic, WA*

### Gold Winger

As an enthusiastic Gold Wing rider, I was naturally impressed with motorcycle correspondent Noel Christensen's article in November *Penthouse*, Winging It. I was impressed that a small club could get a mention in your magazine and had no idea that the club existed until I read the article. Thanks. — *Thomas R. Vaughan, Kalinga, Qld*

### Stung

I just read the Sting profile in your February issue, and as far as I'm concerned he can take his garbage philosophy and shove it. How dare he be such an arsehole?

Sure the Police have survived adverse circumstances to stay together. But the bottom line is this: if not for the fans, the backers, the behind-the-scenes believers, the Police would be nothing.

Regardless of Sting's personality, I still like the Police. I just hope he gets his wish as the king of pain. — *M.K., Surry Hills, Sydney*

*Debra Braithwaite . . . a platinum peach*

### Keeping up with Jones

Having had some personal experience of Bob Jones' heavy-handed security methods many years ago (I won't bore you with the details), I was wondering why you were bothering to give someone who I didn't think deserved that sort of respect such prominence with the February *Penthouse* interview. I began to understand when I started reading his answers to the interviewer's questions. Jones' 25 years on the streets have resulted in an incredible range of experiences; he's certainly spent a lot of time in the combat zone. It seems to me that he may have a penchant for exaggeration, but even so, he's a great story-teller. I'm looking forward to the second instalment. — *P.J., Mermaid Beach, Qld*

### A platinum peach

Let me be the first to congratulate *Australian Penthouse* and photographer Bob Watson for the stunning "Blonde on Blonde" centre pictorial in the March edition. The stark and sharp backdrops truly set off the alabaster purity of dreamgirl Debra Braithwaite. I was pleased to note that the color of the fuzz on this platinum peach closely matched that of her magnificent mane. It would just wreck me to know that the color of her crowning glory came out of a bottle. Debra's luxurious bush is a real turn-on. Girls like her just don't grow on trees. — *Bill Agnews, Dapto, NSW*

### Love food

I read with great interest the article on Sex and Drugs by Greg Hunter in February *Australian Penthouse*. The discussion of what up till now has been a taboo subject was extremely informative, although my interest was accompanied by some skepticism after the way that certain foods affect the libido was so readily dismissed. I happen to consider myself a connoisseur of foods of the flesh and know for a fact that certain victuals do act to liberate the libido.

Some years ago I discovered that the best way to bed a lady is to clean up the pad, put something on the stove, dim the lights, and ask her around. I've now honed down my act to the one standard three-courser, and it's yet to let me down. For appetisers I always start with caviar, followed up with asparagus vinaigrette. Main course is carpetbag steak (rare) — and don't go easy on the oysters. By this stage the women are always so hot that they are the ones who suggest adjourning to the bedroom for dessert. Needless to say dessert invariably consists of hot pork banana.

My partners and I find performance is always enhanced with a stomach full of the "love food" — it's well and truly a case of the meat making the motion. — *P. Leffler, Melbourne*




# Picture yourself with a Sanyo 'Betamovie'

## Feather-weight camera from the video giants.

When you take a look at the Sanyo Betamovie you'll realise that life's never been better.

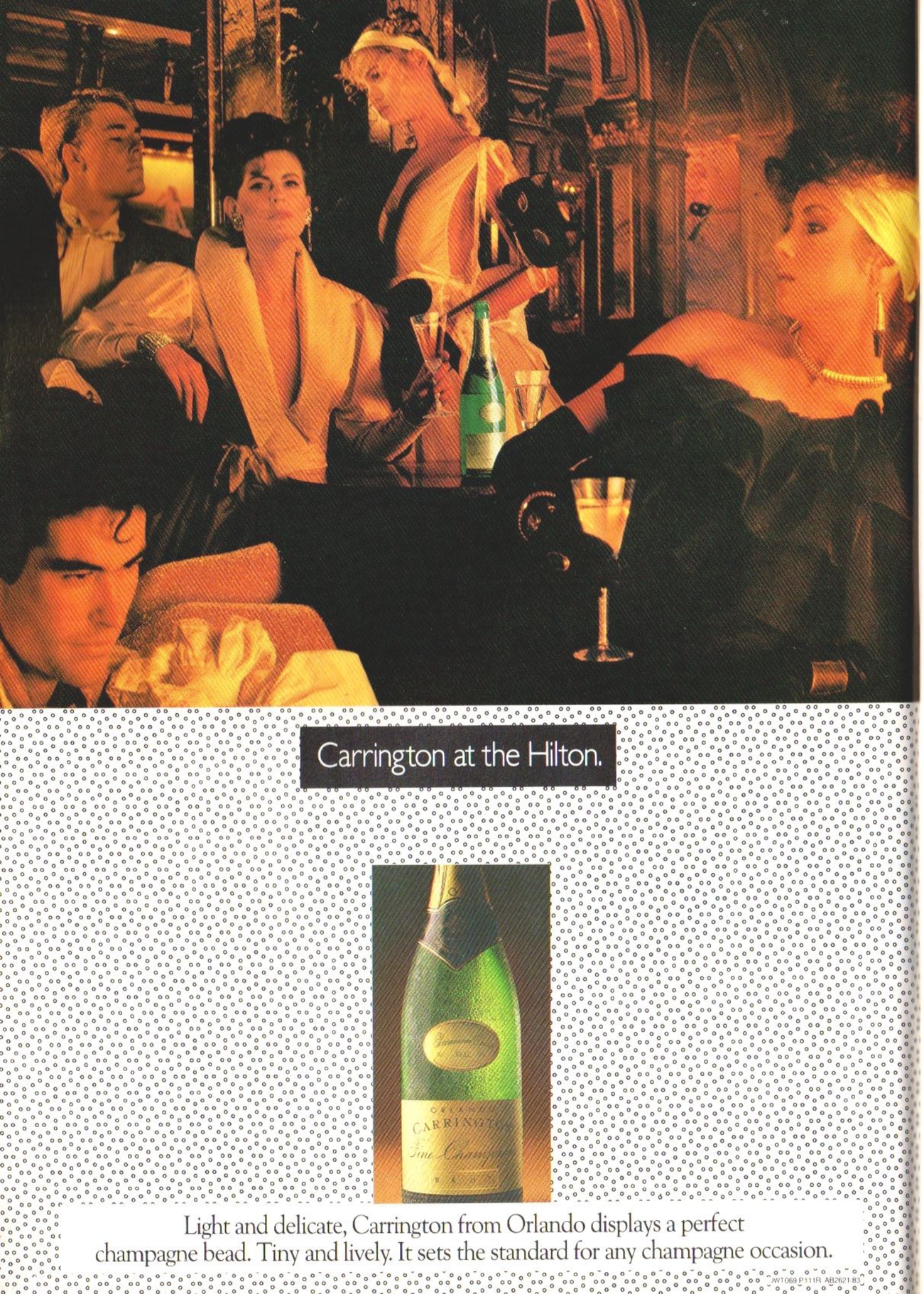
Because unlike many video cameras, there's no annoying heavy back-pack. No over-the-shoulder cables.

It's light in weight and heavy on features like compact Omega tape loading system, 6x power zoom lens with Macrofocus, in-handle battery pack, through-the-lens optical viewfinder. Just one compact, light-weight unit designed for one-handed operation. So important when you've got a camera that will film for 3 hours, 40 minutes. That's 3 hours longer than any similar VHS camera.

And Betamovie comes in its own beautifully designed optional carry case that would make the professionals envious.

Take a good look at the Sanyo Betamovie you won't see yourself without one – but that's life.

SANYO *That's Life!*


Carrington at the Hilton.
Light and delicate, Carrington from Orlando displays a perfect champagne bead. Tiny and lively. It sets the standard for any champagne occasion.

# PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

### Pussy pacifier

Last year I joined the army and it was pretty rough on my wife and me. Until then we had never been separated during our seven wonderful years of marriage. To help pacify my loneliness, my wife Christine wrote every day.

On a very dark and nippy Friday afternoon in January, I received a very strange envelope. It was much thicker than the rest I'd received. As I slowly opened it I began to get a warm feeling. Inside was a card which read, "Handle with care." It had an arousing, familiar aroma. I must have turned as red as a cock head when I realised what I had. In my hands I held a perfectly drawn and colored snatch, complete with Christine's own pussy hairs glued around the hole. It sent me right through the roof! I stroked the soft hairs of my care package pussy and creamed my khakis.

On the next visitors' day, as soon as I spotted Christine waiting in the forecourt I got a tingly feeling all over. It was like being with a total stranger. When we got to my room and closed the door, I told her to take her pants off. As she laid down on the bed, I pulled the "instant" pussy from my pocket and began to compare the two heavenly works of art. I stroked the cardboard pussy, then my wife's deep pile. I then put my hard rod through my replica, then into my wife. Slowly, so slowly, in and out I moved until she moaned, "Harder, harder, fill me with that dick."

I moved like a machine gun on rapid fire. I kept firing away at her, and at the moment she screamed in ecstasy, I shot my load. Afterward she crumpled in my arms like a small child.

The whole weekend was exciting as we got re-acquainted. — *Name and address withheld*

### Saturday ritual

During the past few months my best friend Tracy has been coming to our flat to escape from her uncaring, unfaithful boyfriend. On these occasions, Tracy, Tom and I would put some money together and buy a few bottles of booze. Until this past weekend it's been nothing more than talking, laughing, and getting high. And when Tracy left Tom would say, "When are we going to suck Tracy's cunt?"

Anyway, we had planned to get together late Saturday night after Tracy and I got off work. Tom was waiting for us as usual; sitting on the bed, pouring a drink and listening to jazz on the radio. Tracy and I took our usual places on two chairs facing him on the bed.

Tracy and I are complete opposites when it comes to looks. We are both attractive and are prone to lots of ogling eyes. Tracy is only five feet two. She works out four times a week at a gym so her entire body, even her small breasts, are firm and strong. She has a perfectly featured face surrounded by a short, sophisticated hairstyle. She's of Italian origin with a deep olive complexion. Tracy also wears smart expensive clothing which makes her appear somewhat older than her 24 years. As for myself, I'm tall, of fair complexion with blonde shoulder-length hair. As people have always told me, my body is a knockout. I dress in a sexy fashion and move in a sexy way. Although I have not been to a gym in a couple of years my 27-year-old body is in shape. My nicely rounded bum and perfectly shaped 36B tits are firm and solid.

Anyway, after drinking a few scotches I decided to make the first move on two unsuspecting people. Since my toes were directly facing Tom's groin, I straightened my leg out and let the base of my foot fall gently, but noticeably on Tom's crotch. I then looked toward Tracy, who was somewhere between shock and nervousness. I looked back at my foot and kept rubbing it on Tom's crotch until his cock was rock hard and the surprised look on his face changed to a look of expectation. I took my leg away, knowing he could take care of himself and turned my chair slightly toward Tracy. I then did the same thing to her with my right foot as I had done with Tom. Softly I rubbed and caressed her pussy with the base of my foot. In the meantime Tom had unzipped his fly and was jerking off to the scene he had waited so long for.

By this time Tracy was definitely aroused. She couldn't take her eyes off Tom's hard dick. I removed my foot and let Tracy rub herself with her hand. I then got off my chair and knelt next to her, unbuttoned her blouse and licked and sucked her pointed little nipples. I then held her hands back so that she could no longer finger her gaping pussy hole. Somehow she had managed to wriggle her way out of her tiny panties and had hiked her skirt up. I began to lick my first pussy like an expert. I flicked my tongue back and forth on her clit while she oohed and aahed. When she could stand no more, I said to her, "Suck Tom's throbbing dick and you'll get just what you want." This was

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Andrew Cowell

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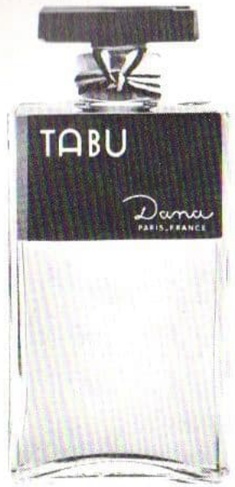
**MAY**

**Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.**




**The Forbidden Fragrance**


# FORUM

what he had been waiting for. By now he knew I had planned this evening's events and he knew I wanted it done my way. I could tell he had been ready to come by just watching it all. I took off my clothes and began to share in Tracy's joy as we sucked and licked and kissed every inch of Tom's massive loin. The excitement was at its peak for all of us. I knew we had to come at the same time, so I climbed on Tom's face and let him lick my sodden grotto. At the same time, Tracy sat on his dick, riding it and reaching for my tits till one of us let out a scream followed by the others. By all means it was the most intense orgasm we ever experienced. — *Name and addresses withheld*

### The friendly skies

I am a 22-year-old pilot. Last summer I flew a small charter plane, and during one of my working days I received a call from a woman named Narelle who wanted to go flying locally on a Saturday afternoon. We made arrangements and I told her where to be at what time.

Saturday arrived and I left my home to meet Narelle. Boy, was I suprised when I caught wind of her propellers. She was about average height, with long legs, a perfect bust, and hips that made my eyes (as well as my pants) swell. She had long sandy-blonde hair and was dressed in a white minidress.

As we climbed into the plane I couldn't keep my eyes off her delectable rear. But being a professional I had to push her from my mind and concentrate on flying.

We flew to a low altitude and started down the coast. I was just getting off the radio when I felt a pair of perfect breasts rubbing my right arm. I looked over to see that Narelle had unbuttoned her dress and was leaning on me, making it impossible for me not to get a glimpse of heaven through her dress. Narelle noticed the prominent bulge in my pants that stood out like Centrepoint Tower. She unbuckled my belt, undid my jeans and pushed them down to my knees. Without a sound, she leaned over and took as much of me in her mouth as she could. I felt her warm tongue working up and down my co-pilot with perfection. Her right hand coaxed my balls with tantalising strokes. I knew that I was going to come at any moment. I grabbed her head and held it in place while I shot my sweet wad deep in her throat. It goes without saying that I was having a hard time concentrating on flying. I decided to fly the plane up to a higher altitude where there would be less traffic. When we got up higher, I turned on the automatic pilot and let the plane do the flying. I reached for Narelle's legs and pulled them up to my face. She was lying on her back on my lap while I thrust my face into her sweet cunt. I probed her cunt and arse with my tongue and proceeded to nibble on her lips. Was she hot! In a matter of moments she let out a moan and came in my mouth.

She told me that she never had sex in a plane before and that she wanted to feel me inside her. She got off me and continued to undress me, while I made sure that there were no other planes in the area. Then she crawled on top of me, grabbed hold of the dashboard and sat on my arching rod. I reached around and grabbed her firm breasts — perfect handfuls. I pumped up and down in rhythmic movements while she rotated her hips up and down and side to side. The combination of this beautiful creature on my cock, and the fact that we were doing this at 7000 feet in a private plane, drove me crazy. We climaxed together in a few minutes. It had to be the best feeling that I've ever experienced. She then turned around and we began to explore each other.

I decided to get playful and inventive by using the plane to our advantage. I turned off the auto pilot and reached around my passenger to grab the controls. In a second I had the plane going up and down very rapidly. Narelle giggled and jumped back on my woody. The plane seemed to be a sex machine on automatic drive and we took advantage of it until we were both exhausted. I then turned the plane around and headed for home. — *Name and address withheld*

### A lesson learned

Just before I lost my virginity, I was working for a restaurant where the 25-year-old manager made most of the guys feel mighty horny. I had a reputation for having screwed half the girls who worked with me, but even though I would have liked to live up to my reputation, most of it was just a bunch of bullshit the girls had started. My real experience was limited to a few finger bangs and nose dives.

On this particular day I was working the morning shift, which meant I was on the job two hours before anyone else. I had been there about 15 minutes when the manager came in and said she had to finish some paperwork.

After a while, I began to clean up in her office. When I got beside her chair, she asked me if I wanted a raise (pun intended). I said, "Sure." She immediately cupped my crotch and stood and kissed me like I had never been kissed. She slid her hand down my pants and said, "I've heard you're a big boy." By this time the shock was wearing off and this "boy" was getting bigger.

We were soon undressed and I was playing it by the book *(Penthouse)*, slowly moving down her body and ending at her sweet snatch. After she had moaned through her orgasm and rested, she rolled me over and climbed aboard for the ride. I suprised myself by lasting the whole ride and climaxing with her. Time flies when you're having fun; before we realised it an hour had passed and another employee was beating at the door to be let in. In a flash I was dressed and she was in the bathroom dressing.

# FORUM

Obviously I finished my work late that day, but being the understanding boss she is, I didn't catch hell for laying down on the job.
*— Name and addresses withheld*

**Hiking for hunks**

One day during our holiday my friend Fiona and I decided to go for a hike. We planned to follow a trail which led to the top of the Blue Mountains where the view was supposedly breathtaking. Little did we know just how breathtaking it was going to be! After about two hours of walking we realised that we had taken a wrong turn, because we were not yet heading uphill. Fiona suggested that we try to find a clearing in the bush so that we might be able to get an idea of our position. Before long I noticed sunshine coming through the trees ahead of us, and figured that there must be a break in the trees. Fiona was really tired and was having trouble keeping up with my pace, so I decided to run ahead and check it out.

When I reached the edge of the clearing I found a ledge of large flat rocks which dropped off into a waterhole. Standing on a boulder was a young man. He didn't see me, so I decided not to approach him until Fiona caught up.

The guy was only about 18 or 19 years old, and was quite good-looking. He had blond hair and he wore only a t-shirt, jeans, and hiking boots on his tall frame.

I turned around to motion to Fiona, but she was still a fair way away. I turned back just as the guy was taking his shirt off. When I got a good look at his muscular chest I began to feel strongly attracted to him. I walked back a few paces to intercept Fiona and tell her about the wonderful view in the clearing. As we approached my original position, I noticed that the guy was seated taking off his hiking boots. I told Fiona that we should hide behind a tree and wait to see how much more clothing ne was going to take off.

We watched anxiously as he removed his boots and socks. Then he looked around, as if to be sure no one else was present, and removed his pants. He then stood completely naked at the edge of the rock ledge. My crotch began to dampen.

Our friend then dived off the rock and into the waterhole. Fiona and I debated what to do next. I wanted to go over and meet him, but Fiona thought we should just watch for a while longer. After swimming around for about five minutes, he emerged from the lake and climbed back up on the flat rock. There, he lay down on his back to bask in the hot afternoon sun. I was incredibly turned on by the thought of making love to this handsome stranger right by the water.

Fiona and I both stared in silence, but very intently, as the summer sunshine baked his beautiful body. Then, quite unexpectedly, the situation took another twist. The guy began to develop an erection. I guess the intense heat of the sun was too much for him. His cock grew longer and longer and glistened in the sun. Then even more amazingly, he reached over with his right hand and began slowly stroking the cock. By this time I was trembling with desire. I wanted that cock so badly I could almost feel it inside me.

After a few minutes of gently stroking himself, the guy was ready to get serious. He got to his feet and stood on his tiptoes as he thrust his cock back and forth in the palm of his hand. I couldn't take it any longer! I darted out from behind the tree and ran toward him. Hearing my footsteps, the guy looked up and saw me. An expression of terror swept over his face before he ran into the bush.

Fiona wanted to leave and find our way back to the campsite, but I insisted that we stay. I figured that the man had been so shocked by me that his first instinct was to flee, but he was stark naked and I knew he had to return for his clothes.

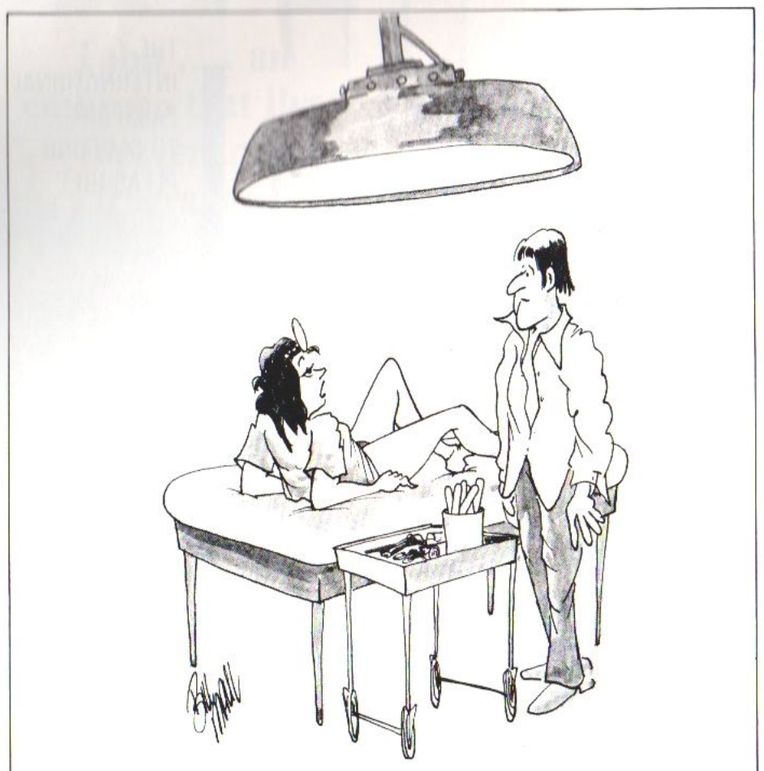
After about half an hour we heard his voice calling us from behind a tree. He awkwardly introduced himself as Steve, and said that he was very embarrassed by the situation. He begged us to go away and let him get his clothes, because his parents were expecting him home and he couldn't return naked. I told him that we would be glad to help him, but only if he came out of hiding.

Steve reluctantly emerged into the clearing, holding his hands in front of his cock. I noticed that he was limping and blood was oozing from dozens of scratches and small cuts on his legs. I went over, put my arms around him, and gave him a passionate kiss. Looking down, I noticed that his cock was springing back to life.

Fiona came over with a wet handkerchief and began to wipe the blood from the cuts. He then asked if we could help him remove a splinter from his foot. Fiona and I carefully removed the large splinter, as I sarcastically advised Steve about the dangers of running naked through the bush.

Now that was taken care of, I was ready to get down to the matter of my own needs and desires. I began at Steve's feet and slowly kissed my way up his legs to his groin. Meanwhile, Fiona started at his neck and worked downward. By now Steve's pole was fully erect, so I took it in my mouth and expertly applied my lips and tongue over its rigid length. At the same time I gently squeezed his balls and Fiona kissed him all over. Steve got charged pretty quickly. In no time his hips began to buck and he let out a shriek, cutting loose an explosion of sperm. I nearly choked trying to swallow it.

Steve just lay there, panting and sweaty, while Fiona and I quickly stripped and joined him on the ground. He perked up immediately when he saw our bodies. Wildly massaging our tits he eventually found his way to the steamy caves between our legs. Alternating between hands and tongue,



*"Look, I'm the doctor here . . . I said stick out your tongue!"*

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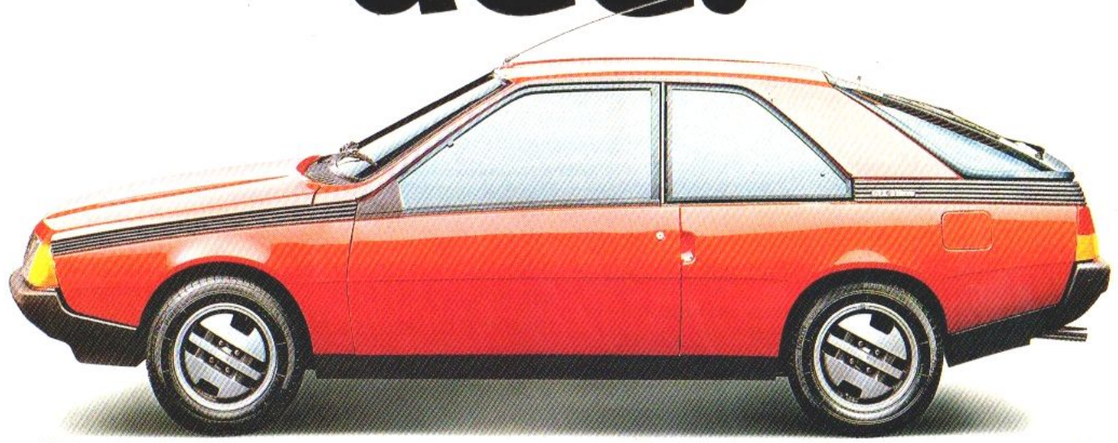

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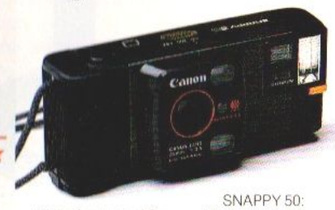

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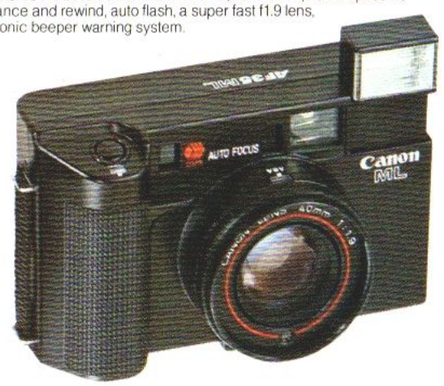

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# FORUM

Steve brought both of us to shuddering climaxes. By this time he was hard again, and asked if he could fuck me. Instead of answering, I just pulled him on top of me. He quickly entered me and began thrusting. We both came quickly, with earth-shaking intensity.

At this point Steve rolled off me and closed his eyes. Now it was time for Fiona to have her fun. She lay down on top of Steve and began nibbling on his ears and nipples. It wasn't long before he was excited again. He rolled Fiona over so that he was on top, and readied himself to perform. I remember thinking what a primitive sight it was as the two of them moaned and grunted, thrashing about on the ground. Dirt and dust clung to their sweaty bodies and Steve's toes dug deeply into the soft earth as he slammed into Fiona again and again.

Finally everyone was satisfied. We all jumped into the water to cool off before getting dressed and heading our separate ways. While we were dressing and talking, Steve admitted that his parents had once caught him masturbating at home and, since that time, he always came to this usually secluded spot when he felt the urge. He also told us that he had been a virgin until that day. That was just the icing on the cake! — *Name and address withheld*

### Monkey see, monkey do

I've read many of the letters in Forum and have enjoyed them thoroughly. They have always been a great source of erotica of both my husband and me. I have a story to relate that could be as much of a turn-on to read as it was to experience it.

The suburb in which we live has a couple of all-night adult book stores and porn theatres. Of course, they have the run-of-the-mill 20c booths and that's where we usually start. We then proceed to the regular theatre, where they show full-length porn films. The one theatre we like best has two enclosed booths, with large windows to facilitate viewing. Even though it's possible to see the booths, there is a modicum of privacy.

One night, a few months ago, my husband, Tim, and I went to the book store. It was late, about 2 am and we were the only ones there. We entered the theatre and sat down in the booth nearest the door. We prefer this one because it has a good size lounge in it and it's very comfortable. As the movie became more erotic, Tim started to get excited. He began stroking my nipples with one hand and tugged at his zipper with his other. After opening his fly, he pushed my head down toward his dick. I slowly and gently began giving him head. Even though people began to enter the theatre, I continued.

The girl in the movie was also giving head and I tried to match my movements to hers. I wanted my husband to come at the same time as the man on the screen. It must have worked, because he did. Then came the best surprise of all.

Tim reached over and pulled my jeans down to my ankles. He massaged my clit with one hand and my tits with the other. I was getting so hot that I couldn't stand it. Then he did the same thing to me that I had done to him. About the same time that the guy in the movie started eating the woman, Tim went down on me. Now I knew why it had gotten him so excited. Feeling it and watching it at the same time was more erotic than anything I had experienced. To top it all off, Tim pulled me up and sat me down on his erect dick with my back to him, facing the screen. As we fucked, we watched the couple on the screen fuck. There were several people in the theatre now, and the chance of being caught heightened our excitement. Since I'm not one to come quietly, I had to put my fist in my mouth to keep from screaming. Tim and I generally come at the same time, and this was no exception. Just as he was ready to come, he grabbed my hips and forcefully pulled me down. My orgasm almost rattled my teeth. I couldn't move for about 30 seconds afterwards. After we had caught our breath and straightened our clothes, we left the booth and walked out of the place as though nothing had happened. When we got home, thinking about what we had done got us so excited that we were ready to go again. This time though, we took the time to do all the things we were unable to do in the theatre. Doing something that daring in public had been a definite turn on for both of us. — *Name and address withheld*

### Candid camera

I think most men are turned on to some degree by sex films. The two most common complaints against most of the ones on the market are that the woman involved is not very attractive, and the dialogue and "action" is so phony it isn't funny. I have a collection of 37 films and videotapes that leave everything else I have seen cold. The same woman appears in all of the films.

Ann is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Long, dark hair, flashing green eyes and a sensual mouth set off a very pretty face. Her tits are firm and full with unusually large nipples. Her stomach is trim, her arse is firm and nicely rounded. She has the most gorgeous legs I have ever seen, long and perfectly shaped.

Of the films I have of this woman, four show lesbian encounters which show her seducing another woman almost as beautiful as she. Another is a three-hour sequence showing her playing with her breasts, caressing her pussy and using vibrators and rubber cocks to bring herself off during obscene phone calls and other situations. I have films of groups of men ripping her clothes off, then holding her down as they take turns raping her. Others show her being seduced or working as a whore, taking black cocks in her mouth, pussy and arse. In all, the films show this woman having sex with 73 different men and four different women. The most exciting part of all is the fact that she is my wife.

Ann has been screwing other men and women as often as she can since shortly after our wedding. We are both proud of her reputation as an insatiable lover and a damned good fuck. Years ago, we found that it really turned her on to be screwed in front of a camera, and it didn't take us long to decide to make our own movies, avoiding the mistakes we had always found in the commercial ones.

There is never a script involved. We will select a subject like seduction, and a partner or partners for Ann, set up a couple of cameras and simply take movies as it all happens. My wife always starts out fully clothed, and always ends up naked except for a garter belt, stockings and high heels.

If the subject is seduction, Ann will really make the man work to get into her panties. She will resist until she is so hot that she can't say "no" any longer. The first time Ann sucks a cock and lets him fuck her she will still be wearing all articles of clothing except her panties. If the subject happens to be rape, one of my wife's favorite sex games, she insists that the rape be real, and the cameras hidden. She prefers gang rape with at least four men grabbing her, ripping her clothes to shreds, then holding her down as they take turns on her.

During foreplay Ann will get so hot she will be begging these men to squeeze and suck her tits, to feel her up then put it in her. Throughout intercourse she is begging them to fuck her, screw her, ram it into her, screaming that she is coming. She will have her long legs wrapped around the man, if the position allows, her cunt coming up to meet every thrust. Each fucking shows her coming at least two or three times, and believe me, there is never any question about her orgasms being faked! Each gang bang has at least one sequence where Ann takes a prick into her cunt and one into her arse at the same time, often with a third prick in her mouth. None of her responses, verbal or physical, are put on.

We do not find anything exciting about close-up shots of a cock sliding in and out of a woman's cunt, arse or mouth. Our close-up shots are restricted to head and shoulders shots of them kissing, their tongues working into each other's mouths, head to waist shots of men or women sucking Ann's tits, or head and shoulders shots of my wife sucking cocks. Each film usually contains one sequence of men coming all over Ann's pretty face and in her open mouth, then showing Ann using the head of his cock to smear the jazz all over her face before she licks and sucks the last of it from him. When she is being fucked, the camera catches her entire body and head, not just a

prick sliding in and out of her cunt. Her facial expressions and body movements are what make the scenes so exciting.

We prefer having the men come in her in most movies, finding the view of sperm running out of her cunt far more exciting than seeing a man come on her arse or stomach. My wife refuses to have a man take his rod out of her to come unless he wants to shoot on her face or tits.

At least twice a week I have a live sex show, watching other men pouring the meat to my wife and watching her sucking cocks. At other times I'll hear the squeak of the bedsprings. The sounds of their naked bodies slapping together, my wife's moans, cries and screams of pleasure. Often she gets screwed away from home, at a motel or in the back seat of a car. She will come home with her cunt still full of jazz, then lay back and tickle her clitoris as she describes everything that happened to her before I fuck her.

I have often been asked how I can watch another man fucking my wife. I watch with great pride, excitement and pleasure. The piece of arse he takes from her is nothing in comparison with what I get when it's my turn on her. I'll take "sloppy seconds" any day. I am proud to be married to the finest piece of tail around; a woman who enjoys being fucked so much that it doesn't make any difference whose cock she has in her. I often have the pleasure of watching my wife indulge in lesbian sex with a lovely woman, then screwing them both. — *Name and address withheld*

### School-boy crush

When I was in first form at high school we got a new teacher named Miss Anderson. Fresh out of teachers' college and on her first teaching assignment, she was very popular with everyone, especially the boys. In fact, Miss Anderson's mountains were the subject of much discussion among the boys during lunch. Some of us actually went up to her desk during class when she was seated and pretended to ask questions on our assignments.

Standing over her, we would view her fantastic cleavage. Once I even saw her nipples when she leaned forward at her desk. I got an immediate hard-on!

The next year she was transferred to another school and we never saw her again.

Then last week, while in a sporting goods store, I ran into a lady who looked vaguely familiar. As it turned out, it was Miss Anderson! At first she couldn't place me. (It was almost 12 years ago.) But when I told her about a practical joke I had played on her in class she remembered it immediately, shrieked with laughter and embraced me.

She invited me to a nearby coffee shop, where we discussed old times. She had been twice married and divorced. She lived locally and inquired if I were busy that night. When I told her I wasn't, she invited me over for dinner and a chat about old times.

Relaxing with dinner and a lot of wine, she told me her life story. She had really mellowed out a lot since her teaching days. Our talks became a bit intimate and I hoped it was going to lead to something. She asked me if any of the boys had had crushes on her. When I said yes, she giggled, then delved further.

"What does a boy feel when he has a crush on his teacher?" she inquired.

"He goes through hell," I said in mock seriousness.

She laughed again. Then, getting a bit bolder, she asked if the boys had ever fantasised about her. Again my reply was, "Yes."

I guess we were both a bit high on the wine. Then she dropped the bombshell question: "Did *you* ever fantasise about me?"

"Yes. And some of the boys outgrew it," I replied, "but I never did."

She put her arms around me and gave me a sensuous kiss. I returned the favor. The next thing I knew, we were kissing passionately! We then jumped into the shower for some nice clean fun. I couldn't believe my eyes when she stripped — her body was magnificent.

Finally my fantasy was turning into reality. She had a thick mat of golden pubic hair. My hard-on stood straight up and she began fondling it, while I buried my hands between her legs. Then we dried off and hopped into bed.

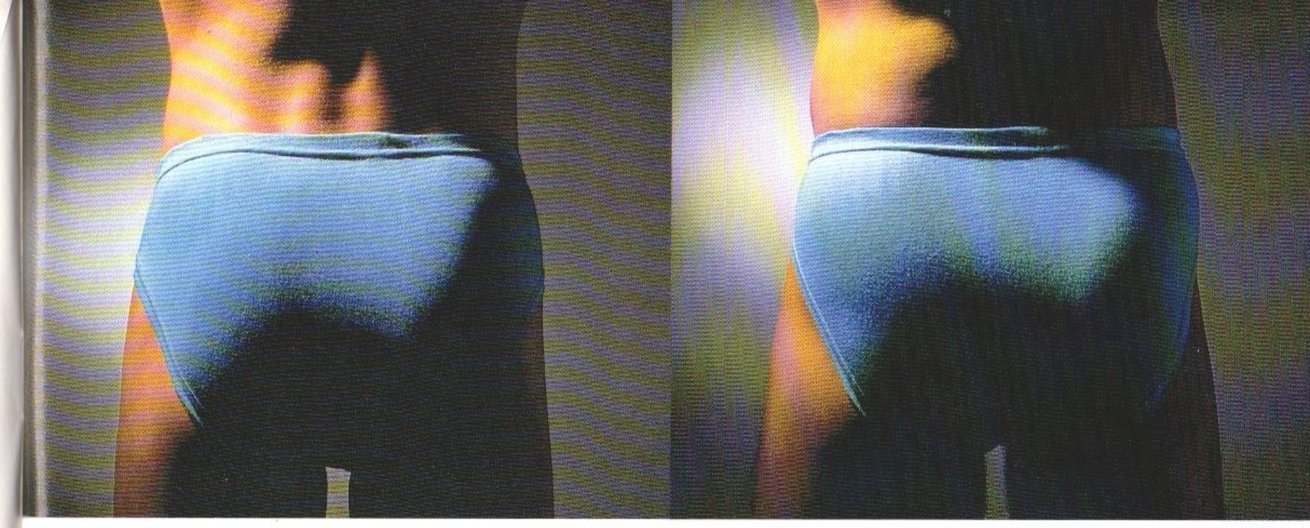
I was immediately between her legs, sticking my tongue into her hole and working it in and out and around her clit. In a matter of minutes she started juicing; she was squirming around and the contortions on her face revealed that she was really enjoying this. Her entire body shuddered violently as she came to her first orgasm. This really turned me on!

Then she pushed me on my back and began to consume my rigid meat voraciously. After about a minute of her sucking and massaging my cock, I exploded in her mouth. She spat out my come and massaged it into my chest.

I regained my hardness within minutes, slipped into her nicely shaped pussy and began banging away. I wasn't fully recharged yet, so it took a solid 10 minutes of banging before I was about to burst. Then I pulled out and squirted all over her face. When we finally recovered, I noticed the bed was soggy from sweat.

We showered again and had some munchies. I've had her twice since last week and I'm seeing her again tonight. She is one hell of a horny woman. And I'm very grateful to her for having let me make a schoolboy's fantasy come true. — *Name and address withheld*





# Examining what goes into men's underpants can be quite revealing.

Although a pair of Jockey Hip Briefs probably cost around the same price as the brand you are buying now, that's where the similarity ends.

For example, unlike most hip briefs, Jockey Hip Briefs have a double gusset.

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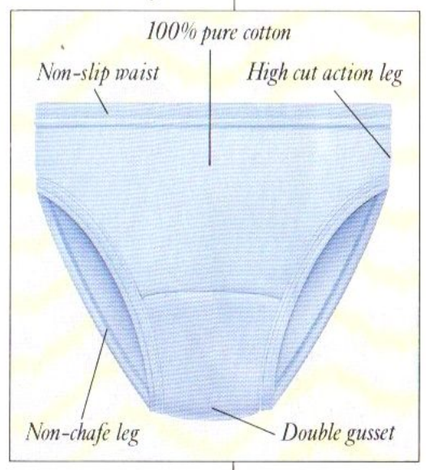


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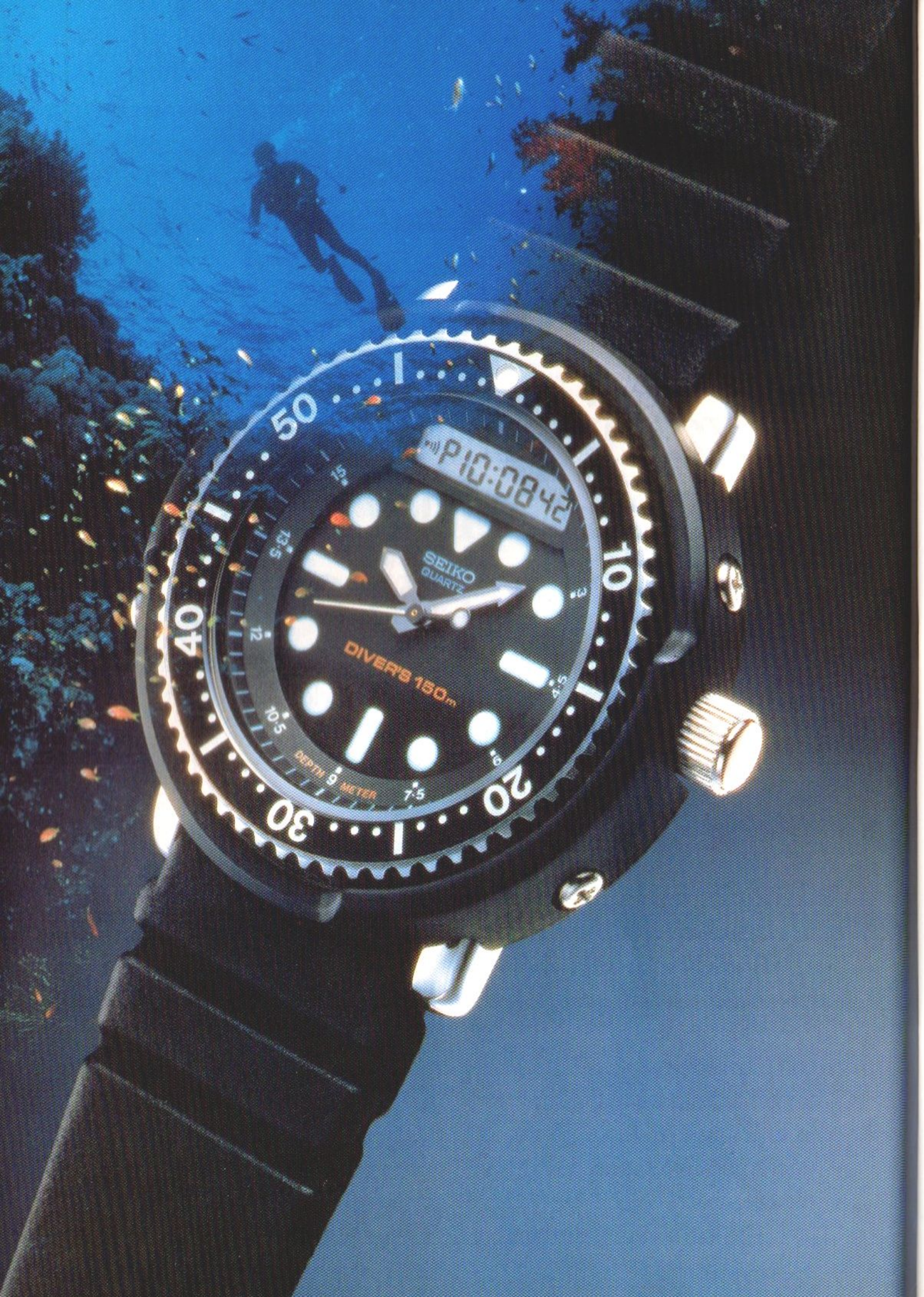


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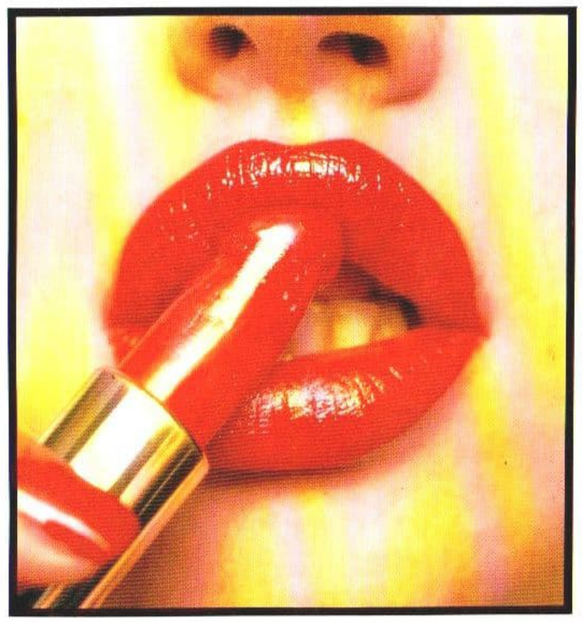
"You should accept the fact that some women, particularly those with complicated, lacquered hairdos, will never submit to your fetish"

# XAVIERA HOLLANDER

## CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

*In the course of our 14 years of marriage, Sue and I have managed to act out almost every one of our sex fantasies. This is because we are very sensitive to each other and each is committed to fulfilling the other's needs. With her long straight brown hair and large breasts with dark aureolas, Sue is a very pretty woman. She is one of those prim and proper, strait-laced, North Shore types. However, at my request Sue is able to let go of all her inhibitions and shift from lady to whore. Though externally I seem a very quiet sort of man, I too can metamorphose; I can become an animal whenever she requests it. Since we trust each other we are able to indulge in all our wildest dreams.*



*Fortunately Sue and I share many of the same fantasies. For instance, both of us get off whenever Sue goes out in public wearing extremely revealing clothes. One favorite game is to go to a high-class restaurant with Sue dressed in a very sheer cocktail dress and nothing on underneath. When the light is right everyone can see through the thin, gauzy material the outline of her nipples and the shadow of her nest. That gives both of us an incredible turn-on.*

*Another fantasy is driving down the highway with Sue lying face down on my lap. Whenever an unsuspecting truckie passes by, Sue lays a quick flash of her naked arse on him. Sue also owns a bathing suit that becomes see-through when wet; she wears it to the local pool. But while we have always indulged all the desires dreamed up by either of us, we never — until last month — invited anyone else to join us in our lovemaking.*

*One night Sue and I went to a disco, with Sue wearing a very brief, revealing dress, and no panties on underneath. A young man came up to our table and asked Sue to dance. She declined, but he struck up an interesting conversation with her. Soon he was sitting next to her and they were talking away, with him occasionally letting his eyes roam up and down her body.*

*I have never been jealous of Sue, and at that moment I was so proud of her that I eased up her dress to show him her legs. I was aware that our table was well out of view of the general flow of people on the dance floor, and before I knew it I'd raised her dress to her waist, baring her pretty pussy for this total stranger to see. Sue was a bit nervous, but mostly agreeable, and we opened her low-necked blouse and visually and physically examined her full breasts — boy, was she breathing hard!*

*We decided that we'd better go out to our car if we wanted a closer look. When we reached our Camira in the parking lot, Sue got in the front seat. Then I got in the driver's seat and our new friend climbed in next to Sue. Having her in the middle, we were able to proceed comfortably, feeling her and undressing her. When she was fully nude, I pulled out my cock and she started to suck it as our friend screwed her from behind. Then Sue turned around, put her head between his legs and sucked him off for a second course. Meanwhile I put her legs over my shoulders and nuzzled and licked her for a while, finally digging in and eating that come-filled pussy to ecstasy.*

*I found that I love to watch my wife share her mouth and arse and gash with another man. Both of us liked that first taste of sex with someone else so much that we have made it our discreet hobby. The first time was the toughest, but each new time it gets easier and more exciting. We've been going on weekend trips to places that specialise in bringing together interested couples. We would never think of screwing around independently.*

# XAVIERA

*Most of our friends term ours the ideal marriage. Don't you think people would have better marriages and sex lives if they didn't close their minds to their partner's wishes? Shouldn't all married couples at least try to find out what their spouses do and don't like? Shouldn't they understand the need to try out different partners? Sue and I have never felt closer or more in love!* — S.B., Sydney

You two make changing partners as easy as pie! You should realise, however, that there are plenty of married people who can find sexual satisfaction only with their partners. Then there are couples who would suffer too much from jealousy if they had a fling. Others, who love each other very much after many years of marriage, prefer to have little affairs on the side without the other partner watching, participating, or even knowing.

BUNS AND LOVERS

*Despite the seemingly endless variety of fetishes you've dealt with in your column, Xaviera, I've never seen any mention of hair fetishes. I myself got turned on to hair a long time ago. When I was leaving home, my high school girlfriend, who was having her long hair cut into a pixie, gave me her ponytail as a memento. I kept it in my desk drawer in my room for about six months. Then one night when I was masturbating, I took the ponytail out of the drawer and found that the hair helped turn me on. I could smell the sweet fragrance of it as I pounded my pud. Later I discovered that if I wrapped the hair around the shaft of my cock I could get a really wonderful sensation. Since then, my greatest fantasy has been to rub my cock against a woman's hair. But every time I've tried to tell a woman about this, she would break up with me immediately.*

*After many years of disappointment, I decided I would probably never realise my fantasy. I had just about given up hope that any woman could help me, when something very fortuitous happened. I had gone over to the apartment of Mrs T, the manager of the flats I live in, to pay the rent. When I handed her the cheque, Mrs T looked me up and down and said that if I ever had problems with the rent, we could "work something out." Then she kissed me on the lips and closed the door.*

*Although Mrs T was a lot older and much less pretty than the girls I was used to going around with, she had one thing in her favor: her hair. She wore it up in a bun that started at the top of her head and came down to the nape of her neck, so I figured a bun that large must mean she had very long hair. I hoped that I might be able to satisfy my cravings with her.*

*The day the next rent payment was due, I went over to her place and said I didn't have it. She took my hand, led me over to the lounge, and sat me down. Then she squatted down, pulled my cock out of my pants, and went down on me. With her head in my lap, I only had to lean my face downward to nuzzle that gorgeous bun. It felt soft against my face. Suddenly she stood up and looked at me with a strange smile. I just sat there staring as Mrs T proceeded to take all the pins out of her bun, letting down a gorgeously brown and shiny mass of hair that fell almost to her knees.*

*In the next few hours I screwed Mrs T several times and finally, around 2am, I got the nerve to ask her if I could come in her hair. Amazingly, she said it was okay. I wrapped her hair around the base of my cock and stroked myself, while she sucked on the head. When I felt myself coming, I took my cock out of her mouth and buried it in a clump of hair. After that night, we "hair-fucked" about three times a week. The best time was when I fucked her hair while it was in a bun. I stood behind her and shoved my cock into that tight, round mound of hair. It felt like a silky pussy, only better!*

*After a while, however, I broke off my affair with Mrs T. Now I'm seeing a very lovely lady with long blonde hair whom I would like to marry. She hasn't the vaguest idea about my hair fantasies. Xaviera, should I risk telling her about my fetish, or was Mrs T's empathy a once-in-a-lifetime thing?* — J.D.

Despite your poor luck, a hair fetish is probably one of the easiest of all fetishes for a man to achieve, as you need no outside machinery. There must be dozens of men wandering around shooting their loads into heads of shiny tresses or silky curls. However, you should accept the fact that some women will never submit to your fetish. Regarding the woman you love, I suggest that you subdue your fantasy to a degree and ask the woman if she will merely caress your cock with her hair. Ejaculating into her hair can "come" later. It is always wise to know your prospective spouse's sexual habits quite thoroughly. As you obviously have unusual sexual tastes, it is most important that your future wife be aware of them. Otherwise you are riding for a fall.

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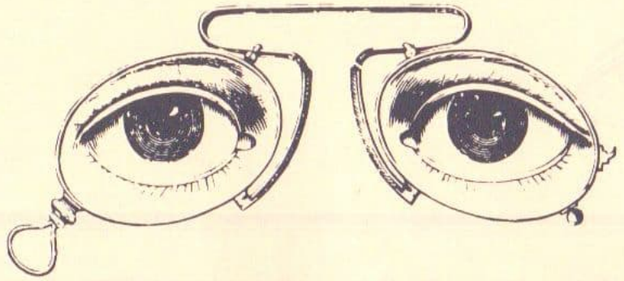


# VIEW FROM THE TOP

## MINDLESS FUN GUIDE

BY COLIN HINTON

I don't mind a bit of mindless fun. In fact, most of my free time is spent in pursuit of it. While others pass their leisure hours engaged in fulfilling, profitable pursuits like gardening, jogging, sport and home renovation, you'll be more than likely to find me busy in a range of totally unproductive entertainments — and loving it!

Just what is mindless fun? Basically, its definition encompasses frivolous indulgences with absolutely no tangible return or redeeming features. Video games are a perfect example of the form. However, they tend to fit into the "mindless fun for minors" category. These days I feel a little silly sitting down at a Space Invaders machine with my knees up near my chin. I find I'm often keeping one eye out for acquaintances who might walk into the amusement arcade and catch me at this addictive but embarrassingly puerile activity — a distraction which has lately been lowering my scores considerably.

Which brings me to an important point: the guilt factor. The cardinal rule for mindless fun seekers is to feel no remorse — before, during or after the action. Don't let the kill-joy tyrants of time make you feel bad. There's nothing wrong with a bit of harmless frivolity. In fact, in the all too serious Eighties Australians are frequently denied amusements which were once the right of every free man. We are currently suffering from the prohibition of pleasure. The bureaucrats are legislating the fun out of life.

It is happening in an insidious but significant fashion: a mass of petty rules and regulations which add up to an all work and no joy, play-safe situation. Mindless fun is most enjoyable when it involves an element of decadence, danger or depravity. But as a result of recent legislation, it is becoming more and more difficult to risk your own life — just for the hell of it. Speed limits, blood alcohol restrictions, firearms and other weapons control, drug laws — they're all taking the minor and mostly harmless risks out of life.

One ridiculous example which comes to mind is the law pertaining to fireworks. Remember what fun you used to have with bungers and skyrockets on cracker night? Well, some stern official decided they were dangerous just because a trivial percentage of fireworks enthusiasts were suffering a few minor injuries — the odd burned finger or blinded eye. At the same time, Australian authorities are apparently condoning the use of nuclear armaments by allowing the sale of yellowcake to warmongering nations who are threatening the future of planet Earth. Just where are these people's priorities? They've banned the bunger, but they won't ban the bomb! Is it any wonder I'm a fan of mindless fun?

The fitness and health boom is another manifestation of these dour and dreary times. Now, I know I am fighting a losing battle as I jostle with sweaty joggers on the footpaths at lunchtime and listen to endless narcissistic dinner party monologues about weight loss, aerobics and the latest fashions in gym wear. Watch out — before you know it, fitness classes run by Nazi gym instructors will be compulsory — followed by cold showers. Demand the right to be unhealthy.

As an antidote to all this serious stuff, what we all need is a bit of mindless fun. Just which activities fill the bill? Sex, as long as it isn't for procreative purposes, naturally heads the list. As Woody Allen said, it's the most fun you can have without laughing.

Gambling is another marvellously futile recreation and fits right into the mindless fun category as long as you don't win regularly.

Most sports fail to fill the stringent requirements of mindless fun. Competitive games, especially team sports, don't rate. They require far too much serious effort and have sickeningly healthy connotations. Fishing isn't mindless fun either — unless you never catch anything.

Other mindless fun activities include playing pinball machines, drinking to excess, masturbation, bonging on, and reading vacuous and pointless magazine columns like this one.

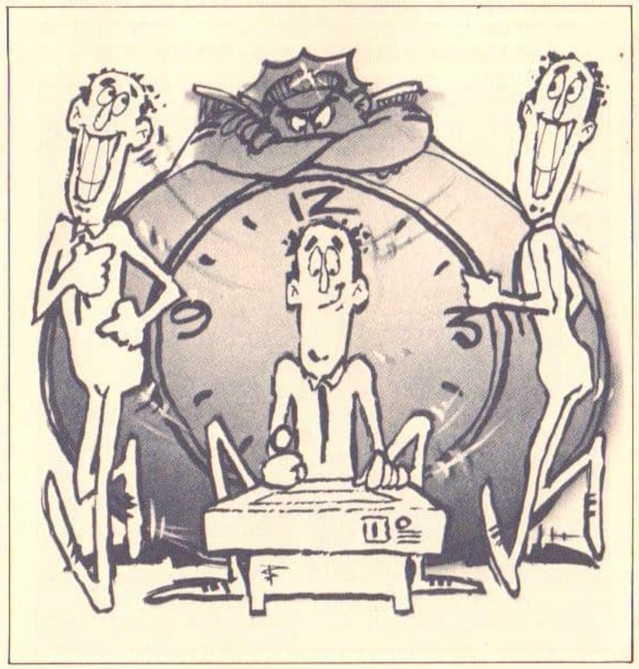


*Illustration by Peter Sheehan*

# SOUNDS

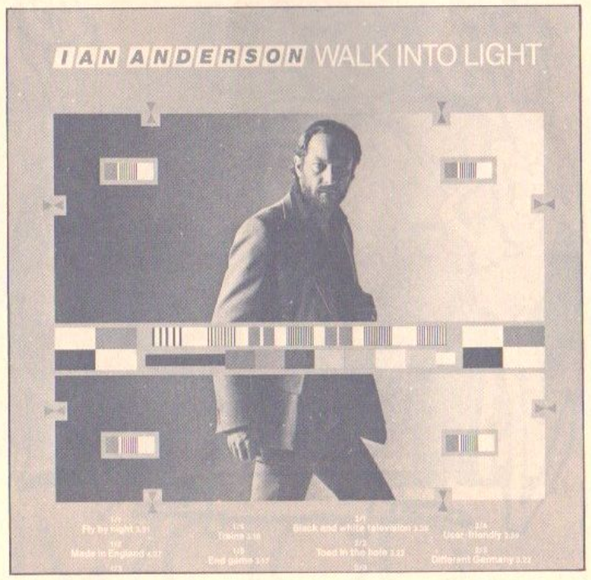
SIMPLE MINDED

That team of Glaswegians, **Simple Minds,** prove again that despite the bad weather and industrial pall of their hometown, it's still possible to *Sparkle In The Rain* (Virgin). This album sees them return to more of the Big Beat of their earlier glories like "I Travel." It is also the closest thing they've done to a live album. Recorded in the studio under the watchful ears of long-term colleague, producer Steve Lilywhite, the Minds avoid the usual live pitfalls of car breakdowns, toilet queues, dodgy sound and shaky backstage catering. The careful layers of *The Gold Dream* are replaced by thick, powerful riffs, though the trademark keyboard washes and singing guitar accents are still there, as is the rich sound of Jim Kerr's voice. The closest they get to evocative atmospherics (elsewhere achieved in the sublime "Singing Out The Angels") is the instrumental "Shake Off The Ghosts", and in moments of " White Hot Day." Simple Minds is still a powerful cohesive band with new drummer Mel Gaynor (seen here on their previous tour) injecting some welcome swing into their previously angular bash.

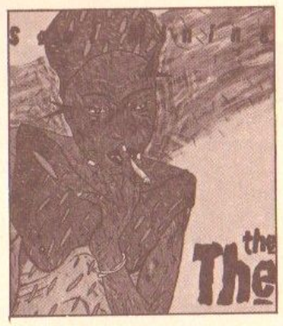
His hair short and his ornate codpiece hung with mothballs, Mr Jethro Tull himself, **Ian Anderson,** has decided to forsake a full band and digitally interface with the public direct for his first solo outing. *Walk Into Light* (Chrysalis) sees him with a gaggle of electronic keyboards and drum machines and only one other human accomplice in Peter-John Vettese. The result is not as far removed from standard J. Tull fodder as might have been expected. Anderson uses the shifting rhythms of Tull as well as his distinctive vocals. Even his trademark flute is here. The topics are centred less around the village green, but maintain Anderson's distinctively English view of the world.

A recent exponent of the vocal style fostered by Ian Anderson — words knowingly couched in the back of the throat and partly hummed through the nostrils — is one Matt Johnson. As the one man band, **The The,** his single of last year, "Uncertain Smile", even had that flute. It's not a comparison he's mad about but it in no way detracts from his recent bout of *Soul Mining* (Epic). A self-proclaimed depressive, his songs are hardly crammed with sweetness and light. He starts by claiming: "My mind has been polluted and my energy diluted," and continues to construct catchy choruses out of thoughts like: "I'm just a symptom of the moral decay that's gnawing at the heart (of our country)." Self-doubt, insecurity and depression go hand in hand in Johnson's world. He should be a putrid hunchback living in a subterranean recess, but for some truly beautiful musical moments amongst this lyric gloom. Marimbas, delicate keyboards, guitars and his often frail voice are allowed to waft over a thumping drum track — if you're going to be miserable you may as well dance. Elsewhere flute and piano accordian give light relief to accusations of having "given up your friends, you're relying on her," and complaints like: "How can anyone know me when I don't even know myself?" *Soul Mining* is not, however, an open invitation to slash your wrists — "You can't destroy your problems by destroying yourself; death is not the answer for your soul might burn in Hell."

Ian Anderson *steps into light on his first solo outing*




**Nina Hagen** proves to be as *Fearless* (CBS) as ever on her latest release, produced by Giogio Moroder — who's still living off the cabcharge dockets from *Flashdance.* The music tracks are fairly undemanding disco-rock formats with Moroder's sequenced past




The The . . . *gloomy*

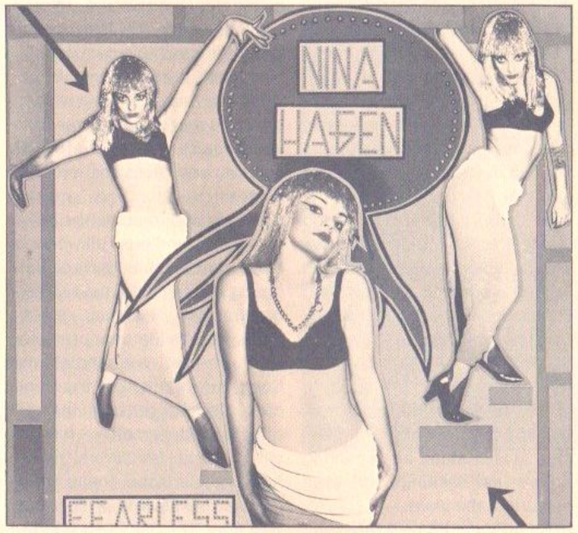
catching up with him. However, Hagen's lyrics and vocal delivery definitely require you to pay attention. As with her previous disc, *Nun Sex Monk Rock,* her utterances are nominally in English as opposed to the native German of her first records. Her guttural half-spoken falsetto takes a few listenings to piece the images together and further complications come when she operatically lapses into a change of voice to derail the unwary. The famous Hagen yodel is also trotted out for "The Change." Hagen shows herself to be fairly lateral in her imagery and even in more obvious songs like "Flying Saucers" manages to marry David Bowie, Steven Spielberg and daytime television in one refrain. ("Scary monsters get the shock of a lifetime when they close encounter of the third kind the first time; good morning America.")

Meanwhile, back in the land of the more obviously frivolous, is the not quite self-made superstar (thanks dad!) **Kim Wilde,** with an album not dedicated to social disease — *Catch As Catch Can* (RAK). Songs like "Love Blonde" ("She's got that sensuality for love") see our Kim squeezed into the slightly too tight outfit of a recently adolescent nymphet, bought for her by some middle-aged fantasy. She proves she can still belt it out in that voice that seems to elicit sound more from the adenoids than the vocal chords with a tone as tight as the proverbial fish's armpit. Kim Wilde, a midget amongst giants, deserves to be as big as two-toed thongs.

From across the Atlantic comes another disc for tight little buttocks to squirm to under flashing lights. **Irene Cara's** second album is understandably titled after her Flashdance hit *What A Feeling* (Epic). G. Moroder, in his commercial cap, directs Irene through some believably rendered dance opuses. Weaned on *Fame* this trouper, clocking in at a mere quarter century, doesn't put a foot wrong — but hardly makes any great leaps.

*4000 Weeks Holiday* (Polydor) is what **Ian Dury** seems to have been on before his latest bout of recording. His Jamaican holiday (*Lord Upminster*) lacked some of his famous spark and wit but this effort has him sounding like a lost old man shuffling in front of the mike. The band, mixed too far back to give it any punch, meanders through some workmanlike brass funk.

With *Milk and Honey* (Polydor), **John Lennon** posthumously demonstrates his dictum of say what you mean to say, give it a back-beat, and then, presumably in accord with his final lifestyle, dash home to drag the latest loaf from the oven. It may be true that "never were John and Yoko as much in synch artistically as they were on *Milk and Honey* and *Double Fantasy,"* but that does not make them superb albums. As a singer, Yoko knows a lot about investing in stud bulls. She has the last say with "You're The One (How Do I Tell You?)" A real tear-jerker — but the pity is the strong evidence of marshmallow brain syndrome in her once sardonic lover. Let's just hope there are no more anaemic out-takes to further dilute the memory of his once powerful voice in popular music.




Nina Hagen . . . *lyrics and delivery demand attention*

Coming on in parts more like KC And The Sunshine Band than Peter Tosh, reggae icon **Jimmy Cliff** extols the *Power and the Glory* (CBS) of positive thought. No less direct in his politics ("We want to have a piece of the pie right now"), Cliff manages to avoid the more laconic excesses of much reggae.

Recent darlings of the English charts, the **Flying Pickets,** maintain the acapella tradition with their larynxes aided only by snapping fingers. They run the historical and musical gamut from the four track title and not so old Yazoo hit *Only You* (Virgin) to Gershwin's "Summertime", complete with tropical storm effects.

**China Crisis,** who seem to have an unquenchable penchant for four track twelve-inchers, engage in some very cruisy *Wishful Thinking* (Virgin).

The fictitious **Was Brothers** continue their ongoing in-joke claiming to be *Born To Laugh At Tornadoes* (Geffen) and manage to implicate Mel Torme, Mitch Ryder and Ozzy Osbourne in the process.

Two bands that have the audacity to release live sounding albums recorded in concert are Irish lads **U2** and Stateside strutters **Pat Benatar** and band. U2 are caught in the act of inspiring singalongs *Under A Blood Red Sky* (Island) — an eight tracker from the USA and West Germany. From a similar sojourn, *Live From Earth* (Chrysalis) sees young Pattie trying to perfect her best nigger get-down accent while the boys "rock on" (as they say). Included are two new studio tracks whose main purpose is to underline how ordinary the band sounds live.

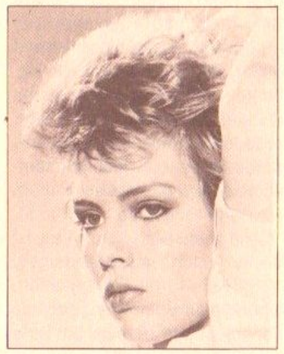
Those big mamas **The Weather Girls** confidently sing of *Success* (CBS) on their debut album. "We got it all, we're havin' a ball . . . we're the biggest." Six tracks of chatty gospel-tinged disco stretch over the album. Should go down a storm on the gay club circuit with sentiments like "Dear Santa (Bring Me A Man For Christmas)" and the classic hoot "It's Rainin Men (So Rip Off The Roof And Stay In Bed.)"

Locals **Pel Mel** gelled as believable pop-funsters on last year's *Out Of Reason.* Their current *Persuasion* (Gap) sports a great cover, a strong title track and some inspired production flourishes from Tony Cohen, but it's largely a brace of uncompelling tunes. Keep up the vitamin supplements.

Two basically English outfits in baggy pants and funny hats have exuberant debuts. **Roman Holliday** are *Cookin' on The Roof* (Jive) with their own version of big band rockabilly. **JoBoxers** (five men and a dog) come on *Like Gangbusters* (RCA) with their uptempo R&B influenced "boxerbeat."

As believable as Irishmen extolling the evils of Guinness, New York's **Grandmaster Flash** and **Melle Mel** lay their song about the perils of cocaine addiction on us in *White Lines (Don't Do It)* (RCA).

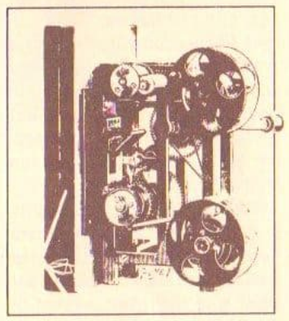
Memory Jogging Time: **Joe**



Kim Wilde . . . *adenoids*

**Camilleri** has dusted off the original Falcons for a tour, and *The Sound Of Jo Jo Zep* (Mushroom) — spanning 1975 to 1983 — explains why. **Renee Geyer** gives us a similar package of *Faves* (Mushroom) from her recorded past divided into Dance and Romance sides. **Joan Armatrading** has also provided a brief knee-cap of her *Track Record* (A&M) since 1976. — *Jeremy Cook*

# FILMS



## A MARTYR PIECE

There is an atmosphere of decay clinging to **Silkwood,** the story of nuclear plant worker and union activist Karen Silkwood, who died under mysterious circumstances almost 10 years ago.

There's a feeling of physical decay in the giant Kerr-McGee plutonium recycling plant where Silkwood and hundreds of others juggled double shifts and deadly materials to earn a living. There's fatigue apparent in the workers as they go about their production line tasks with a bored flippancy which is underscored by a fear most of them refuse to recognise.

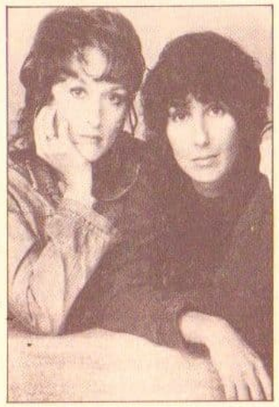
And there's an aura of moral decay which emanates largely from Karen Silkwood herself, who is painted not as a socially conscientious heroine but as a spunky thirtyish tart — a messy, chain-smoking tease who has deserted her children and now lives with a boyfriend and a dingy, vague lesbian, both of whom work with her at Kerr-McGee.

Scriptwriters Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen and director Mike Nichols have done a good job on *Silkwood,* weaving a story which from the start reeks of fatality. They haven't painted a glowing picture of the working class characters portrayed in the film, but they haven't been unkind either, in what is basically a film about ordinary people. The central characters begin with no great aspirations or expectations; they clock on every day to mundane jobs, work overtime and spend their leisure indulging in simple pleasures like sex, smoking dope and drinking beer. But Karen Silkwood changes in the course of the film as that buried fear of the nature of her work and the growing knowledge of inadequate safety procedures rises like a blister to the surface, and she sets about trying to do something. She makes her waves in a haphazard, bull-at-a-gate fashion that alienates those around her, sparking a fear of sackings or even closure of the plant.

By bringing home a different, grass roots picture of the nuclear age, *Silkwood* has a message which in its subtlety has as much power as those contained in the *The Day After* or *The China Syndrome,* films in which radioactivity is shown as an abstract demon out of control.

*Silkwood* calls itself a true story, and such is the nature of the Karen Silkwood case that the film necessarily leaves a lot of questions unanswered, relying on implication or leaving the viewer to reach his own conclusions about this woman's actions and death. There's never a concrete reason why Karen Silkwood, quite suddenly after 30 years as a shiftless scatterbrain, decides to stand up against authority and improve the lot of her fellow workers. Silkwood is twice contaminated by radiation during the film and must undergo horrific cleansing procedures, but the film cannot say for sure whether the contaminations were a result of sabotage or acts of negligence on the part of Silkwood herself — who is shown to be lax several times. And the climactic scene when her car slams into a concrete wall after she has been blinded by menacing headlights is robbed of certainty when details of an autopsy report (revealing alcohol and tranquillisers in her blood) appear on the screen in the closing sequence. The viewer must reach his own verdict on the life and death of Karen Silkwood.

In terms of casting, *Silkwood* cannot be faulted. Meryl Streep in the central role takes a long stride from the work we have previously seen. There's no hint of the high class, self-consciously attractive Vassar-type girl here. Her Silkwood is a tit-flashing, gum-chewing, mixed-up type who you'd be more likely to take out to meet the back seat of your car than home to meet mum. Streep seems at ease with the role, as audiences seem to be, once the reaction of seeing



*Streep and Cher in* Silkwood

the white as in lily of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* turn to the white as in trash wears off. It doesn't take long.

Likewise, former Disney actor Kurt Russell is natural, attractive and likeable as boyfriend Drew Stephens, whose confusion at the changes Silkwood undergoes touches tenderly. And Cher who, out of character (or rather playing Cher), gives me a royal pain, does her best work so far as Dolly Pelliker, Karen's lesbian friend who adds a tickle of humor as well as much warmth to the film.

The supporting cast, which includes Fred Ward, Sudie Bond, Diana Scarwid and Craig T. Nelson, is impeccable, adding just the right weight to balance any inadequacy the film may contain — and make *Silkwood* one of the best films happening at the moment.

*Streep, Russell and Cher as workers at the Kerr-McGee plant*

1979 in Nicaragua saw the regime of dictator Somoza looking very shaky. The revolutionary Sandinistas were on the brink of victory and the country was flooded with international correspondents who had moved in for the kill. During these final stages of the civil war an American journalist was murdered, and this event formed the germ of a plot which became the film **Under Fire.**

This fast-paced, slickly-scripted film centres around three correspondents who have gathered in the Nicaraguan capital of Managua, fresh from the action in a war-torn African nation. Nick Nolte plays a prize-winning photographer who expresses his stance as observer early in the film when he says: "I don't take sides — I take pictures." Gene Hackman is an ageing foreign correspondent who is keen to stop living out of suitcases and take a cushy job as a TV anchorman in New York. Joanna Cassidy is a determined and tough radio journalist who is in the final throes of an affair with Hackman and is nurturing an awakening attraction for Nolte. The three act out a sexual drama within a plot which is basically concerned with the role of war correspondents.

A fourth character, a French double agent and business opportunist played by Jean-Louis Trintignant, acts as a philosophical chorus. It is this character who sums up the Nicaraguan war with the words: "The people fell in love with the poets, the poets fell in love with the Marxists, and the Marxists fell in love with themselves."

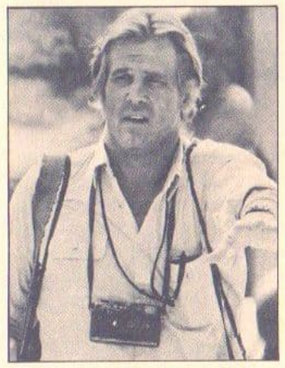
Unfortunately, *Under Fire* falls too deeply in love with the Sandinistas, and in portraying Nolte's loss of distance from the rebel cause, it also becomes too close and loses balance. When Nolte and Cassidy journey to a village in search of Sandinista rebel leader Raphael, the camera lovingly dwells on the rebels at rest, cooking, singing and laughing as children tumble around their feet. Somoza's boys are treated throughout the film as black-hatted bullies who wouldn't flinch at disembowelling their own grandmothers.

In this respect, *Under Fire* is obviously not a fair film, but it is still a very good film; a timely, extremely well-acted war thriller which tackles important questions in an absorbing fashion.

Meanwhile in Argentina, Graham Greene's **The Honorary Consul** is played out in a fashion that fails to inspire. Starring Michael Caine and Richard Gere, this film is an unfortunate example of what can go wrong when a well-known book is adapted to the screen.

Not that Greene's story line has been tampered with. The plot of director John McKenzie's film hugs Greene's original very closely but alas, this fidelity and the appreciation it may excite in the author's fans is one of very few things *The Honorary Consul* has going for it.

Another is Michael Caine as the man is question, Charlie Fortnum, a weak, failed and booze-sodden diplomat who has married a young whore whom he cherishes with an almost paternal love.



*Nick Nolte in* Under Fire

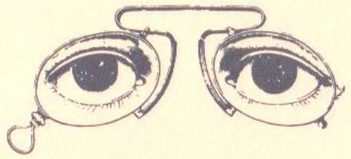
Richard Gere hardly leaves anyone breathless as Dr Eduardo Plarr, the enigmatic and seemingly heartless fellow who becomes obsessed with Fortnum's wife and is unwillingly involved in a bungled plot to kidnap a visiting American diplomat. Young Mexican actress Elpidia Carrillo is the wife and mistress, and while beautiful to look at, she's wooden and unskilled.

Though it is peppered with action and intrigue, *The Honorary Consul* fails to move. The scenes leading up to the climax of the film, where Caine and Gere are holed up with rebels as the Argentine militia approach, make a poor mockery of the tragic evocation of Greene's conclusion. There have been some brilliant films made from Graham Greene's novels; *The Honorary Consul* isn't one of them. — *C.M.*

*Mel Brooks and Charles Durning in* To Be Or Not To Be

The remake of **To Be Or Not To Be** owes so much to the 1942 original that it ought to come with a double line of credits: one for Mel Brooks and company, another for Ernst Lubitsch and Edwin Justus Mayer (who wrote the old screenplay) and all the cast, from Jack Benny and Carole Lombard down. Of course there are some changes in this comedy about a theatrical troupe facing the World War II Nazi occupation of Warsaw. There are now musical numbers (Alan Johnson, who directed, has been Mel Brooks's choreographer), and there is a homosexual dresser for laughs but also for some easy sympathy. But in most essentials — scene by scene, line by line, gesture by gesture — the movie reproduces its source. Or attempts to reproduce it. One misses Jack Benny and Carole Lombard as much as Lubitsch. The Brooks grasp never equals the Lubitsch touch, but then nothing in Brooks' repertory as a comedian matches the Benny genius for pained withdrawal from life's indignities. In front of the camera, Benny's magnificent stillness becomes Brooks' frantic busyness. Anne Bancroft, in her sexual aggressiveness, suggests nothing (as did Carole Lombard) of the most desirable woman in Warsaw.

Mel Brooks' screen career (*Young Frankenstein, Blazing Saddles, High Anxiety*) has mostly been a parody history of the movies. But *To Be Or Not To Be* replaces parody with direct imitation. Except for what it salvages from Brooks' own past (mainly the "Springtime For Hitler" aspect of *The Producers*), it has very few resources, and toward its material virtually no point of view. — *Roger Greenspun*



# WORDS

THOMPSON'S CURSE

Hunter S. Thompson's latest book **The Curse Of Lono** (Picador, $14.95) contains the obligatory alcoholic and psychedelic madness, the strange incidents, the bizarre insights, and the hilarious hallucinations which fans of the king of Gonzo and his anarchic artist friend Ralph Steadman have come to expect.

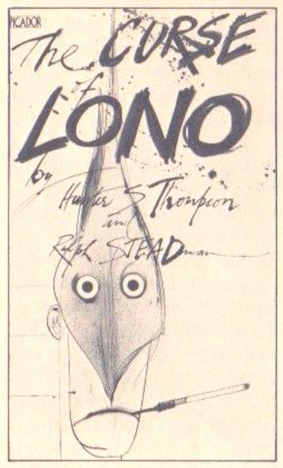
But there is something seriously wrong here. Thompson's grip on reality throughout this tale of tropical madness is as tenuous as usual, but this time around his theme is flimsy, his characters are thin and in most cases his feeble attempts at weirdness and wild exaggeration fall flat. Despite the input of insanity, this book reads like a middle-aged man's rambling and repetitive description of "what I did on my Hawaiian holiday."

He reveals his problem with a statement on page 57. "The time has come to write books . . . because there is money in these things and there is no money in journalism. But there is action (in journalism)." With this book, the author appears to have been so concerned with the money-making aspects that he has forgotten that action is the essential ingredient for his success.

In previous tales he was right in the thick of it — partying with the Hells Angels, overdosing in Las Vegas or following the presidential campaign trail. These phenomena provided a marvellous vehicle for the expression of Thompson's fear and loathing. But he appears to be unable to find this sort of action in Hawaii. His original excuse for this trip to the tropics was an assignment to cover the annual Honolulu marathon and his description of this event is the high point of the book.

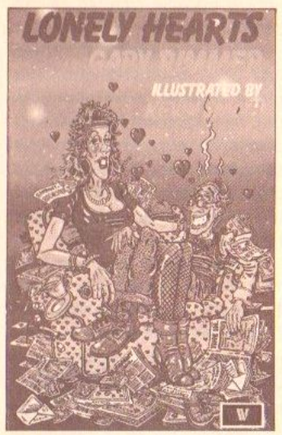
But it's all downhill after Thompson leaves Honolulu for a holiday on Kona, where he finds little to do but drink, fish and freak out. The book's thematic thread concerns the ancient Hawaiian deity Lono, a violent but benevolent god. When Captain Cook first stepped ashore on the Sandwich Isles the natives believed him to be Lono reincarnated. *The Curse Of Lono* is sprinkled with extracts from Richard Hough's *The Last Voyage of Captain Cook,* and Thompson has a bent revelation at the end of his tropical sojourn that he is Lono, returned once again to favor the natives with his presence.

The author manages to wring a few laughs from some fairly pedestrian escapades at sea and in a variety of big island bars, but his main aim in describing some of these inconsequential incidents appears to have been to boost his word count. *The Curse Of Lono* would have made a reasonable feature article in the hands of a ruthless editor. It is saved to a certain extent by Ralph Steadman's flamboyant illustrations. But it is difficult to recommend this book to anyone but the most dedicated of Hunter S. Thompson fans.




*Middle-aged ramblings*

Have you ever met anyone who admitted to advertising in a lonely hearts column? Of course not, because confessing to the need to advertise for sex, love or romance is tantamount to telling people you've got the clap. Even worse, what if you failed to elicit a single reply? What sort of social status would that give you?




*Loneliness can be fun*

Speaking from the bottom of the heap, I don't mind admitting that in a moment of lonely desperation I once placed a classified in the personal columns which did not get one response. Maybe there was something wrong with the wording. It read: Suicidal Prophet of Doom Seeks Female Martyr For Death Pact.

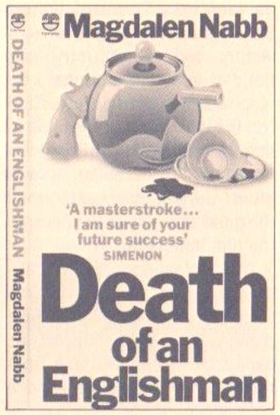
As you can see, I needed a good copywriter. So do most of the contributors to Gary Rimmer's collection of bizarre personal advertisements, **Lonely Hearts** (Unwin Paperbacks $3.95).

"I always find it a pleasure to read the personal columns even if I'm not in the market for a mate, so for me *Lonely Hearts* was a fun read. It's just reassuring to know that there are so many people out there who are stranger, uglier, lonelier and hornier than me.

I've always found an effective yardstick for the quality of a novel set on foreign soil to be the degree to which the story gives me an appetite for that locale's cuisine.

So you'll understand why Magdalen Nabb's whodunnit **Death Of An Englishman** (Collins $3.95) set in Florence, had my mouth watering even before the crime was committed. A long time resident of that city, Nabb infuses her first novel with an authentic Italian flavor.

The plot concerns the murder of an apparently respectable British gent, shot in the back as he enters his bedroom. Marshall Guarnaccia, sick with flu and wishing he was home for Christmas, is unable to extricate himself from the case, which becomes complicated with the discovery of the Englishman's shady business dealings and the arrival of two Scotland Yard detectives. Despite these obstructions he comes up with a winning hand.


Magdalen Nabb
'A masterstroke... I am sure of your future success'
SIMENON
Death of an Englishman
DEATH OF AN ENGLISHMAN Magdalen Nabb

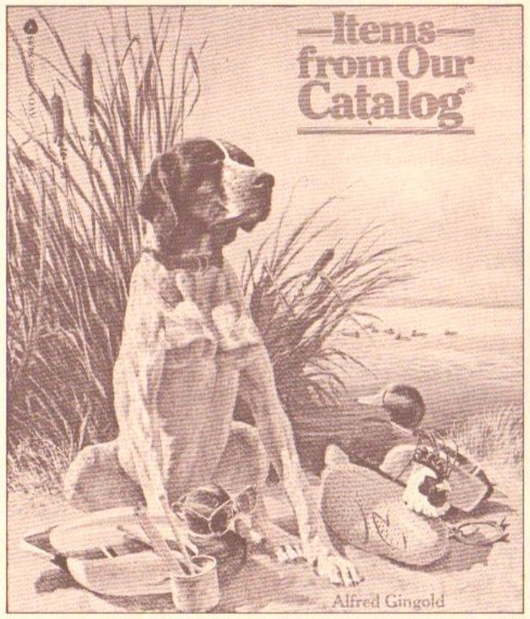
*Fodder for mystery fans*

Nabb tells her story with wit and vitality, setting a number of scenes in busy cafes in which the detectives discuss developments over some fine Italian fare. This part of the book was particularly engrossing, as was the pizza I rushed out for long before the conclusion.

Ray Connolly obviously had a bad time when he took one of those luxury tropical resort chain holidays where the GOs guarantee you a good time. Because when he got back he took his revenge by writing a bitchy but bloody awful thriller about a Caribbean fun spot where the young, the rich and the beautiful go to fornicate, frolic and die.

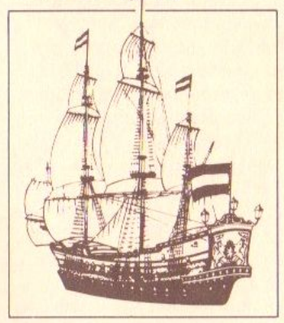
The resort, called Elixir, is located in perfect surroundings but populated by defective staff and holiday-makers and a knife-wielding psychopathic killer. It's run by James Hardin, former tennis pro turned tough guy, who falls for the English journalist Cassandra Mallinson sent by her newspaper to investigate the spate of brutal murders.

Cassandra soon finds herself compromised, torn between her love for James and her journalist's instinct to get the story no matter what the cost. It's pretty heavy stuff, an absurd array of cliches, corn and crap, spiced with Connolly's distasteful references to the packaged, production-line holiday. He called his book **The Sun Place** (Avon $2.95) but it would have been better titled Club Dead. — *Colin Hinton*




*If you're tired of being inundated with those gaudy advertising catalogues which are constantly being stuffed into letterboxes and the centre of the Sunday papers then this parody of the form,* **Items From Our Catalog** *(Avon) compiled by Alfred Gingold is the book for you. It's an absurd collection of completely useless objects ranging from inflatable cheese slices, nose warmers, Swiss army earrings, edible moccasins and the ridiculous pet's camping bra pictured here.*

# TRAVEL



SHUTTLE TRAVEL

The space shuttle in Stanley Kubrick's 2001 raised a giggle from the audience when the Pan Am insignia on the tail floated into view. But Pan Am isn't laughing. Since 1968, the airline has accumulated almost 80,000 space-flight reservations in its New York computer . . . so many that it has closed bookings until flights actually begin.

"Passenger travel into space is a serious and practical project," said Pan Am's Ted Porter. "People sneered in 1927 at the idea of flying the Pacific, but within 10 years it was a routine business."

The NASA space shuttle isn't really designed for passenger transport, but a "people pod" similar to the detachable cabin used on the giant skycrane helicopter could carry perhaps 40 passengers in the cargo bay. You wouldn't see much of take-off, because the cargo doors would be shut — although with expected advances in flat-screen TV technology you could see the earth drop away on a screen set in front of you.

Once out in space, the doors will swing open and the pod will rise out of the bay on hydraulic jacks to give you the wide view.

The first flights, which could depart as early as 1988, are likely to last only a few orbits; but once the permanent space stations promised by President Reagan for the end of the decade are in place, transfers to a moonship will be possible. Such craft have been designed, and the technology and engineering experience for the people pod already exists. NASA has worked out plans for several different types of people pods, some for workers in a "shirtsleeve environment," (space laboratories) and some for rubbernecks with plenty of cash.

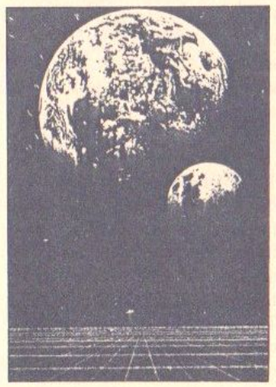
This year will see the first civilians (artists and writers) into space, not as fare-paying passengers, but as guests of NASA.

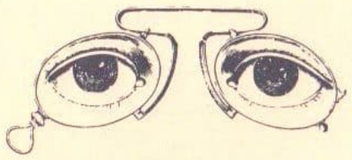
The first commercial flights will be hideously expensive. "At first it will be strictly for the rich," said Porter. "But that was true of the early days of commercial aviation too.

"Remember that in 1958 a Sydney-London flight cost almost the equivalent of a year's income for the average wage-earner of the day; by the early Eighties you could buy the flight for about four weeks' income.

"There's no commercial or operational reason why that won't happen with space flight too, especially if there's competition. That doesn't worry us, because right now we're the world's most experienced airline in space. For the last 15 years

*Final frontier holidays*





we've been providing ground handling, engineering and down-range tracking services for the space program.

"Even the in-flight catering has been tested." But don't expect to slurp champagne under the stars; NASA doesn't allow alcohol on its flights and Pan Am is likely to adopt a similar policy. Drunks are bothersome enough on ordinary aircraft — in space they'd be positively terrifying.

About half the people who have flown in space experience space-sickness, a baffling ailment for which there seems to be no treatment, despite a lot of costly research. But, by the same token, about half the people who go to sea get seasick.

Included in the ticket price will be special clothes and gripper shoes of the kind featured in 2001; it's unlikely that passengers will be given space-suits. A suit costs millions of dollars and it will be a long time before the technology gets beyond the current practice of tailor-making them for each astronaut.

Moon flights could be on a regular schedule by the end of the century. At first moonships will leave the space station, orbit a few times, and return to the station for the shuttle transfer back to Earth. Later, they'll land and more advanced trips will carry a tracked moonbus. Further into the future (but perhaps not as far as you might expect) Hilton has plans for a five-star lunar hotel. For those with fat-enough wallets, low-gravity dirty weekends will be the ultimate status symbol.

Those who can't wait until 1990 to take their holidays may be more interested in a holiday location closer to home that itself contains vast areas of spectacular lunar-like terrain — the Great Australian Outback. The call of the Outback reaches most Australians while they're slumped in an armchair blinking at the TV. On the screen there's a chap squinting into the sun as he talks about some natural wonder the other side of the Black Stump. Only a minority of Australians have actually been there, even though the Inland is so important in our history and our culture.

Pioneer tour-operators like Bill King opened up the Outback, at first to more intrepid travellers who don't mind being bumped about in a four-wheel-drive vehicle. Later on, King introduced more comfortable vehicles which followed the smoother bush roads. Sleeping out — in tents or even under the stars — simplified accommodation arrangements.

But in the Outback distances are so great that even the longest tour King or his competitors can reasonably offer can take in only a part of it. There are also long, boring stretches between the sights.

At last, however, somebody has come up with the idea of doing the trip by air. Why it hasn't been done before beats me — it's such a good idea. Specialist tour-operator Sydney Express has been running private charter trips for years, mainly for groups interested in mining or grazing. Now, for the first time, they've increased the scale ot the operation and they're offering it to the public as Bill Peach's Great Australian Aircruise.

With an itinerary planned by the former ABC personality, the 12-day trip uses a new East-West Fokker Friendship specially designed for sightseeing, and it packs an amazing amount into that short time.

Leaving Sydney early on the first day, the aircraft first heads for Longreach in Queensland for a day-long visit to the famous Tallyrand stud property. Day Two is a crossing of the harsh Channel Country to Mount Isa, a mining town with a long tradition of rugged individuality.

Day Three begins with a flight to Gove on the far north-eastern tip of Arnhem Land for lunch at the Arnhem Club, overlooking the Arafura Sea. In the afternoon, the aircraft flies you over Kakadu National Park and along the spectacular 150 kilometre escarpment to Cooinda, a buffalo-shooters' camp that's been converted into a top-class resort, for a cruise on the crocodile-infested Yellow Water Lagoon. Next day begins with a visit to Nourlangie Rock, an Aboriginal art gallery within Kakadu; this is followed by a visit to the Ranger uranium mine at Jabiru, before a flight into Darwin for an evening at Federal Pacific's Mindil Beach Casino.

On Day Five the route moves further west along the coast into the Kimberleys and its principal town, Kununurra. Day Six features a cruise on Lake Argyle, eight times the size of Sydney Harbor and the biggest of the man-made Ord River lakes.

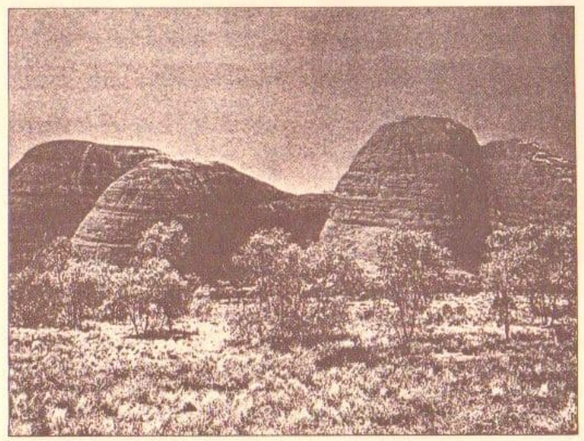
Day Seven begins with a flight down the north-west coast, an area seldom seen by anyone except pearlers and the pilots of the Coastwatch service; its hundreds of kilometres of cliff are engulfed by tides which range up to 20 metres a day. Lunch is at Broome — an old pearling town and one of the most cosmopolitan places in Australia — before moving on to the instant boom town of Karratha.

Next day there are tours of Woodside Oil's mammoth sea terminal and the giant ore loader of Hamersley Iron, before flying on to Mt Newman, the world's largest open-cut mine. Day Nine is a crossing of the Gibson, one of the world's biggest and nastiest deserts, to Yulara, beside Ayers Rock. Days 10 and 11 are spent exploring Alice Springs, Standley Chasm, Simpsons Gap and the McDonnell Ranges. Finally, on Day 12, the aircraft puts in to Birdsville for a drink at the famous pub, before setting a course for Sydney in the late afternoon.

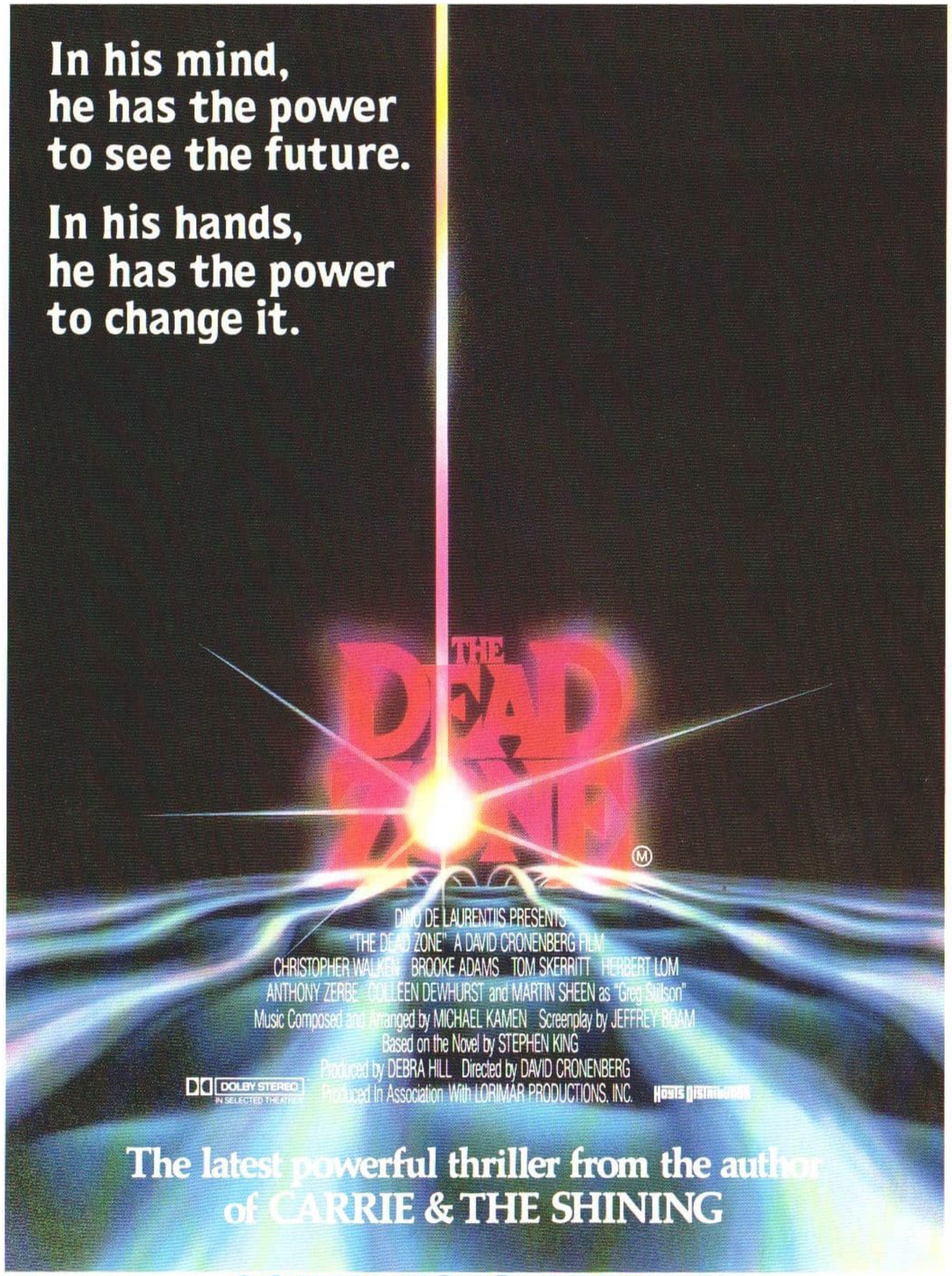
The tour is expensive — $2685 twin share with a single supplement of $236 — but it includes all meals, the best available air-conditioned accommodation (there aren't too many Hiltons in the Outback), ground transport, entry fees and porterage, The porterage is an important feature; your bags are picked up each day and unloaded from the aircraft for you so there's no time-wasting check-in every time you fly.

Book at Sydney Express, 806 Australia Square, Sydney (02) 27 8742, at East-West World Travel offices or the Northern Territory Government Tourist Bureau. — *Fred Baker*

*Take advantage of new holidays within Australia*






In his mind,
he has the power
to see the future.
In his hands,
he has the power
to change it.
THE DEAD ZONE
DINO DE LAURENTIIS PRESENTS
"THE DEAD ZONE" A DAVID CRONENBERG FILM
CHRISTOPHER WALKEN BROOKE ADAMS TOM SKERRITT HERBERT LOM
ANTHONY ZERBE COLLEEN DEWHURST and MARTIN SHEEN as "Greg Stillson"
Music Composed and Arranged by MICHAEL KAMEN Screenplay by JEFFREY BOAM
Based on the Novel by STEPHEN KING
Produced by DEBRA HILL Directed by DAVID CRONENBERG
Produced In Association With LORIMAR PRODUCTIONS, INC.
DOLBY STEREO
IN SELECTED THEATRES
The latest powerful thriller from the author
of CARRIE & THE SHINING
COMMENCES APRIL 19
SYDNEY · MELBOURNE · BRISBANE · ADELAIDE · PERTH
and soon for NEWCASTLE and HOBART

The future for Australian psychics doesn't look bright

# PSYCHIC FRAUD

BY MARK PLUMMER

Thousands of Australians regularly pay exorbitant fees to psychic surgeons, clairvoyants, water diviners and a variety of charlatans claiming occult powers with absolutely no benefit . . . except to the paranormal practitioners who walk away with tidy profits gleaned from their gullible marks.

In many instances these cases of psychic fraud are sanctioned by a popular press which shows little regard for the credibility of some of its more sensational stories. And if these confidence tricks are not endorsed, then they are at least ignored by a legal system which is often loath to prosecute in this nebulous area.

The Australian Skeptics organisation was established in 1980 in order to investigate paranormal claims in a systematic and scientific manner. Under the patronage of electronics businessman and adventurer Dick Smith and advertising executive and columnist Phillip Adams, and with a membership that includes a variety of highly qualified individuals, the Skeptics have made a diligent effort, over a three-year period, to ascertain if there is anyone in Australia who possesses true psychic powers. Their efforts have extended to patron Dick Smith offering $100,000 as a prize to anyone who could prove psychic phenomena.

The Skeptics have not found one person involved in the range of supernatural activities in Australia whose claims could withstand scientific investigation. However, they have found many instances of outright fraud and deception by practitioners who claimed psychic powers. This article describes in detail some of the tricks and strategies used by these self-proclaimed psychics.

## PSYCHIC SURGERY

Because they prey upon individuals who are often seriously ill, vulnerable and desperate, the deceptions practised by psychic surgeons are among the most evil and insidious forms of occult fraud.

Could any sane and rational person believe that someone could make incisions in the human body and then remove what is claimed to be diseased tissue without basic medical procedures, surgical instruments or any form of anaesthetic? You wouldn't think so. But despite their astounding, unproven claims psychic surgeons continue to attract hundreds of Australians to their operating tables.

The Skeptics have carried out a number of inquiries into psychic surgery. Their first investigation came after a daily newspaper published an advertisement stating that an English medium-pyschic surgeon was opening a practice in Melbourne.

The advertised numbers were rung by researchers who were told that Mr Roman Diakov acted as a medium enabling deceased surgeons to conduct psychic operations. An appointment was arranged for an elderly "patient" and her "son" to attend for surgery. The "patient" was actually 73-year-old medical practitioner Dr Miffy Beadnell, and her "son" was Skeptics' magician Mike Wilton.

The team of Dr Beadnell and Mike Wilton found Mr Diakov's "clinic" in a villa unit in suburban Melbourne. The family room of the villa was the "reception area" and the receptionist-nurse went to great lengths to reassure the seemingly fragile elderly lady that there would be no pain.

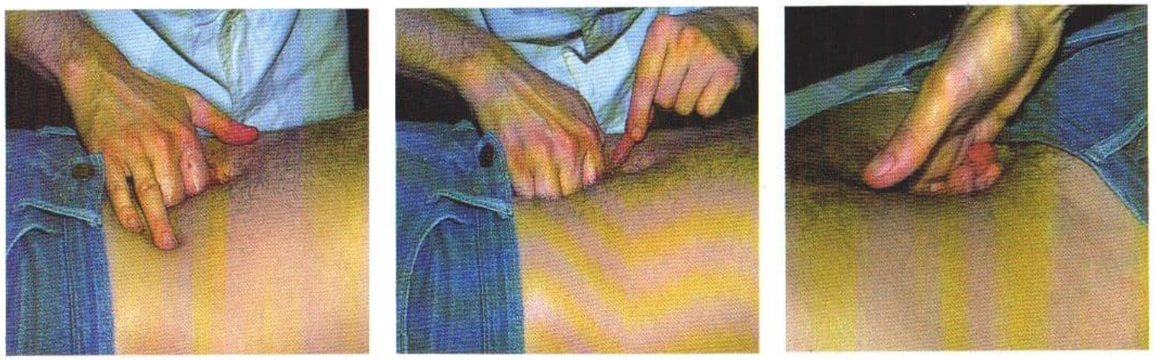
They were informed there would be no blood either as Mr Diakov worked only on the "psychic body." The "nurse" assured the team that operations done to date had been very successful.

Diakov donned a white coat. Wilton was assured he would be able to observe the treatment in the bedroom, which doubled as an "operating theatre." With dim blue lighting and to the strains of "Michael Rowed the Boat Ashore" Dr Beadnell was laid on the bed/operating table.

After a brief prayer Diakov slowly stood, then walked around with a limp that he had not previously affected. He had also adopted the plummy accent of a very English "Dr Roberts." "Dr Roberts" then examined Dr Beadnell's cranium with an invisible psychic microscope. "Dr Roberts" amazed the Skeptics' team with the revelation that the brain was divided into two halves (the left and the right) and was composed of millions of cells. "Dr Roberts" stated that several of these "naughty" cells were misbehaving themselves. This was explained in layman's terms as being akin to a car motor with loose spark plugs.

With the problem explained, the treatment began. Several special invisible tubes were allegedly inserted into Dr Beadnell's head, threaded through her body and out through the soles of her feet. Then all the "bad fluids" were psychically drained from her body. This was followed by the passing of hands down the length of

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN



*By doubling his fingers over into a depression in the patient's stomach, the psychic surgeon creates his "incision".*

# PSYCHIC FRAUD

the body and the discovery that one half of the patient's brain was hot. More passing of hands followed, but clearly a second opinion was needed.

"Dr Roberts" left Mr Diakov's body, and "Dr Mauriss," supposedly a deceased French gynaecologist, took over. "Dr Mauriss's" French accent had clearly deteriorated since his death, and so had his diagnostic talents, for the diagnosis was that the patient's stomach pains were caused by displaced pelvic bones after the birth of her last child. Dr Beadnell couldn't remember having had any children: not even a miscarriage.

"Dr Roberts" returned to wrap up the post-operative treatment. He said the good lady would have to come back for further treatment. She would feel quite tired over the next few days and must drink plenty of water. She would also pass more fluid than normal. (One would hope that anyone drinking more water than normal would also pass more fluid than normal.)

The Skeptics posed a few more questions for "Dr Roberts," and were informed that he was a brain surgeon at St Bartholomew's Hospital in London before his death in 1948. Before more questions could be asked "Dr Roberts" had to depart, leaving Mr Diakov to show the Skeptics' team out of the door.

The opinion of the Skeptics was that the utterances of the "doctors" who operated revealed a complete lack of any medical knowledge. Each diagnosis was wrong, and the hopeless French accent merely added to the conclusion that Mr Diakov was a charlatan.

However, by writing to St Bartholomew's they checked "Dr Roberts," claim that he practised brain surgery there and died in 1948.

The hospital's archivist replied that there was a James Ernest Helme Roberts on the staff of the hospital from 1919 until his death in 1948. However, he was not a specialist in brain surgery, but a doctor who began in orthopaedic surgery, and then specialised in thoracic surgery, becoming eminent in that field. Perhaps Dr Roberts changed his field of practice in the afterlife!

As well as the practising psychic surgeons in Australia, there is a roaring trade in recruiting Australians for psychic surgery at the hands of Filipino "psychic surgeons," either during visits of Filipinos to Australia or by organising a group of patients to visit the Philippines. Skeptics have attended recruitment nights aimed at persuading people to visit the Philippines to undergo "psychic surgery" there.

One of these was held in Melbourne at a spiritualist church. A film was shown of Filipino "surgeon" Josephine Sisson "operating" on several Australians, with blood and guts apparently coming out of their bodies. Josephine always kept both hands close together with the palms down from the time she started each "operation" to the time the blood and guts were wiped from the patient. The commentator kept up a continuous commentary, constantly drawing attention to the fact that the "surgeon" had short sleeves, and was thus unable to conceal either blood or tissue. It was obvious some of the patients were very ill, and desperate for a cure. At the end of the film the commentator called for questions and discussions.

The Skeptic then showed the astonished audience how Josephine could have held the "blood" in a magician's false thumb hidden under one hand, and the "guts" using a little finger tucked under her hand.

Films of Josephine Sisson were also featured at a meeting of the Western Australian Society for Psychical Research, held at Perth's Murdoch University. The film showed her performing a technique known to magicians as "the disappearing sponge-ball routine."

Perth film producer Carmello Musca and his production team travelled to the Philippines on one of these tours and filmed participants before, during, and after their operations. During an operation one camera openly filmed the procedure. Unknown to the "surgeon" a second, hidden camera was operating from a different angle.

When they returned and processed their films the secret footage clearly showed the Filipino hiding material under the patient's clothes, then retrieving the material to be produced as something taken from within the body.

Perhaps the most damning evidence against psychic surgery came in a 1976 United States Federal Trade Commission decision which banned the advertising of trips to the Philippines for psychic surgery.

At the hearing of this case a couple who had trained with "psychic surgeons" in the Philippines testified to the use of magicians' tricks in psychic surgery. These included sleight of hand, the making of "incisions" by depressing patients' abdomens, doubling fingers over in the depression to give the illusion of a hand disappearing into a body, and palming parts of animals and animal blood from the "incision" into the nurses' trays.

It is impossible to prove absolutely that there is no such thing as a psychic surgeon. Every time one Filipino is exposed as a fake, tour promoters have come up with another Filipino who they claim is the genuine article.

The exposure of methods used by fake psychic surgeons, when considered with the refusal of psychic surgeons to submit themselves to scientific testing, will eventually dry up this racket.

### URI GELLER

Probably the best internationally known psychic to visit Australia was Uri Geller, who came here in the late Seventies.

Most Australians know of his amazing feats involving the bending of metals such as spoons and keys, re-starting watches, and reading the contents of sealed envelopes. But few realise that since visiting Australia, Geller has been exposed as nothing more than a clever magician who performed a variety of magic tricks and illusions. Uri Geller was exposed by James Randi.

It took a magician to expose a magician and Randi could readily duplicate the Geller illusions that fooled the world. During his visit to Australia, Randi stunned television audiences by bending keys on night-time variety shows.

Keys can be bent in a variety of ways but one method is to bend a key on the side of a chair then hold the key in such a way as it appears to bend while the audience watches. Spoon bending and breaking can be achieved in a number of ways including pre-bending and weakening of a spoon which is substituted for the subject spoon by sleight of hand.

Another famous Geller trick was to move the hands of a watch — apparently by psychic means.

This can be done by moving the winding mechanism of a ordinary watch by sleight of hand while keeping the face out of the audience's view. A second method with certain electronic watches is to hide a small magnet up a sleeve. The concealed magnet is brought near the watch by passing the hands (and the magnet) close to the watch.

Other Geller watch tricks were exposed by non-magicians. New Zealand psychologists David Marks and Richard Kammann investigated Geller's feat of starting "broken watches" by interviewing six jewellers in Dunedin. It turns out that most stopped watches are not really broken, but are jammed: perhaps the oil has thickened, or a speck of dust has jammed the movement or there is some other minor fault that only requires a cleaning and overhaul. The watchmakers said that a little shaking or rotating of a watch may be all that is needed to (temporarily) get it going again. Sometimes warming the oil by holding the watch in your hand is effective.

Marks and Kammann sent out a few students to "fix" broken watches, and out of 16 watches tested, 14 were successfully re-started, and seven continued for at least four to five days.

An ex-girlfriend of Geller later confessed to assisting him with his public appearances, while her brother sat in the audience passing pre-arranged signals to Geller.

### CLAIRVOYANTS

Clairvoyance is a term which covers many claimed psychic powers — prophesying the future, reading the minds of an audience, and receiving impressions from strangers.

The ability to tell the future can be tested by comparing a clairvoyant's predictions with actual events to calculate their accuracy rate, and comparing the predictions with intelligent guesses by a well-informed person.

Some predictions gain a great deal of publicity. In 1976 a clairvoyant predicted the date on which a tidal wave would sweep Adelaide. Despite the fact that the protection and shallowness of St Vincent's Gulf makes it impossible for a tidal wave to maintain sufficient strength to destroy the city, insurance companies sold more policies than normal, while some people took to the hills. Premier Don Dunstan even went to Glenelg Beach on the fateful day to allay people's fears.

In January 1981, clairvoyant Joseph Gyapai predicted that a wall of water 17 metres high would destroy Perth and all Western Australian coastal towns between Bunbury and Broome in the early hours of February 9. It would appear that Perth, Bunbury and Broome, and all places between, survived the prediction.

Some earlier predictions made by clairvoyants make interesting reading.

In August 1979 an Australian daily newspaper reported the prediction of "the amazing" Mrs Beryl Smith, "the astonishingly accurate Newcastle clairvoyant." She predicted that a large Sydney building would collapse within the next six months. All large Sydney buildings are still standing. She said that she got the powerful feeling that Malcolm Fraser was nearly at the end of his run, mainly for health reasons. His run finished in 1983 and not for health reasons.

In the *Australasian Post* of November 27, 1980, "nationally known clairvoyant"

> In 1981 seven psychics, including a cat, made a total of 13 Melbourne Cup predictions. None of them predicted the winner

Tom Wards predicted that the Fraser government would re-introduce National Service in 1981. Furthermore, he said there could be a new charter airline service flying out of Australia to the UK and the US by the middle of 1981. A follow-up of Ward's written claims shows him to be about as accurate as Mrs Beryl Smith!

Tom Wards won the Australian Skeptics 1981 Bent Spoon Award as the psychic expert who, with the least talent, takes in the most people. The award cited his 1981 predictions of the death of Pope John Paul II, the death of a member of the British royal family, and a win that year for Collingwood in the VFL Grand Final.

On the eve of the 1981 and 1982 Melbourne Cups Kevin Arnett assembled panels of psychics on the *Don Lane Show* to predict the outcome. In 1981 seven psychics, including a cat, made a total of 13 selections. None of them predicted the winner and only one horse ran in the placing specified. Predictions by the panel of strange weather, a mishap, a photofinish, and fights between jockeys, also proved wrong.

In 1982 Arnett and Lane assembled six psychics, including Doris Stokes speaking from New York. Not one of the psychics' first choices so much as ran a place. The excuses after the event included: "It's just a lot of fun" and "After all, they're only human beings."

Tom Wards, quite put out that he hadn't been invited to appear on the *Don Lane Show*, gave a long series of predictions on radio 3GL on Cup Day. He was forced to withdraw his previous prediction that Cup Day would be wet. Not content with naming one or two horses as foreseen winners, clairvoyant Wards gave a list of five horses. Not one even ran a place. His other predictions of a late start to the Cup, a helicopter ambulance, and a triple dead heat failed to materialise.

The popular press carries many such psychic predictions, and there is rarely any follow-up to check their fulfilment. The Australian Skeptics have started a prediction register to follow up clairvoyants' claims. It already shows an abysmally high rate of failures, and few hits that could not have been guessed by the average person.

It is interesting to note the number of events that clairvoyants failed to predict, such as the Falklands war, the Grenada invasion, or Cyclone Tracy. Clairvoyants seem to concentrate on certain topics. They often predict the assassination of an American President or the birth of a royal baby, so that when these or similar events occur (as in the long term inevitable) they can claim a success.

Some clairvoyants have even claimed successes after the event. In the United States, four days *after* the assassination attempt on President Reagan, a Los Angeles psychic, Rand, claimed to have made, *before* the assassination attempt, a video tape which predicted that Reagan would be shot in the chest by a sandy-haired young man from a wealthy family. The assailant, said Rand, would have the initials "J.H.," first name possibly Jack, last name something like "Hurnley." Rand's "success" was widely reported by the American and Australian media.

American members of the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (CSICOP) found that the tape was made more than 24 hours *after* the shooting. After the deception was exposed the American media admitted the fraud, but none of the Australian newspapers which printed the original story appears to have printed the follow-up story that the "successful" prediction was in fact fraudulent.

If clairvoyants have the hidden power to tell the future, why do they continue to make a living by charging clients small fees for predictions when they could just predict the outcome of a few quadrellas, and then back the winning horses?

### READINGS

There are many Australian clairvoyants

# PSYCHIC FRAUD

giving "readings" to people on a one-to-one basis, or in the case of internationally famous clairvoyants such as Doris Stokes, to mass audiences.

The technique of convincing people you can read their character by psychic means is known to Skeptics as "cold reading," and is an easily mastered art. You too can convince people that you can read their character and penetrate their "real self," providing they haven't read this article. Even if you start with little belief in this method, the easy persuasion of friends and clients may convince you that you have psychic "gifts" or abilities. This is known as "personal validation," as the clients become satisfied as to the powers of the reader.

University psychologist and CSICOP member Ray Hyman has set out the techniques for "cold reading." First, start with highly general statements that can fit any individual. Then home in with statements more appropriate to the lifestyle of the client. Thus a young bachelor may be interested in his career prospects, his love life, or his financial situation.

Tailor the reading as close to the character of the client as possible. Statements which bring a positive response from the client ("hits") should be dwelt on and statements which bring a negative or neutral response ("misses") should be quickly skipped over. According to Ray Hyman there are 13 rules to cold reading. They can be summarised as:

1. The key ingredient of a successful cold reading is confidence. Look and act as if you believe in your ability.

2. Make creative use of the latest public opinion polls and social surveys. These provide a wealth of material about the various subclasses of Australian society and the population's beliefs, behavior, and desires. These will enable you to predict with high probability the voting preferences, the beliefs, and other traits of the client.

3. Set the stage for your reading. Prior to commencing the reading profess a modesty about your talents and don't make excessive claims.

4. Gain the clients' co-operation in advance. Emphasise that the success of the reading depends as much upon the clients' sincere co-operation as upon your efforts, thus placing them on trial. State that because of difficulties of language and communication, you may not always convey the exact meaning which you intend. Then the clients will strive to reinterpret the message in terms of their own vocabulary and life. This way you have an excuse in case the reading is inaccurate — it is the client's fault! Clients will strive to fit your generalities to their own specific lives. Later, clients will recall the readings in terms of specifics, giving you credit for much more than you actually said. To the extent that the client is made an active participant in the process, the reading will succeed. The good clairvoyant is the one who forces clients to actively search their memories to make sense of the clairvoyant's statements.

5. Use a gimmick such as a crystal ball, tarot cards, or palm reading. These lend an air of novelty to the reading, and serve as a cover while you think of your next statement. According to Hyman, holding hands, in addition to any emotional thrills you may give or receive thereby, is another good way of detecting the reactions of the subject to your statements. When using gimmicks study some manuals so that you know approximately what the various diagnostic signs are supposed to mean.

6. Learn a list of stock phrases. The liberal sprinkling of stock phrases through your reading will add body and fill in time as you formulate more precise characterisations. Memorise a few stock phrases before character reading. Palmistry, tarot, and other fortune-telling manuals are rich sources of good phrases.

> Mr Proctor stated that he had watched hundreds of so-called TM flying experts, but not one of them could hover even for a split second

7. Keep your eyes open. Size up the client on the basis of clothing, jewellery, mannerisms, and speech. Watch the impact of your statements upon the subject to learn when you are making "hits" and when you are "missing."

8. Use the technique of "fishing." Get clients to tell you about themselves. Then re-phrase what they have told you and feed it back to them.

9. Be a good listener. During the course of readings clients are eager to talk about incidents that arise in the course of a reading. The good reader allows the client to talk at will.

10. Dramatise your reading. Return the information you have picked up a little at a time. Make it seem more than it is. Build word pictures around each divulgence.

11. Always give the impression that you know more than you are saying. Once clients are persuaded that you know information about them that you could not possibly have obtained normally, they will assume that you know all, and typically open up and confide in you.

12. Flatter your subject.

13. Finally, tell clients what they want to hear. Antagonistic clairyoyants lose clients rapidly.

If you attend a clairvoyant and are still not satisfied that his or her abilities are explained by the rules of cold reading, arrange for a friend to attend with a tape recorder, and then analyse the reading in the light of these 13 rules.

### PSYCHIC CRIME DETECTION

Occasionally the media carry stories of psychics solving crimes. These successes usually occur far from Australia, and the reader relies on the media for the accuracy of the story. Since CSICOP has been established and gained members in many countries it has carefully investigated some of these claims.

Doris Stokes, well known in Australia through performances in which she claims to communicate with the dead, has been shown to be wrong by skeptics checking her claims with British and American police. In her book *Voices In My Ear,* Stokes claims to have solved two murder cases in England: one of a small girl at Kirkham, and the other of children at Blackpool.

Detective Chief Superintendent William Brooks of the Lancashire Constabulary has stated that Stokes made no contribution whatsoever to the detection of either murder.

While in Los Angeles, Stokes claims that a local murder victim named Weiss contacted her from beyond the grave and described details of his murder. CSICOP investigator James Randi contacted the Los Angeles police who told him that all of what Stokes said the murder victim told her (excepting details as yet uncorroborated) was readily available to the media at the time Stokes made details of the "psychic conversation" public. The murder is still unsolved, as the murder victim neglected to inform Stokes of the names of his assailants, or provide an accurate description of them.

Captain William H. Cobb, Commanding Officer of the Homicide Division of the Los Angeles police, has stated that his police department does not solicit the services of clairvoyants or psychics when conducting investigations.

However, Cobb has noted that people involved in these fields do volunteer their "special" information when they believe it will be beneficial to the investigation. Cobb states that his detectives must keep an objective frame of mind during their investigations to ensure a thorough inquiry is conducted. Therefore, they are obligated to review this type of volunteered information regardless of their personal beliefs as to its value.



Another international clairvoyant who made news in Australia was Dutchman Gerald Croiset, who died in 1980. In 1966, Croiset was summoned to Adelaide, to search for the three missing Beaumont children. A local committee paid the expenses. The clairvoyant was certain the children were buried under a new warehouse and advised demolition. After the committee had collected $40,000 the building was demolished, but no bodies were found. Three years later an Amsterdam newspaper, describing Croiset's role in the search, claimed that the Australian authorities had refused to search the spot.

Dutch journalist and CSICOP member Piet Hoebens carefully investigated Croiset's claims and found evidence of his psychic successes to be striking only after the facts were carefully doctored. He also found that thousands of Croiset's attempts ended in failures.

Croiset has thus been thoroughly discredited, but this is little consolation to the thousands of Australians who contributed money, believing in his supposed powers.

### LEVITATION

Australian practitioners of Transcendental Meditation (TM) have claimed the ability to levitate or fly. TM teacher Colin Barnes told the Melbourne *Sun* that levitation was being practised by about 15 TM teachers. Mr Barnes said he flew twice a day. "Sometimes it is overpoweringly blissful," he said.

Barnes claimed it was very easy and sometimes he was flying within a few minutes of meditation. Barnes said some levitators rose and fell on the spot while others went forward across the room, occasionally touching down and rising again. Barnes said that it was definitely not just in his imagination, as TM participants often watched each other fly. He indicated some levitators rose about two feet.

Chris Porteons of the Mona Vale (NSW) TM Centre stated that the first stage of levitation is to move in hopping actions. He described it as a very joyful and most exhilarating process. Porteons also claimed he would be able to become invisible after further courses.

In March 1980 the *Weekend Australian* devoted a full page to Dr John Price headed "The Rising Art Of Levitation." The article said that Dr Price has a regular early morning fly.

Price described a flying session: "I felt a tremendous burst of energy go through me and my spine seemed to be a cylinder of white light. Then my body moved up and down two or three times. The next experience was my body touching the floor very, very softly. I moved about two metres at that time."

According to Dr Price, levitators have been seen to lift effortlessly off the ground in a spontaneous forward motion of two or more metres. This was often accompanied by shaking of the body, and fast breathing.

In May 1980 Australia's leading exponent of TM, Dr Byron Rigby, who uses the title "World Minister for Health and Immortality," stated on the ABC *Science Show* that he personally levitated twice daily in the form of hops lasting about a quarter of one second. Dr Byron also stated that the TM organisation opened themselves to every kind of investigation.

The Australian Skeptics took up his offer. Secretary James Gerrand wrote to Dr Rigby explaining that to examine their claimed ability to control the force of gravity through the exercise of levitation, the Skeptics would use various scientific measurement tools including video-tape machines to record the phenomena, laser equipment to measure displacement, and sensitive weighing machines to measure the force of gravity.

Dr Byron Rigby replied that levitation was not the central issue in the TM Siddhi program, nor was it a claim made in the teaching of the TM Siddhi procedures. Rigby said if it turns out, as the ancient literature states, that the "flying" technique can enable people to lift for a sustained period, then he would be as interested and intrigued as we were. Rigby said not one of the statements or claims the Skeptics attributed to him was true.

The ABC *Science Show* tape was checked again. Rigby's words were as the Skeptics had said, so they again wrote to Dr Rigby stating that they were astonished that he now disavowed the claims made in his public radio interview, indicating that he personally levitated twice daily.

The Skeptics asked him to publicly retract his organisation's levitation claims and to arrange for them to investigate the public claims of various members who claim to levitate. Dr Rigby has yet to reply. But since the exchange of letters there do not appear to have been any more public claims of levitation.

There are other sources concerning these levitation claims besides those of practising TMers.

The Consumer's Institute of New Zealand's magazine *Consumer* published the sad story of Mrs Shirley Koszti, a widowed paraplegic for 20 years. She received a pamphlet published in New Zealand advertising the TM Siddha course. According to the pamphlet those who mastered the Siddhis can levitate and fly. Mrs Koszti paid over $5000 to the organisation but is still unable to fly.

In England five former TMers paid over $60,000 on the Siddhi courses and related their experiences.

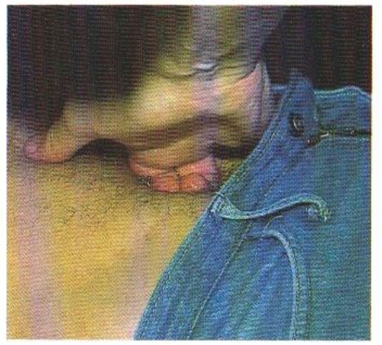
One, Mrs Linda Pearce, stated: "It was nonsense. We were all completely taken in. People were only taught to hop around like frogs — no-one ever learnt to fly. You get into a room with springy rubber mats, then you meditate in the squatting position. Then you chant at one another and bounce up and down on the mats. With practice you can get several feet off the ground, but there is no way you can describe it as flying."

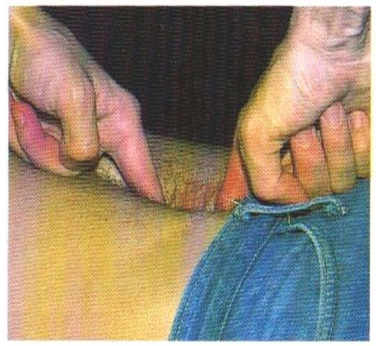
Another, Mr Jim Proctor, stated that he had watched hundreds of so-called flying experts, but not one could hover in the air, even for a split second. All they did was to bounce and scream with contorted faces in a kind or religious fervor.

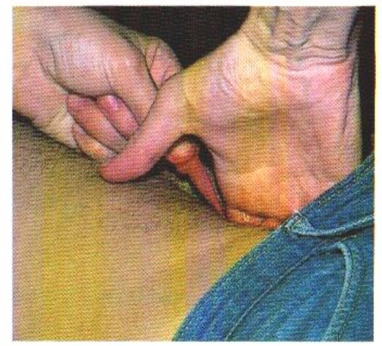
Robert McCutcheon, personal secretary for four years to the Maharishi, the head of TM, testified that levitation consisted of sitting on about 20 centimetres of foam rubber and then jerking the body in such a way as to produce a hopping movement. He said no-one in the movement had yet defied the laws of gravity.

With any paranormal claim the onus is always on the claimant to prove his claim. The photographs of "levitation" produced

*A camera reveals animal entrails hidden in the palm of this Filipino psychic surgeon during his "operation".*







# PSYCHIC FRAUD

by practitioners are quite consistent with a hopping movement which can be easily mastered by anyone.

TM is in fact a practice of chanting Hindu mantras and is based on ancient Vedic scriptures. The refusal of TM practitioners to allow proper independent scientific scrutiny of their practices (together with the damning statements of lapsed converts) leads to the conclusion that their levitation claims are of dubious merit. This does not necessarily mean that TM teachers are fraudulent. People may genuinely believe all sorts of delusions, but belief that you have a paranormal power does not mean you have that power. Still, such claims can be very profitable.

According to records of the NSW Corporate Affairs Commission the parent body of TM in Australia, the "World Plan Executive Council," sent $587,960 to their administrative centre in Europe between July 1976 and September 1978.

While they may not be able to levitate, their profits are certainly rising.

WATER DIVINING

One of the most widely held psychic beliefs in Australia is that that some people have a gift, or psychic power to divine the location of underground water.

Sydney businessman Dick Smith chose water divining for his first major test of psychic powers. In association with the principal investigator for the American Committee for the Scientific Investigation of the Paranormal, James Randi, he created a foolproof testing situation and offered a prize of $50,000 for a successful demonstration of water divining.

The rules were precise and simple, and all contestants had to agree to them in advance. Dick Smith arranged for a plot of land to be dug up and levelled. A grid of 10 plastic pipes, each 10 centimetres in diameter, was buried a few centimetres below the soil. The process was witnessed by a panel of independent judges. Valves could be opened to allow water to flow through one pipe at a time, the pipe being chosen by the selection of a numbered counter from a bag by one of the judges.

The portion of pipe leading into the grid was left exposed for half its length, while the other half was buried to the same depth as the grid. Prior to the test, claimants were required to show that their divining instruments reacted to the exposed length of the pipe while water was flowing through it, then to the buried section as well. Water flowed through one section of the grid at that stage, and the claimants were informed which section had water flowing in it. White lines showed where each numbered pipe was located and claimants were asked to show that their instruments reacted at only the pipe where the water was flowing.

Then the test began. A pipe was selected at random and water was sent through it. All those who were aware of which pipe was correct were required to leave the area. This was to prevent (conscious, or unconscious) "cueing" of claimants. Each claimant then made five or ten divining attempts, the number being decided by the claimant. No results were announced at the time.

There were 16 contestants in all. Eight tried for the water via the buried grid, three tried for brass and seven tried for a $22,000 ingot of gold. The brass and gold were concealed in one of ten boxes. Two of the contestants tested for both water and brass.

When the results were tabulated, 111 tries had been made, with an expected 10 percent success rate by pure chance alone. There were 15 successes — indicating a success rate of 13.5 percent.

But the diviners had previously declared their expected success rate at over 92 percent! Their poor performance came after every rule, precaution and procedure had been carefully and fully approved and agreed to in advance by *all* parties concerned.

> Randi believes diviners are honest people who believe in what they do. Unfortunately, they cannot perform as they think they can

The tests had been done using forked sticks, L-shaped metal rods, pendulums and other means. Only two diviners said there were natural streams running underground in the area and both agreed these would not interfere with the tests. But they also disagreed with each other about where these streams flowed, and also disagreed with the others who said there were no streams! The "underground river" notion that some dowsers believe in is sheer fiction and not supported by geological research.

By far the most important fact that emerged was that the participants were all able to show strong reactions when they *knew* where the sought-after substance was, but failed when they actually underwent a proper test.

Why do their instruments show such positive reactions, and what makes them move? The answer lies, according to Randi, not in mysterious electro-magnetic or "psychic" forces, but in "idiomotor reactions." Randi states that whether it is a forked-stick clenched in both hands and bent apart in a horizontal position, or a small pendulum held at the fingertips, the divining instrument is in a state of unbalance or stress. Any slight movement or outside influence can start it moving, and subsequent dramatic motions of the device are taken as evidence of strange forces at work.

Randi believes it is the diviner himself who initiates the movement — mostly unconsciously. The human mind is such a marvellous device, rationalisations of any failures are easily come by. The diviner detects nothing except his own hunches and guesses, often based on knowledge of the terrain or situation and frequently from clues provided unwittingly by bystanders. The test carefully guarded against any of these elements becoming active. Any success of the diviners was to show evidence of true dowsing ability, not guesswork.

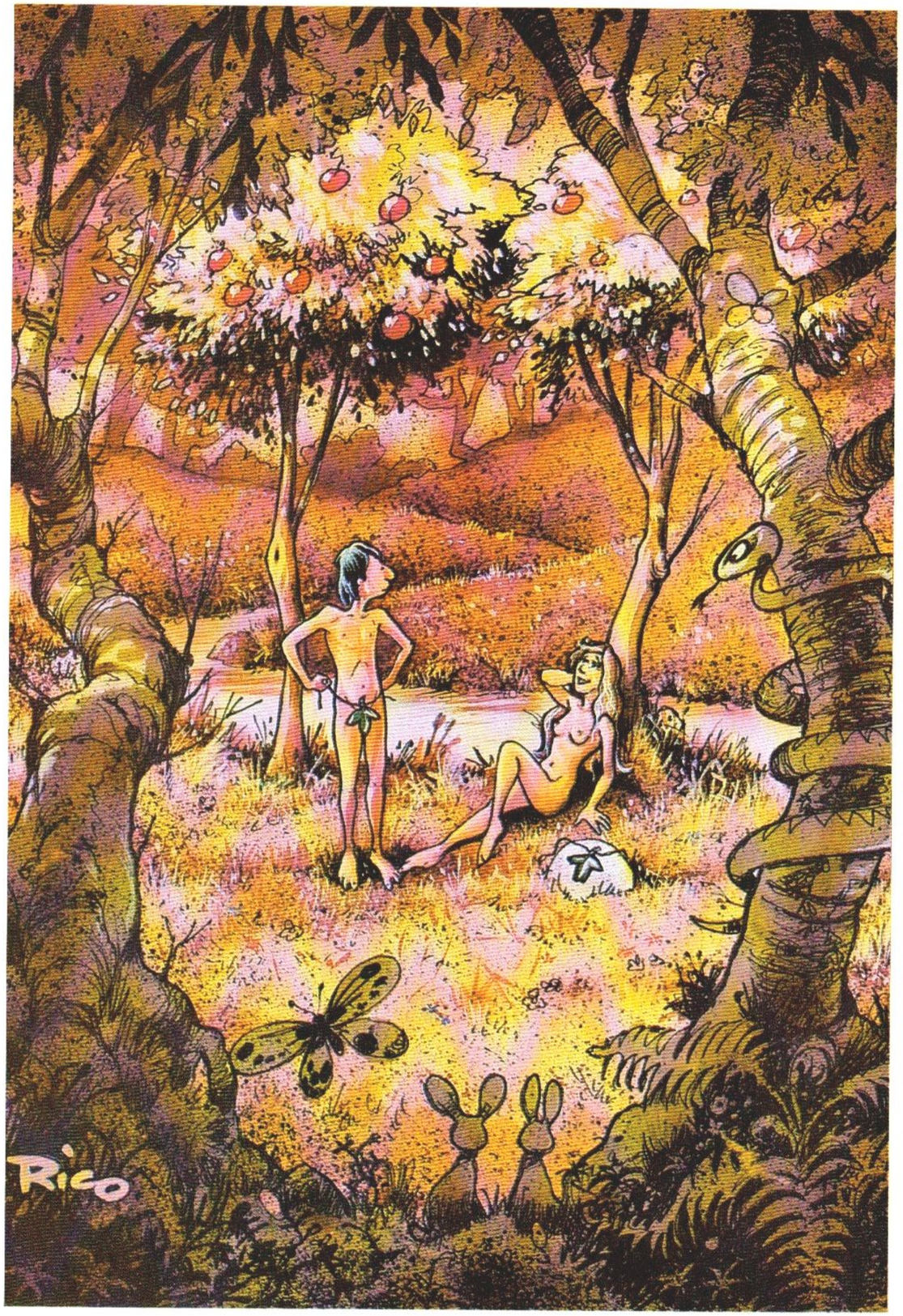
The idiomotor reaction is quite a strong one, and anyone can fall victim to it. In Sydney, Randi showed a reporter how strongly a large magnet would attract a bent iron wire, even through a cardboard box. The reporter held the wire and noted the strong attraction, until Randi pointed out to him that he had secretly removed the magnet from the box. The reporter had been allowing his expectation to convince him of the magnetic pull that was not there. His bent wire divining device had been swinging very positively towards the box, but ceased when he knew the truth.

The reward money was not paid, since no claimant came even close to achieving his claimed success rate — though most were sure they had! As expected, in spite of the careful statements demanded of them, the claimants followed the announcement of the results with cries of "foul" for a multitude of reasons. These included the suspicion of buried magnets in the ground — though they had all tested for that possibility — and the interference of portable radio transmitters — though these had been present and in use in all tests, including the preliminaries where participants knew the results, and were therefore successful.

James Randi regards the Australian results as the most definitive, properly conducted and designed tests ever done of divining claims anywhere in the world. Randi believes diviners are honest people who believe in what they do. Unfortunately their belief is poorly placed. They cannot perform as they think they can.

Though diviners will continue to be hired by believers in such powers, and wells will be dug with great precision on spots located by diviners, the water found will not prove that divining works. It will only prove that there is a great deal of

*Continued on page 160*



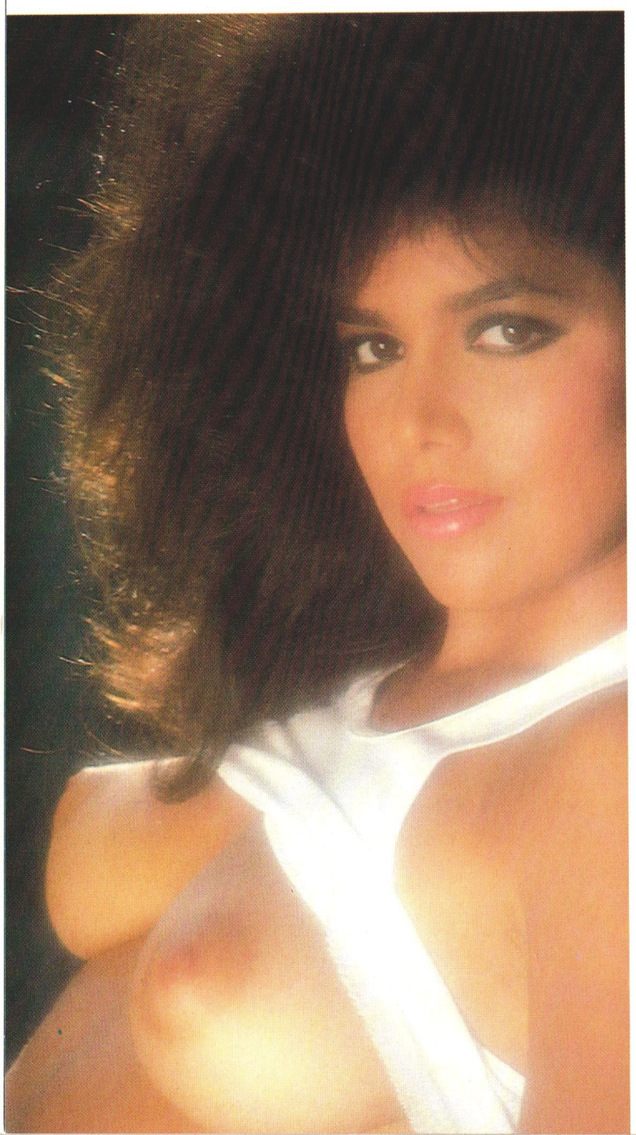

*"Will I see you again?"*

# PUBLIC EYE

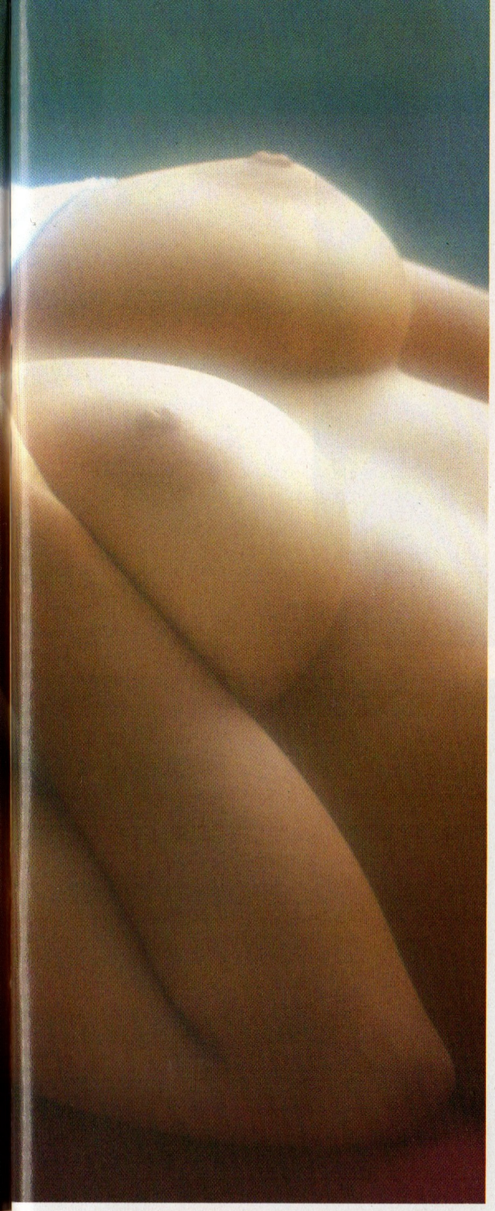
Paula Wood likes to watch. This 20-year-old seldom lets a character or a scene escape those wide baby blues. "Public eye — that's me. I'm a people perv," laughs Paula, explaining her favorite habit: unabashed people-watching. "I do it all the time — at airports, in shopping centres, in waiting rooms. Sometimes I'll even write down my observations." No doubt people are looking back, storing Paula's obvious attractions in their memory banks.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

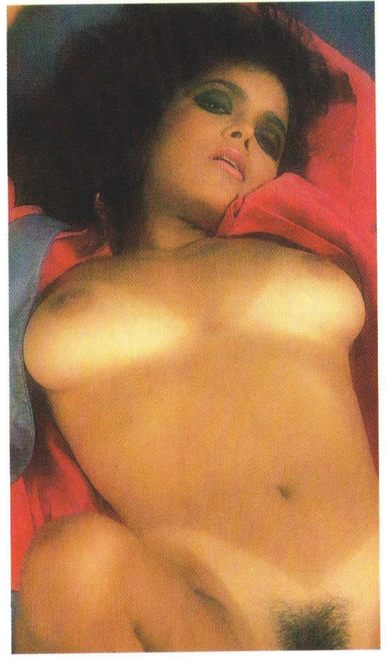
It's obvious this Pet doesn't mind,
nor is she shy about sharing herself with
us here. "After all, people weren't
born with their clothes on," she reasons.
"Why try to hide it?"



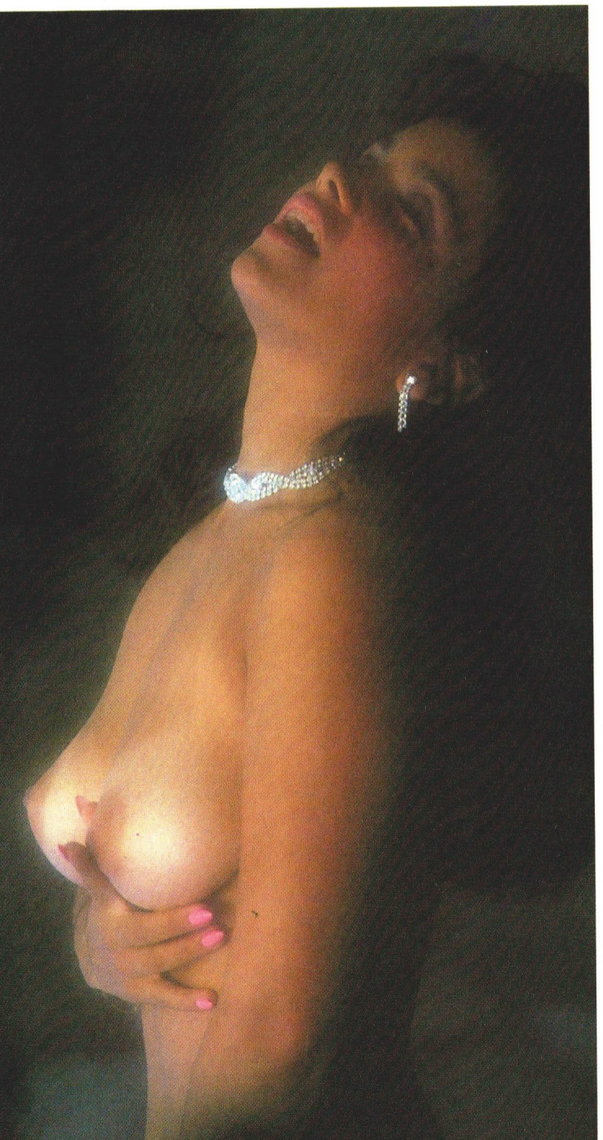
On the contrary, Paula's personal motto is: "Seek and ye shall find." Our Pet is a gifted soprano and she's intent on launching a professional singing career. Two years ago, an operatic company invited her to join her on a world tour, but she had to pass it up to finish high school.

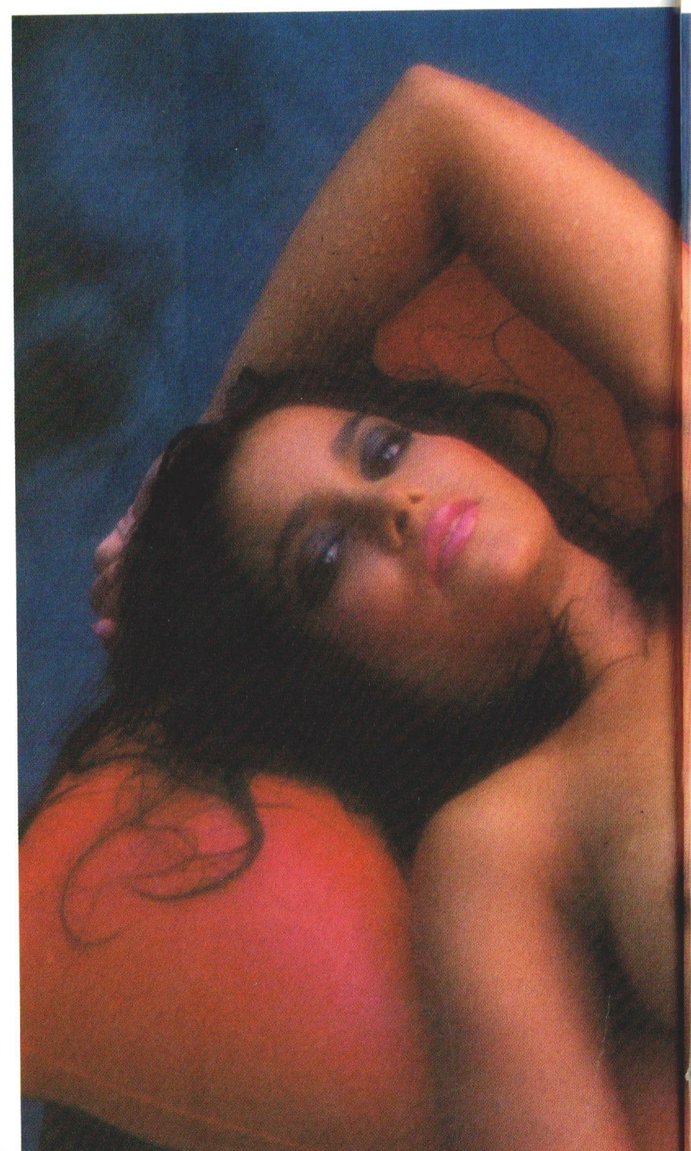


"My boyfriend reckons that although I sing like a nightingale, I'm not nearly as flighty," says Paula. Or fickle, it would seem. For two years, this smoky-eyed beauty has been strictly monagamous.



"When you find a man who's good in bed and great fun out of bed, it's time to pitch your tent." Perhaps that simple remark will bring the boyscouts out of the woods and back into fashion.





Snappy comebacks for all occasions

# THE HECKLER'S HANDBOOK

HUMOR BY JIM PIKE

"There he is. He may be a mongrel, but by Jesus he can talk."

Thus spake my father of the late Sir Robert Menzies. I had been taken along to a Liberal Party election rally and sat on my father's shoulders to watch a man whom he admired greatly — and hated even more. The small clique of Labor interjectors started up.

"What about the workers?" came that predictable big hit from the *Little Leninist Book Of Sure-Fire Political Zingers.*

Coolly Sir Robert countered with, "What about the workers?"

The silence was broken only by the scratching of sturdy working class heads and the occasional "ooh" and "errr". And as the men in overalls and jackets that smelled of Havelock adjourned to the Billy McKell Bar at the Cricketers' Rest, the Liberal Party went on to another 15 years in government. It was my first introduction to heckling. Ming fended off the offensive one-liners with an easy grace: an oratorical genius up against men who thought the Warden of the Cinque Ports was a "bloke who looks after the plonk." It was no competition.

As we walked home I asked, "Dad, how come they wouldn't let him talk without interrupting him?"

"It's traditional son," he said. "It's called heckling. He expects that sort of thing."

"Well," I asked, "how come no-one heckles Mr Calwell?"

"Liberals don't heckle, son. It's not in their blood. Liberals write letters to the editor and Labor men heckle . . . it's the way of the world."

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY EDWARDS

# HECKLER'S

"But Dad," I said, "how come we're no good at it?"

"It's a long story. You see there was a day when the Australian heckling man was the best in the world — feared for his lightning speed and devastating wit. At Gallipoli whenever a Turk stuck his head up out of his trench one of our boys would yell 'Your mother slides *up* bannisters' . . . yep, if they'd left it to our boys, we'd have cleaned 'em out in a week.

"In hand to hand heckling there was no-one finer. The Germans never knew what hit them — a few quick remarks about their haircuts or the fact that Marlene Dietrich was on our side and they'd go to water. Those were the days. Of course, I blame the education system . . . give a man an education and it takes away his right to be wrong."

"Will you teach me to heckle one day, dad?" I asked.

"Not until we get another Prime Minister, son. Ming's too quick for me."

So I practised in my room at night, writing down one-liners as they came to me and waiting for a "safe" Prime Minister. As it happened, I never got round to using any of them, my fervor being ruined by the benefits of the aforementioned education and some very lacklustre PMs. Heckling Billy McMahon would have been like jeering at your fridge because its butter compartment was too small: it couldn't help it, and neither could he. Likewise, I'd hate to think that one of my specially researched barbs may have been responsible for Harold Holt taking that last swim; and heckling Malcolm would have been a waste of time because no-one would be awake to hear his reply. So the heckless years rolled by, broken only by one memorable incident during the Lord's Prayer at a school assembly when one non-believer called out: "Up the Devil" . . . not really a brilliant bit of repartee, hardly even worth the six cuts from the cane and the eternal damnation.

Who was the first heckler? Some archaeologists believe he's the one in the cave paintings pointing scornfully at the hunter as all his spears miss the mammoth; others say he's the one who drew the sixth finger on the outlines of the hands.

Most scholars agree that the snake in the Garden of Eden was actually the world's first recorded heckler. Adam and Eve were strolling along quite serenely listening to the piped music when the salacious serpent interrupted with a one-liner that was never recorded, although one American version of the Bible has it as being: "Psst, Adam, don't be a sap . . . if she likes your apple she'll love your pork." This version has been discredited by most theologians.

God himself was a heckler, dropping the odd line or two on Noah while he hammered away at the ark. "When you've finished the ark, can you put on a granny flat for me?" and "I'm telling you, build a campervan — you'll see more of the countryside," are two of the funnies the apparently unappreciative Noah had laid on him. As an example of humor the Bible is not exactly gospel, but heckling had to start somewhere.

Often the unwise use of heckling can lead to trouble. Take Winston Churchill, for example. If he hadn't said: "We will fight them on the beaches," Hitler might never have headed for the nearest beach . . . which happened to be Dunkirk. He just might have stayed in Poland and staged moustache growing competitions with Lech Walensa. When MacArthur left the Philippines with the infamous quip: "I shall return," it only served to make the Japanese mad, and now they've invented a video-game called *Corregidor* in which

> If you put a creative heckle on Gough there was always a chance that you could get a government grant to develop it

he always loses. In fact the war could've been over in 1942 if it hadn't been for all the top-level heckling.

But now the world has really reached a sad state of affairs. After nearly 2000 years of heckling, the art form is dying out: killed by televised sport. Sure, you can yell and throw screwed-up chip packets at the screen as much as you like, but the fact is the verbal creativity of the sporting crowds of yesteryear has gone.

Football to me at the age of six was a panorama of working class bums with pockets that smelled of Lifesavers and Minties. Everyone thought it was hilariously funny, yelling things out to someone called "Yamug." It was several more years and about a metre in height before I realised there was a game on going out there. As I grew older the advancing years only seemed to increase the ineptitude of "Yamug." He was still out there somewhere, presumably taking the advice of the crowd and shaping a future for himself as someone's local member.

This was heckling at its safest. Not only could the victims not answer back, most of the time they couldn't even hear what was being said, which at the best of times was not brilliant. "Hit 'im wif ya handbag," was always very popular and usually met with gales of laughter. In fact it was so popular that everyone used it at least once a game. If someone went through most of the game with a clean pair of shorts the cry was: "What's the matter, won't yer mother wash 'em for ya?" One that always intrigued me was, "You couldn't kick shit." I did it once just to find out if I could, and discovered why this particular physical endeavor has never been recognised by the Olympic Committee.

By far my most favorite sporting heckle was the one reserved for the referee which went: "Ref, you're like the left side of a black fella's bum," the allusion being, as everyone knew, that he was neither fair nor right. For me, the death knell of football sounded with the introduction of: "Garn ya poofter" . . . it was the end of an era.

Where are they now, those mental leviathans? At the game? No, they're at home watching it on TV: their lives being heckled by commercial breaks.

Now cricket is a more gentlemanly game when it comes to heckling. In the early days, spectators in the members' enclosure would write their comments on pieces of paper and give them to an attendant who would pass them on to the umpire, who decided whether or not to show it to the player concerned. It's that kind of behavior that made cricket the game it was. These days the tone has slipped, and so has the heckling standard, with just the occasional strident shout (usually muffled by a well-directed beer can) above the cacophony, cries for an ambulance when a lip is cut on a sharp tinny, and the lonely yelps from a few old-timers as they vainly put the blame for it all on "Yamug."

Motor racing is on the upsurge, one of the few spectators sports where skill and blood can really intermingle, but where the chances for heckling are minimal because of the engine noise. Alan Moffat would never hear you say, "Get it out of reverse, four eyes," and who really cares if Dick Johnson's got a bigger one than Peter Brock anyway.

Just about the only sport left which does offer a chance for the heckler is chess. The traditional one-liners for this however are a little reserved: "Not the knight, Josephine," "You're so dumb you think checkmate's a hooker from Prague," and of course the topper from the All-Europe Chess Heckling Cup — "Hit him wif your handbag."

The one bright spot on the horizon was again furnished by a politician . . . in the shape of one Gough Whitlam. Here was a man who could field heckles, a giant with eyebrows like Ming's. Indeed he had his share of hecklers; the only trouble was they were all too laid back about it. If you put a creative but inoffensive heckle on Gough there was always the chance that you could get a government grant to develop it: maybe even a movie subsidy for something like *The Heckle Of Jimmy Blacksmith*, or *Heckle At Hanging Rock*, or perhaps even *The Heckler From Snowy River*.

Now we've got Bob — and something of a problem. You see, it's considered bad form to heckle a folk hero. It's something that's never been attempted before in the annals of the art. No-one dropped lines on Davy Crockett. When he was leaning over the parapets of the Alamo, no Mexicans called out, "Only poofters wear hats like that." When Ben Hur won the chariot race no-one told him he was a lousy actor, and when Robin Hood stormed Nottingham Castle in his lincoln green tights no-one told him that he "packed a nice lunch."

At Glenrowan the troopers didn't call out to Ned Kelly, "Hey, pack it in sardine features." And no-one, on fear of their life, ever heckled Don Bradman. No Australian, anyway.

So what hope is there left for the heckler? There are a few naturals left in society, like cab drivers. There's a group of fearless men and women who are never at a loss for an insult. So you think you could keep up with them . . . what would you say to these?

"You couldn't drive your finger up your arse." Or maybe that favorite, "Give it to your girlfriend mate — I have," or the little used but peppy, "You oughta be a bartender, you're driving me to drink."

It's suprising that certain ethnic groups haven't introduced some of their heckling traditions into our folklore, but then again guns and knives are harder to get here than in the old country. After the influx of migrants in the Fifties there was a marked upsurge in ethnic heckling, none of it very clever, although it did lead to the establishment of some basic ground rules that I've listed here.

1. Never say rude things about a Greek's mother . . . he'll kill you.
2. Never say rude things about a Greek's son . . . she'll kill you.
3. Never assume all small Chinese work in restaurants and can't fight . . . they'll kill you.
4. Never mistake a Turk for a Greek Cypriot . . . they'll both kill you.
5. Not all Arabs like boys . . .
6. Not all Lebanese slide out of bed — unarmed.
7. No-one likes Indians.
8. Never say anything to a Yugoslav with a knife.
9. Never tell a large German that you can smell gas.
10. You can say anything you like to an Englishman as long as you buy him a beer.
11. For New Zealanders see Indians.
12. Speak slowly when conversing with Americans.

Now we come to the last stand for the heckler. It's the stand-up comedy arena, and even there he's wasting his time. The comedians have heard them all; some of them they more than likely wrote themselves. From the basic, "Oh yeah? Well you oughta be screwed by a mounted brass band," right up to the more sophisticated stuff, there's not many they haven't heard.

One of my favorites was at a rock concert when someone called out during the break. The lead singer walked calmly to the stage apron and called for a spot to be put on the heckler. The offender bathed proudly in the spotlight until the singer said:"See that man there? His mother swims out to meet troopships." The crowd roared until someone in the last row yelled out: "Backstroke."

Every comedian has his own favorites. Austen Tayshus revels in: "Why don't you go home and fuck your shoe? There's been a goddamn cunt in there all day." In many venues you need that sort of ammunition, and it's working in such minefields that has honed his *Australiana* routine into one

> Rodney Rude is always on the lookout for the man with two pricks: "Because you can't get that silly just playing with one."

of the great classics of comedy.

Graham Pugh, another of those brave enough to live by wit alone, often refers to the man with the "plain tie and matching personality." Rodney Rude is always on the lookout for the man with two pricks: "Because you couldn't get that silly just playing with one."

On stage they're often self-defence mechanisms, but why wait until you're on stage to use them . . . get right in there from the start. You can try these yourself at work (especially if you're sick of your job.) Why not start with a little dig at the boss? "You couldn't organise a queue for an outside toilet," or: "Isn't nature wonderful — it's engraved all your knowledge on the head of a pin."

Here are some interesting all-purpose ones you might find useful: "Your sister plaits her pubic hair for midget mountaineers," or maybe something a little more upmarket: "Why don't you shove a stick of dynamite up your arse and throw yourself under an intellectual?" Here's some for that totally gross occasion: "He's a wonderful man . . . I've known him for years . . . and if you'd all raise your colostomy bags I'd like to propose a toast" or "Do you find that sex is much nicer if your partner's awake at the time?" How about, "You paid 40 bucks for that hairdo? It looks like a panel-beaten wombat," and here's one you can try at a funeral: "I'm sorry Bernie, I didn't know it was catching." It won't make any difference to Bernie, but it'll scare the shit out of all the relatives who kissed him goodbye. If you're ever in a situation where you really want to break up a conversation here's one fresh from the gutter: take your hors-d'oeuvre sedately from your lips and enquire, "Did you just fart, or did someone peel a pig?"

These little gems are guaranteed to make you the most unforgettable person at any party, and if you play your cards right and get those eyebrows bushy you could be just the person the Labor Party's looking for. You can jot down a few notes, or cut out this article and take it with you if it'll help, but these are really just your all-purpose, just-in-case-type heckles.

A word of advice at this point — never heckle waiters, especially ones that you don't think can speak English. Chinese ones will ignore you competely, Italian ones will put their thumbs in your soup, and Turkish ones will put your thumbs in your soup. Never heckle cab drivers if you're a passenger, unless you want a ride to the airport to cost $48. At no time should you heckle airline pilots on take-off or landing, especially at obscure foreign airports. Never call your surgeon a butcher as you go under the anaesthetic, and never heckle a policeman unless you use words of more than one syllable.

Many people often ask: "Is there heckling after death?" The answer is yes, and anyone who has seen *The Excorcist* or *The Omen* will know that spirits aren't really evil, they just like to have the last word. Even the Lord himself just couldn't resist that parting shot at Peter and doubting Thomas.

With tension in the world at such a crisis state, I feel there is now the need for one final all-encompassing heckle. A statement if you like; something that should be used only on that day when we find out that we have 30 seconds to live before the bomb explodes.

On that ominous day I intend using the rare reverse heckle, in which the heckler becomes the hecklee. When the bomb does drop it'll be instigated by all those people who have spent their lives telling us what we can or can't do with our lives . . . so I intend to get even. When the sirens sound I shall quietly walk into the middle of a busy thoroughfare, drop my pants, and take one final shit. A fulfilling, satisfying final 30 seconds, but a 30 seconds with a double purpose. This last act will then cause all those other pains in the arse that we've come to know and hate to waste their last 30 seconds saying, "You can't do that." See you in the street.

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***AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE***
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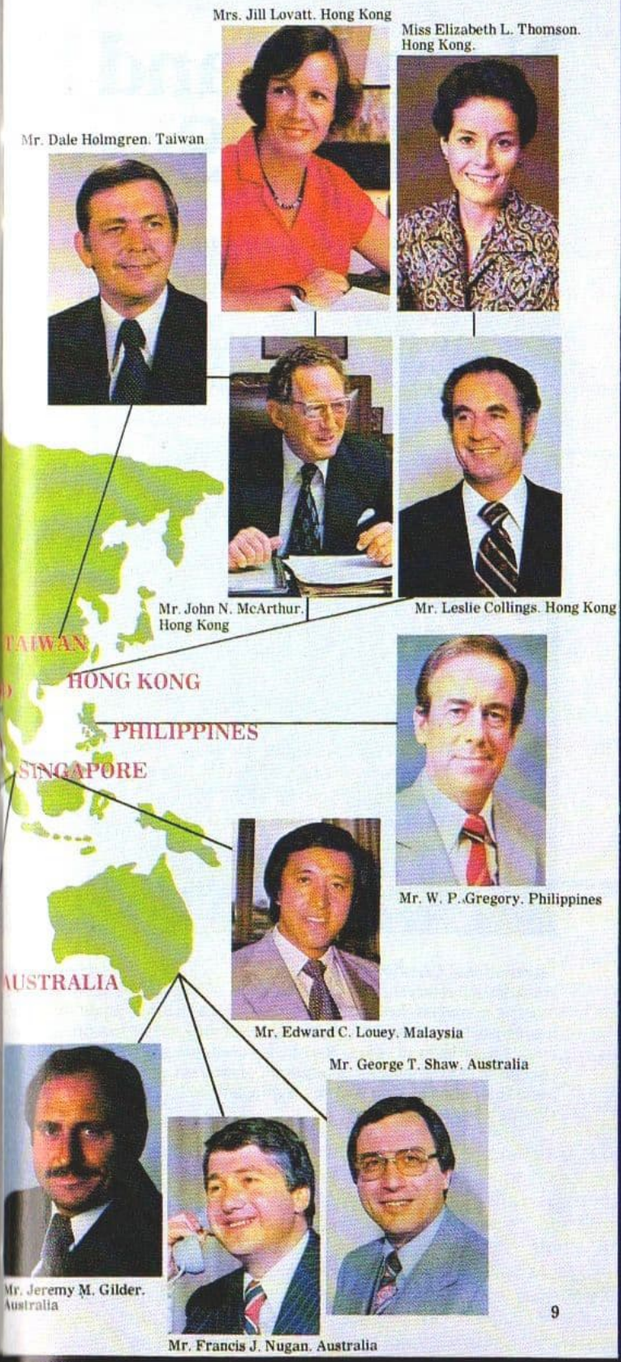
***THAN MEETS THE EYE***

# Nugan Hand International








# THE BANK THAT PASSED THE BUCK

BY PENNY LERNOUX

## As more pieces fit into the Nugan Hand jigsaw puzzle, it turns into a particularly ugly picture

Early in the morning of Sunday, January 28, 1980, two policemen driving along a lonely stretch of highway near Lithgow, NSW, came upon a Mercedes-Benz sedan with its lights on. Inside the car, slumped across the front seat in a pool of blood, was the body of a middle-aged man. In the dead man's pockets the police found the business card of William Colby, a Washington lawyer who three years earlier had been director of the Central Intelligence Agency.On the back of the card was the itinerary of a trip Colby intended to make to Asia.

Next to the body was a new rifle. Alongside it was a Bible with a meat pie wrapper as a place mark. On the wrapper were scrawled names — William Colby's and American congressman Bob Wilson's. Wilson was then the leading Republican member of the US Congress Armed Services Committee.

The dead man turned out to be a Sydney merchant banker named Frank Nugan. He was a co-owner of the Nugan Hand Bank, an Australian bank with 22 branches worldwide. Investigators at first theorised that Frank Nugan had killed himself because of business troubles. Only later was it learned that among the people with whom his bank did business were a number of prominent crime figures. But this would soon seem like a minor detail. For Frank Nugan's apparent suicide triggered an international scandal which continues to this day, involving heroin dealing, arms trafficking, money laundering, the CIA, and enough high-ranking US military officers to launch a small war.

At the time of his death, 37-year-old Frank Nugan was facing a variety of criminal charges. The bank's directors knew of Nugan's legal troubles, and one of them frequently accompanied him to the court hearings that led to formal charges. This man was General Edwin F. Black, former commander of US troops in Thailand during the Vietnam War and later assistant army chief of staff for the Pacific. Black was then president of the Nugan Hand Bank's Hawaiian operations.

Frank Nugan was also in hot water with the bank's auditors, who had refused to approve the accounts for the bank's Bahama and Cayman branches. This meant that the bank was about to be decertified. If it was decertified, it would lose its commercial status with other banks and would collapse. Stephen K.A. Hill, a Nugan Hand director,had had no problem with the auditors during earlier meetings, but on these occasions he was often accompanied by another high-ranking former US military officer, Earl P. ("Buddy") Yates, retired US admiral and former chief of staff for

*The subject of Nugan Hand seems to touch raw nerves in Australia. This story was considerably longer in manuscript form, but a great deal of information —inevitably the most interesting— had to be cut on legal advice.*

strategic planning with US forces in Asia and the Pacific. Yates was the Nugan Hand Bank's president.

Nugan, at that time, had taken to going to church almost daily. He wrote mystical notes to himself in a Bible, which was always with him. "Visualise 100,000 customers worldwide," said one. "Prayerise. Actualise," said another. And he spent money as if he owned the mint — $500,000 to remodel his family's lavish home in Sydney's exclusive, harborside Vaucluse, complete with sand for an artificial beach. On the day he died he was completing negotiations for the purchase of a $2.2 million country estate.

If such actions indicate suicidal intent, none of Nugan's associates seemed aware of it. Witnesses described Nugan as his "usual confident self" to the very end. Nor would one expect a man to go through the motions of buying an estate on the same day he intended to take his life. As shown by the papers found with his body, Nugan apparently had made plans to see William Colby the following month. And when an official inquest was held, the coroner's suicide verdict was challenged on the ground that only a contortionist could have shot himself in the head with a rifle from the position in which Frank Nugan was sitting.

Three months after Frank Nugan's death, the Nugan Hand Bank collapsed. Four years later, the repercussions from the bank's many sordid dealings continue to be felt worldwide. What has emerged in the aftermath has grown into a fascinating, complex web of criminality and intrigue — a story that has been revealed only in isolated bits and pieces, in part because of the US intelligence community's reluctance to help or supply information to Australian investigators.

Investigation of the bank's dealings are still underway, and among the details that have emerged so far are the following:

- The Nugan Hand banking group participated in at least two US government covert-action operations.
- The bank had strong links to the US intelligence community, and some of the banking group's executives were involved in large weapons shipments to American aided forces fighting against communist guerillas in Angola.
- It has been alleged that retired Admiral Yates, while president of Nugan Hand, urged a CIA contract agent to threaten the Haitian government with a coup. (Yates told the *Wall Street Journal* that the overthrow threat wasn't proposed by him but by a prospective bank client. Yates said he quickly rejected the idea.)
- Most of the bank's business was found to have been money laundering rather than deposit taking.
- The bank was also involved in dealings with international heroin syndicates, and there is evidence of massive fraud against nationals of Australia and several Southeast Asian countries.

The reasons why US intelligence has held Australian investigators at arm's length should surprise no-one. As the Nugan Hand story had unfolded, the names of several leading members of the US intelligence community have cropped up — not only William Colby but also Ted Shackley, the former second in command of the CIA's clandestine services. In addition to General Black and Admiral Yates, a number of retired Pentagon and CIA officals also served as executives of, or consultants to, Nugan Hand. In both cases of Nugan Hand participation in US covert activity, Edwin Wilson was involved. Wilson, Ted Shackley's longtime CIA subordinate, was convicted of illegal arms sales to Libya in 1981, and more recently of conspiracy to murder.

As the investigation proceeded other leading characters in the story, aside from Frank Nugan, died or disappeared

For the investigators who delved into the Nugan Hand Bank's complex dealings, the experience has been like opening a set of Chinese boxes — each box contained another mystery or clue. Even the circumstances of Frank Nugan's death turned out to be peculiar. By an unaccountable oversight, the police neglected to check for fingerprints. Later, when the rifle that killed Nugan was examined, no fingerprints were found on it.

Investigations have turned up an amazing collection of rogues operating on three continents, many of them doing covert dirty work linked to the CIA, others to the heroin traffic between Southeast Asia and the United States. The bank was used for a multitude of illegal and lucrative activities.

Furthermore, the Nugan Hand Bank (according to testimony) served as paymaster for CIA contributions to "friendly" politicians in Australia, and for an incredible Caribbean scheme that may have been connected to the drug trade.

As the investigations proceeded, other leading characters in the story, aside from Frank Nugan, died or disappeared. Among those who disappeared was Nugan's New York-born partner, Michael Hand. Others took refuge in silence, denying any wrongdoing.

The CIA predictably denied any connection with the bank, despite the fact that records seized by Australian authorities showed that Nugan Hand had been involved in activities more pertinent to an intelligence agency that to a bank. The authorities recovered lengthy reports about political and military activities in Southeast Asia. The CIA, the FBI, and US customs all refused, on grounds of national security, to release information they held on the bank's activities. When *The National Times* petitioned under the US Freedom of Information Act for FBI records, it received only half of the 150 pages requested. And of these, most had been blacked out in heavy ink with the notation "B-1", meaning that disclosure would endanger US "national defence or foreign policy."

There were reasons enough for a cover-up. The US intelligence community was being linked to illegal activities and evidence was surfacing that, once again, it had allowed its agents to run amok.

The choice of a bank to front for CIA activities — instead of the fake trading companies usually favored by the agency — reflects not only the scope of Nugan Hand's operations but also the changed nature of banking. Only a bank could handle the quantities of money passing through Nugan Hand's branches, and only a bank could hide the trail. It may seem shocking to some that the US intelligence community banked with a heroin laundromat, but this fact should surprise no-one.

The CIA has a long history of criminal associations, and drugs have frequently played a role in covert intelligence work. The CIA's relations with criminals and drugs goes back to World War II, when US Naval Intelligence and the CIA's forerunner, the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), formed a cynical alliance with "Lucky" Luciano to provide Mafia henchmen to patrol Atlantic coast docks against possible Nazi sabotage. The CIA also shipped cash and munitions to opium growers and mercenaries in Laos and Thailand during the Sixties. CIA plans then provided transport for drugs on the first leg of their journey to American cities. Although the original purpose of these alliances was to fight communism, the end result was that the CIA became a middleman for drug producers and organised crime. Later, as American involvement in Southeast Asia wound down, a number of CIA agents went into the drug business for themselves.

One CIA contract agent with connections to the drug trade was Michael Hand. He was a burly ex-Green Beret who had been with the Special Forces in Vietnam. He had first visited Australia on R and R

*"And remember our motto here, boys: the only thing better than the food . . . is the service!"*

# BANK

leave, and was so impressed he came back.

Hand left Vietnam in 1968 and settled in Sydney. He had studied forestry and been a teacher before going to Vietnam, and he frequently boasted that he was frightened of no-one, that he had killed men while outnumbered and under fire, and that he had good connections within the CIA.

Michael Hand was a natural partner for Frank Nugan, who was impressed by Hand's toughness and intelligence connections. Nugan had no background in intelligence work, but he was a fast-talking quick learner with a flair for self-promotion.

In 1970, Nugan and Hand went into partnership as investment advisers, mostly to current or former American servicemen whom Hand had met in Vietnam or Sydney. The pair used Hand's contacts to establish a tourism, mining, and real estate outfit called Australasian and Pacific Holdings, Ltd. Four of the 19 founding shareholders worked with Air America, the CIA airline that ran men and supplies into Laos and brought out opium. A number of others worked for a Continental Airlines subsidiary under CIA contract in Laos.

Three years later, the two men formed the Nugan Hand Bank. It quickly attracted depositors by offering the highest interest rates in the Pacific region, tax-free deposits, and complete secrecy. Within six years it had 22 branches around the world and was doing more than a billion dollars in business a year.

But the bank's biggest profits came from money laundering. A word of explanation may be required here.

Professional money laundering is a huge industry — worth up to $80 billion in the United States alone. It earns hefty profits: Nugan Hand, for instance, took 22 cents for every dollar laundered. Drug traffic proceeds account for a large part of the laundering business, but legitimate businessmen and corporations also use money laundromats to evade taxes and to establish slush funds for bribes and kickbacks. And US Internal Revenue Service agents who follow launderers' paper trails have noted the coincidence of interests between organised crime and the CIA, which often use the same banks for illegal operations.

It may well be more than coincidence that the Nugan Hand Bank was established in 1973, when the CIA needed a laundromat for its Australian operations. This was the year when William Colby became director of the CIA and Ted Shackley replaced Colby as head of covert operations in the Far East. The Nixon administration was winding down US military involvement in Vietnam, but the CIA remained active in the region, particularly in the opium strongholds of Thailand and Laos. When one of the leaders, a Thai national, was arrested in the United States for trying to smuggle 59 pounds of pure opium through New York's Kennedy Airport, the agency cited national security to squelch the case and obtain the trafficker's release.

Confidential reports by the Australian Federal Bureau of Narcotics showed that even before the bank's founding, Michael Hand had been involved with an Air American pilot in drug shipments from Southeast Asia's Golden Triangle to an airstrip in northern Australia. Given Hand's drug-and-CIA connections, and the proven links between the agency and the Asian opium trade, it is easy to see how Nugan Hand developed two parallel and perhaps interconnecting businesses — laundering CIA funds for covert operations and profiting from the Asian heroin traffic.

Like other bankers who have dealt with both the CIA and organised crime, Nugan and Hand used their CIA accounts to protect their drug connections under cover of national security. The Australian Federal Bureau of Narcotics was aware of the Bank's drug links, but the bureau's agents were hamstrung by their bosses' seeming indifference. One of the bureau's informants worked for the bank, and he tipped off investigators: "They (Nugan and Hand) are bigger than anything you have ever seen here in the heroin game and are said to be part of an American security organisation. If you caught these blokes, all hell would break loose."

> Nugan Hand developed two parallel businesses — laundering CIA funds for covert operations and profiting from the Asian heroin traffic

The day after these allegations were made, the informant found the tables reversed. He himself was being tailed, rather than Nugan or Hand.

Within a year it had become appparent to investigators that Frank Nugan had direct access to narcotics bureau information. He often obtained it within hours of its internal receipt. According to a former bureau officer, "Nugan was getting to hear about our inquiries literally before we could even update them." Then, amazingly, in 1978 the bureau's director placed on file a memo suspending any further investigation into Nugan Hand.

Ultimately the Nugan Hand Bank was appointed the CIA's worldwide paymaster. Nugan Hand executive Neil Evans testified that Hand told him he had arranged for the bank to take care of "disbursement of funds anywhere in the world on behalf of the CIA and also for the taking of money on behalf of the CIA."

Hand apparently was able to make such claims because of his relationship with Edwin Wilson and Bernie Houghton, two key American intelligence operatives who enjoyed the confidence of Ted Shackley, head of the CIA's Far Eastern covert operations, and one-time second in command of CIA clandestine services. Houghton was a Texan in his sixties who had spent the Vietnam War years as a businessman trading goods in the Southeast Asian war zones. A friend of Hand's, he later opened a chain of bars — including the Texas Tavern, the Bourbon and Beefsteak and Harpoon Harry's — in Sydney, which were frequented by CIA officers and American military brass. A few weeks before Nugan's mysterious death, Houghton played dinner host to Representative Bob Wilson and his Armed Services Committee.

Houghton had earlier served as an undercover agent for naval intelligence, and apparently he continued the relationship in the early 1970s when the US navy created a deep-cover intelligence operation. This was called Task Force 157 and it used CIA operatives — among them Edwin Wilson, the notorious arms smuggler who was Hand's second important contact.

Task Force 157 employed 50 to 75 agents whose main function was to monitor and collect information on Soviet shipping. Wilson had his own staff at the Task Force's Washington headquarters, and among his cover contacts was the Nugan Hand Bank, through which TF 157 and the CIA laundered money. In 1977, Task Force 157 was abruptly disbanded, apparently because Wilson's boss, Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, feared that one or more of Wilson's undercover operations might end in an embarrassing scandal.

When Wilson was fired by Inman, Wilson turned his agency contacts to his own profit. These contacts included Ted Shackley and Tom Clines, director of training in CIA clandestine services until 1978. After Admiral Stansfield Turner was appointed by President Carter to clean up the smell in the CIA that was left over from the Colby period, Shackley and Clines left the agency to join an international trading firm called API Distributors. API was set up with $500,000 lent by none other than Ed Wilson. It would later be involved in a Nugan Hand Bank deal in London.

Shackley and Clines first met Bernie Houghton through Air Force Major General Richard C. Secord, a member of the military's old-boy network who had known Houghton since 1972. Secord, who recently retired as Middle East adviser to Secretary of Defence Casper Weinberger, was suspended for three months in 1982 after the Pentagon learned of his links to Wilson. Houghton successfully dealt with Wilson and his naval task force. According to one report, after "a number of meetings between Wilson, Houghton, and others," Wilson placed an order for some 10 million rounds of ammunition and 3,000 weapons, reportedly shipped from Boston to CIA-supported guerrillas in Angola in late 1975 or early 1976. Investigations subsequently revealed that the weapons were delivered to someone in Africa, reportedly Michael Hand, who then delivered them to the guerrillas.

Wilson, Shackley, Houghton, and Colby were not the only intelligence officers whose names were mentioned in connection with the Nugan Hand Bank. The bank employed: Guy Pauker, a CIA adviser and consultant; Dale Holmgren, flight-service manager for another CIA-run airline in the Far East, who opened Nugan Hand's Taipei branch; and Robert "Red" Jansen, former CIA station chief in Bangkok, who represented Nugan Hand in Thailand.

Also linked to the bank were the CIA station chief of Australia and two CIA case officers, who can't be named here.

From the military there were General Black, Admiral Yates, and three-star General LeRoy J. Manor, previously chief of staff for all US forces in Asia and the Pacific, who helped run Nugan Hand's Manila office. The consulting offices of General Erle Cocke Jr., a retired general with the US National Guard, served as Nugan Hand's Washington headquarters.

In putting together the Nugan Hand puzzle, investigators were confronted with a maze of leads to the US intelligence and military community. Naturally they concluded they were looking at a CIA bank. The bank appeared to be an instrument of the intelligence community, but a lot of freelance work was going on on the side. In fact, the bank was part of a large community of interests that used government connections for personal gain.

As investigators probed into Nugan Hand, it became evident that they were dealing with an old-boy network of spooks and military men. Many of its members were schooled in the use of illegal methods to achieve government objectives. They used their influence in official circles to promote the myth that it didn't matter whether they were retired or active, since all were in the same game, with the same absence of rules, in the fight against communism. Only some of the "old boys" were now making a buck, too.

And of course nobody dared blow the whistle on a former colleague; if he did, the colleague might drag out the dirty linen of the navy, army, air force, or CIA. Nugan Hand was a good example of such back-scratching.

Although thousands of small investors in the United States and Australia clamored for the return of their life savings in the wake of the bank's collapse, the bank's directors appeared unconcerned. "I don't feel guilty because some guy got swindled," General Black, the bank's Hawaii representative, told the *Wall Street Journal*. Nevertheless, the appearance of the names of Black and Yates on Nugan Hand brochures was an important factor in the decision to invest, according to at least one victim, who said that Nugan Hand salesmen were describing Frank Nugan as "quite healthy" even after he had been dead for two months! Other American victims said they gave Houghton their money because well-established companies like Beck and Aramco seemed to sponsor him. But while the companies' US spokesmen disclaimed any knowledge of Houghton and the State Department insisted there had been no official US involvement in Nugan Hand, Australian investigations have unearthed enough evidence of US connivance — through Wilson's task force in naval intelligence — to suggest a strong case for

WISH I HAD A WINTERMANS...
There'll always be a moment when you'll "Wish you had a Wintermans". Like a Half Corona, the just right size for after dinner, after a show or at the restaurant of your choice. Ample. But not too large. Unparalleled flavour and coolness. A perfect cigar. An ideal gift.
HENRI WINTERMANS
HALF CORONA
A Dutch of Class.
20/220

a class-action suit against the US government.

Nugan Hand was also a partner in the takeover of a British bank, London Capital Securities, by Thomas Clines, a Cuban exile named Chavez and Donald Beazley. Beazley was a former US Federal Reserve bank examiner who was brought in as president of Nugan Hand's worldwide operations in 1979. (Beazley subsequently became president of a Miami bank, City National, a majority interest of which is owned by Colombian wheeler-dealer Alberto Dunque, charged in 1983 with defrauding US banks of more than $122 million through fake coffee exports.) Australian government investigators stated that Beazley helped finance the bank purchase with $300,000 in cash and travellers' cheques sent by Houghton, some of which came from hapless clients in Saudi Arabia. Beazley later also approved Houghton's cashing of at least $52,000 in travellers' cheques at the London bank to credit his personal account. Although Beazley claimed he had been taken in by Houghton and Chavez, investigators who interviewed him found him "vague and distant" about bank matters. "There appears to have been a distinct lack of formality and background knowledge, which one tends not to expect from conservative bank administrators."

One might say the same of Admiral Yates and General Black, who figured prominently in Nugan Hand's operations. *The National Times* described Black as an accomplished wheeler-dealer who had been "in charge of various paramilitary operations in Asia involving a number of unorthodox financing arrangements." (Black began his career with the CIA's forerunner, the OSS, and maintained close contacts with the agency throughout his military service.) But Yates was the more important of the two. Recruited to work for Nugan Hand by Bernie Houghton, Yates in turn put Frank Nugan in contact with General Black. Yates even arranged for Nugan to attend a $1000-a-plate fundraising dinner with President Carter, who supposedly had given orders to rid the CIA of such rogue agents as Edwin Wilson. Yates was also reported to have met with both Wilson and his missing partner, Frank Terpil, in Washington and London (which Yates had denied) to discuss several major Libyan construction projects, including Nugan Hand's financing of an airport.

Nothing better symbolised the old-boy network of interests than the recruitment of Mitch Werbell III, a Russian mercenary who has often worked with the CIA, and who was indicted for gun-running and marijuana smuggling. Werbell had an impressive record of attempted coups in the Caribbean. He apparently was paid by Nugan Hand to get approval from "Baby Doc" Duvalier for the resettlement in Haiti of some 3000 Meo tribesmen who had fought as CIA mercenaries in Laos and were forced to flee when the pro-communist Pathet Lao seized power. Werbell reportedly threatened Baby Doc with a coup if he did not co-operate — but if he did, Baby wasn't impressed.

Nugan Hand then turned its attention to some small, arid islands in the Turks and Caicos groups, which are southeast of Miami, as a refuge for the tribesmen. The plan was to use the Nugan Hand offices in the Cayman Islands as a funnel for US government funds to finance the Meo resettlement. It is unlikely that the sterile islands could have supported the refugees but the islands are "a significant transshipment point along lines of illicit drug traffic to the North American market from the Caribbean and Central America." The Turks and Caicos also happen to be the headquarters of Robert Vesco, who has been cited on several occasions as a major drugs financier, most recently in connection with the Caribbean island hideaway of a Colombian cocaine king.

> Hand went into hiding in the butcher shop used to store the bank's files and was smuggled out of Australia with a disguise and a fake passport

It is a matter of record that the tribesmen were dealers in the drug trade. They were the biggest poppy growers in Asia's Golden Triangle, as well as the biggest clients of the Nugan Hand branch in Chiang Mai, in the heart of the triangle. Neil Evans, former head of the Chiang Mai branch, testified that during six months with Nugan Hand he saw millions of drug dollars pass through the bank.

Though the resettlement scheme collapsed, it bore similarities to other shady projects proposed to Yates, such as the establishment of a $1.4 million bail fund through Nugan Hand for international dope couriers caught in the US. The money was to have been deposited in foreign accounts for use in the United States, but investigators reported that Yates rejected the idea as harmful to the bank's reputation. According to the report, Yates rejected the proposal and told the investigators he couldn't recall who had made it.

As documented by Federal police, the country's biggest drug pushers banked with Nugan Hand, including the $100 million "Mr Asia" heroin syndicate, which arranged for the contract murders of at least three people. Nugan Hand had equally sinister links with the US underworld. Among the bank's clients was Jimmy Chagra, one of the United States' biggest drug smugglers, now serving a 60-year sentence for his part in an international dope ring. A highly sophisticated operation, the ring was exposed following a major US Justice Department probe into the drugs-for-guns traffic between the United States and South America.

All money-go-rounds eventually spin out of control, but Nugan Hand's directors seemed unaware of the pending danger in late 1979, only weeks before Frank Nugan's body was found on that lonely back road. When Michael Hand learned of Nugan's death, he rushed back to Sydney from London. He was joined by Admiral Yates, and they called some other directors to an emergency meeting at the bank. According to Stephen Hill, one of those present, the group shredded enough records to fill a small room. What they could not destroy they packed in cartons and carried that night to the back room of a butcher shop owned by a former army associate of Houghton's.

Meanwhile in Manila General Manor, who was helping run the bank's branch there, was trying to persuade Nugan Hand's public relations officer to stop the wire services from reporting Nugan's death. On a secret assignment for the US Air Force in the Philippines, Manor left in a hurry after speaking to his lawyer.

Houghton told the bank's agents in Saudi Arabia much the same; they barely escaped before angry depositors stormed the local branch. Houghton hurriedly fled Australia. Hand went into hiding in the butcher shop used to store the bank's files and was smuggled out of the country with a disguise and a fake passport, aided by a former CIA operative. Hand apparently travelled to the United States, and the butcher shop owner said that when he was visiting his brother in San Francisco in 1981 he got a call from Hand, who asked about the wife and friends he had left behind in Sydney. That was the last time anyone has reported talking to Hand and probably the last time anyone will. Said one of Hand's close colleagues: "He's either dead or has gone into hiding abroad, never to return."

Those who were still around to comment claimed either to have known nothing or to have been duped by Nugan and Hand — claims that couldn't be challenged. Yet the scandal will not die. In the United States it is hush-hush as usual. The US intelligence community refuses to supply any information to Australian government and media. Why should they? No crime was committed in the US.

MAY LING

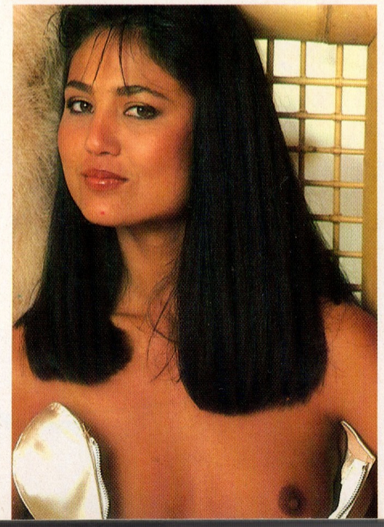
李美玲

# CHINA GIRL

If Rudyard Kipling were alive today, he may well have been forced to eat his solar topee. His "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" falls off target in the light of Pet Of The Month, May Ling Lee. This 18-year-old Sydney beauty is Australian-born of a Chinese father and an Australian mother, and her perfect blend of the best of East and West serves as the best advertisement ever for the promotion of cultural ties with Asia.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON

In May Ling's case, East met West on Queensland's Gold Coast and this exotic beauty spent her childhood basking in the Sunshine State, before heading for Sydney to pursue a modelling career.

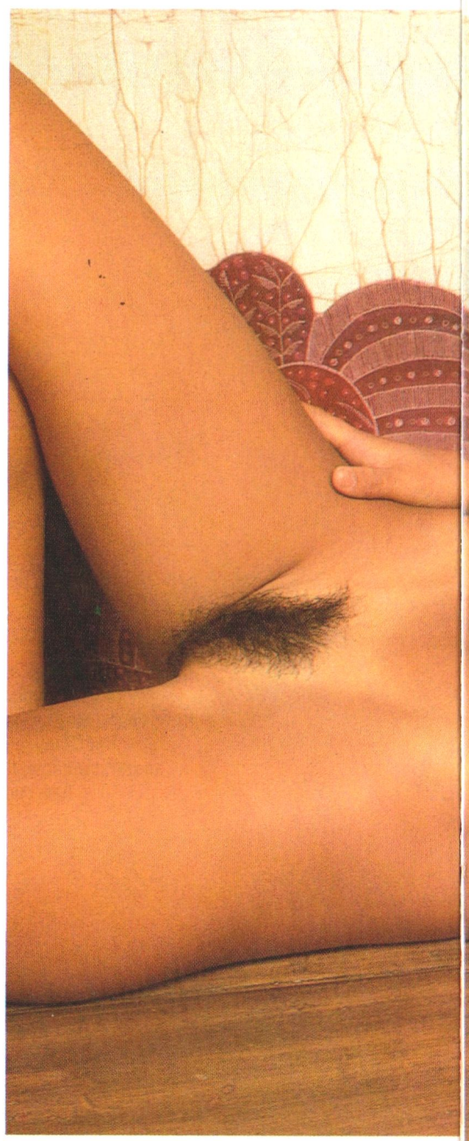


She came to *Penthouse* fresh from four months on a farm amid the rainforests of northern NSW where she had been taking a break and keeping up with her hobbies of meditation, gardening and letter writing.

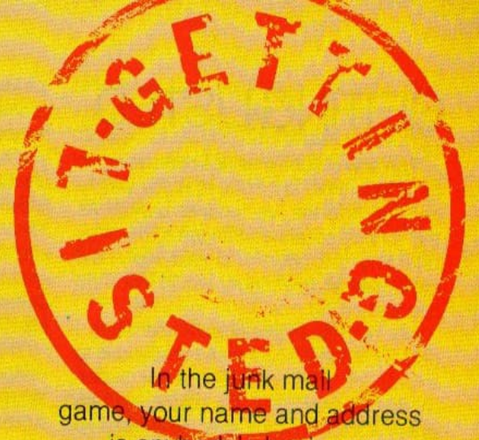
May Ling is a strict vegetarian, following what's called a vegan diet. She will not eat any meat, believing that the slaughter of animals results in bad karma. She also gives drugs and alcohol a wide berth in order to keep her body pure.

Although she has let her command of the Chinese language slip over the years, May Ling says that few can better her Chinese cooking and adds, quite understandably, that she has won many a heart with her Eastern delights.

This Pet Of The Month tells us
that a spiritually-oriented man who
will be a friend — but allow freedom —
is most likely to kindle her flame.
And that flame, coming from a girl who
was born in the Year Of The Dragon, is
guaranteed to be a scorcher.



MISS MAY LING LEE PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH




# In the junk mail game, your name and address is anybody's business

BY GRAEME ORR

I can't exactly remember when my resistance to unsolicited mail began, but I suspect it coincided with the discovery that someone, somewhere, was selling my name without my permission.

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY LUNN

# GETTING LISTED

The flow of such mail has been going on for a long time. My initial reaction was to consign it to the wastepaper basket. As the volume escalated I began to resist by returning the often enclosed reply-paid envelopes so the sender would incur the postage costs.

My resistance really stiffened when I discovered that every time I responded to a product offer, competition, or supermarket sweepstakes, my name and address were being faithfully recorded on a computer listing which could be subsequently traded, bought, sold, swapped and rented to a host of other organisations selling anything from books and souvenir drinking mugs to plastic clothes pegs.

The direct mail industry (a very substantial industry it is too) maintains that the average consumer will receive about three unsolicited mail items per week. If the average consumer doesn't want any unsolicited mail, he need only contact the Australian Direct Marketing Association (known as ADMA) or the offending sender organisation and his name and address will disappear from that particular list.

In fact, I was attracting three pieces of unsolicited mail per week. So was my wife. In all, that was six items per week — or three hundred per year. My attempts to have my name removed from the offending lists failed completely, for as fast as my name would disappear from one list, it would miraculously appear on another. This usually occurred when the sender-company would purchase or rent a fresh list which would include my name.

Actually, I well remember before I was married, the Time-Life computer managed to choose a wife for me and I began to receive a flow of mail that suggested I had entered a state of marital bliss. This proved a bit of a handicap in that an explanation was required for almost all of my lady friends. If anyone ever needed a demonstration of the impossible, it begins with trying to obtain a "divorce" from a computer from a wife one never had in the first place. Computers don't listen. And the people who are heavily into the unsolicited mail business are fast acquiring that trait too.

A woman once volunteered her solution to the problem of junk mail on a talk-back radio show in Sydney. She would empty the contents of her vacuum cleaner dust bag into the reply-paid envelope and send it off with the message: "You send me your rubbish, I'll send you mine." Although she didn't indicate her success rate, she did claim that it made her feel much better.

The lack of tact computers exhibit isn't always humorous or harmless: an acquaintance, whose wife had died tragically, was deluged with mail personally addressed to her for some two years after her death. This madness distressed him greatly, although not as much as his unsuccessful attempts to have her name removed from the offending lists.

It is worthwhile describing the two kinds of unsolicited mail. The first is the type that is delivered into the letterbox addressed to "The Householder." The second is the kind that is personally addressed to you by a computer, usually accompanied by a complicated looking code number that identifies the supplier of the list used.

The Victorian government recently announced that a committee will recommend to the Premier, John Cain, that the Litter Act be amended in that State to make it an offence to place unsolicited material in letterboxes that bear signs specifying that such mail is unwanted. This action will act as a useful deterrent to unaddressed mail, but have no effect at all upon the personally addressed variety. The governments of NSW and South Australia are considering taking similar action to the Victorians.

> One woman emptied her vacuum cleaner into the reply-paid envelope with the message: "You send me your rubbish, I'll send you mine"

The issue is really whether the public is concerned that their names are being gathered and subsequently sold or rented without their knowledge. Unquestionably, some people don't mind. In fact some people like to receive junk mail. Often it's the only mail they get. However, those who don't wish to be avalanched by direct mail will have little or no opportunity to ensure that "list management companies" (as they term themselves) secure permission from each individual whose name is used on a list — or more often, lists.

A sample of the name lists for direct mail rental from one list management company is interesting. Name a target audience and it's there. People — thousands of them — categorised by sex, address, age and occupation. For example, their Sweepstakes Responders List (people who bought tickets in a sweepstakes competition) is drawn from the Melbourne metropolitan area and sold in lots of 10,000 names per list. If a company has a service or product it wishes to promote, they can rent the list for a payment that varies according to the quantity of names purchased. Ten thousand names will run to $700. Fifty thousand names would cost $2200 while the entire list of 215,143 names (give or take a few that have died or moved interstate) will cost $6500.

The list management companies aren't the only ones to sell lists either. The Victorian Department of Labor & Industry ended up in court where it was adjudged to have exceeded its powers in selling the names and addresses of registered factory and shop owners to sales organisations. That case made it into the Victorian Ombudsman's Report of 1980/1. While the practice has been discontinued, it is clear that some government departments in other states make available names and addresses to organisations who make application and pay a prescribed fee. Most state government departments freely admit that sometimes their lists do end up in the hands of commercial organisations.

The list management companies have established a significant industry that will not easily be curtailed and most likely never be eradicated. "Direct mail is presented in a neat and attractive way and with less than three pieces per week most people do not regard this as offensive," claimed Mr Eddy Boas of Sydney's Permail Pty Ltd. He continued: "As an example, out of a mailing list of 45,000 that we have had on file for some years only 300 people have requested to be taken off the list — that's less than one percent." Some might question that consumers would be willing to undertake the arduous task of tracking down the source of all the available lists, but irrespective of the proportion of people who don't wish to receive such mail it should be made simpler for them to cease the flow if they wish to do so.

The direct mail industry is sensitive to the issue. Approaches for comment were regularly denied or prefaced by the somewhat contrived claim that surely in a free enterprise society the right to advertise is completely recognised and accepted. (I chose not to take up that issue. I could have put the argument that in a free enterprise society I should be able to start a taxi company and offer fares lower than those currently effective, or become a publican and choose to *open* or *close* the hotel at hours of *my* discretion.) The Law Reform Commission are presently contemplating the problem and seem hopeful that some form of self-regulation procedures will prevail thereby obviating the need for legislation. Few representations on the extent of list management company operations and unsolicited mail volumes have been forthcoming and consumers are welcome to place their point of view with the Law Reform Commission, Box 3708, GPO Sydney, 2001.

Direct Mail won solid approval in a recently commissioned survey by Salmat Direct Marketing where Reark Research covered some 308 housewives in the Sydney metropolitan area. The report revealed that 60 percent of those approached offered a positive reaction to direct marketing while 34 percent opposed it. On the question of controls on the practice 59 percent opposed controls and 33 percent were recorded as favoring some form of control. It is not indicated if the respondents were aware that their names may be sold and rented, as many people think of direct mail only in terms of unaddressed mail in their letter box.

If you are a professional person and ever purchase an item by mail order and commit the error of having it directed to your business address, you will discover that a host of fresh mailings will flow to that address as it becomes recorded on a series of lists. The Australian Direct Marketing Association (ADMA) claims that can't happen as their members wouldn't mail an individual at his place of employment. Wrong: examples are prevalent.

How many lists would an organisation use in a year?

"Over a twelve month period we may mail as many as 200 different lists," Michael Pitt, South Pacific Books Manager of Time-Life International claims. I've personally received mail from Time-Life (hasn't everybody?) at three addresses over a seven-year period, and although I have *still* been unsuccessful in stopping them I have to admit the company is co-operating in trying to eradicate my name from their lists . . . although each mailing requires a separate letter of complaint from me. On at least one occasion they purchased my name from the CBS Record & Tape Club on the basis that my wife and I were valued members of their club. In fact, I had failed to fulfil their membership requirements and for over a year the club pursued me for a small sum of money. CBS had sold my name to Time-Life International despite my poor standing in their accounts. These two companies are not alone in such dealings.

Just how much junk mail circulates around Australia? No-one is really sure. However one study undertaken by the Institute of Applied Economic and Social Research at the University of Melbourne, Apex and the Keep Australia Beautiful Council in 1971 calculated that in just three weeks 81 cubic feet of litter had been collected from one mile of highway in Croydon (Victoria), and that 49 percent of that litter was personalised advertising material.

Despite the mess, direct mail seems to work. ADMA estimates is that it accounted for more than one billion dollars of expenditure by consumers in 1982 with some 40 million purchases by mail or telephone. And the expenditure on materials and postage is placed at almost $550 million. ADMA spokesman Max Farley says they are considering a university study to try and determine the size of the industry.

Some of the most disturbing concerns are that the organisation buying or renting the list may not be asked to divulge just what is being sent to consumers, while product quality or advertising truthfulness might also be less than an acceptable standard. A sample enquiry I made to one list company yielded a response that included costs and a "first trial discount" offer. At no time did they even ask what kind of material I proposed to send. ADMA claims that their member organisations would assuredly ascertain what was proposed to be sent. But, in the case I referred to, one member did not attempt to do so.

"Although the Law Reform Commission's final report is in an advanced stage of drafting," said William Tearle, a senior law reform officer, "the recommendations as to direct marketing have yet to be formulated. The issues for resolution are ones on which many people resent the receipt of what they regard as 'junk mail'. On the other hand, the Commission has been told there are significant numbers of people who actually welcome the receipt of such material."

> The issue is really whether the public is concerned that their names are being gathered and subsequently sold and rented without their knowledge

A further disconcerting factor is that some direct marketing groups avoid revealing their list sources, although most members of ADMA take a responsible attitude and will usually offer the names of their list sources when pressed. Of course, some causes employing direct mail are most worthy. It is a well known form of approach by the Salvation Army and the Heart Foundation seeking donations. Baker Medical Research Institute commissioned a direct mail company to mail 30000 units to professional people in Melbourne.

"There is nothing underhand in the manner in which lists are gathered," Michael Downes, financial director of the institute asserts. "Electoral rolls, postcode listings, professional and service lists are all readily available. To contend that such mail is an invasion of privacy is unrealistic because the recipient can reject the approach without inconvenience . . . if the approach happened to be by telephone I would then agree with your sentiments as regards invasion of privacy." I remain baffled by that statement: surely, mail or telephone contact are the same when unsolicited contact is initiated.

Mr Downes added that without their direct mail campaigns the institute would be forced to cut its research program by 20 percent.

A perusal of the standards laid out by ADMA claims that all members should display a geographic address on all materials where the contact address is a post office box. Many organisations fail to meet this criteria — ADMA members or not. For instance, Time-Life has never done so on the many mailings I have seen.

Part two of their charter addresses itself to list owners and list users. At no point does it actually require a list owner or renter to determine if the persons named on the list are alive. It does state that list owners (but not list users) should erase names if requested to do so, and as far as possible exclude those same names from any other list on which they draw up. The standards also do not enforce a list owner or user to nominate the material that is included in the mailing. If it's legal to post it, you're in the firing line. The role of ADMA seems infinitely more accustomed to lobbying government than acting as any form of "watchdog" for consumers.

Meanwhile our letterboxes are under an assault of unprecedented proportions.

"Tradition in this country is that letterboxes are provided by members of the public and are the property of the public," David McQuitty of Australia Post claimed recently. "It would be a very significant change to require people to provide their boxes exclusively for use by Australia Post," he said. In five years Australia Post has seen the bulk mail volume leap from 41 million items to 92.3 million in 1980-1.

The direct mail industry has seized on McQuitty's statement as suggesting that Australia Post doesn't seek an exclusivity for mail-boxes and therefore those boxes are "common property" — available for all manner of purposes. The industry has no doubts about the letter box and it's potential. Research points to five out of every ten Australians purchasing through direct response at some time or other, while one out of four purchased something in the last 12 months. It all suggests an apparent determination by the public to purchase by mail.

It appears that the toleration of the buying, selling and rental of your name without permission is likely to become enshrined within the framework of public acceptability unless those who object make known their feelings. Anyway, I must be off to my letter-box: by my reckoning there's a couple of kilos of junk mail in there as the result of my purchase of a book, an album, and a calculator, and having joined the local football club Pie Night coterie.

Sydney's 18 foot skiff sailors can't keep off the drink

# THE AQUAHOLICS

BY MARK FOGARTY

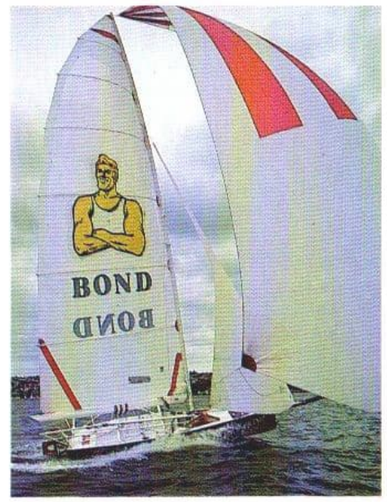
Eighteen-footers are to yacht racing what Formula One cars are to motor racing. They're fast, colorful, technically sophisticated and very, very expensive. The 18s are also indigenous to Australia. One of the Aussie jokes in Newport, Rhode Island last year was that when *Australia II* won the America's Cup, we'd defend it on Sydney Harbor with an 18-footer. The Yanks weren't amused — and with good reason.

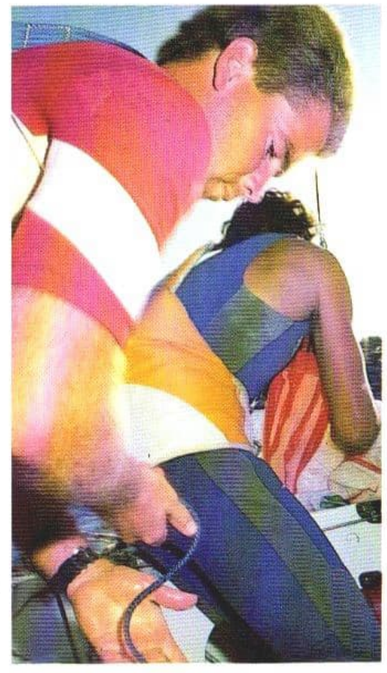
Sydney is the world capital of 18-footer racing. The class was born and bred on the harbor, and after nearly 100 years of development, Sydney crews and boats dominate 18-footer racing worldwide. Not that the world of the 18s is very wide. There are pockets of interest in Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, New Zealand, Britain and on the west coast of the United States. But check the record books and you'll find that Sydneysiders have won the vast majority of world and Australian 18-footer titles. And just prior to *Australia II*'s success, Sydney's Peter Sorensen walked away with the North American championship off Newport in *Tia Maria*, the state-of-the-art 18-footer.

Eighteens are an institution in Sydney, as is betting on them. Bookies set them-

PHOTOS BY PETER CRAWFORD

CHESTY BOND



# AQUAHOLICS

selves up on the ferries that take big crowds out on the harbor to watch the 18s race every weekend from September to March. Betting on 18-footer racing is illegal, but judging by the brisk business the bookies do, nobody seems to mind. The bookies are generally "old salts" who've been watching the 18s and laying odds on them for donkey's years. It's like Randwick-On-The-Sea as they shout their odds and haggle with punters over their prices. You can bet on which boat will lead at the first mark as well as which boat will win.

There are few sights more stirring than a fleet of 18-footers racing around Sydney Harbor under a blue sky on a hot summer's day. The color and spectacle is perhaps rivalled by the start of the Sydney-to-Hobart bluewater classic, but the speed is not. The 18s' huge sails, small hulls and wing-like outriggers enable them to fly across the water at up to 30 knots. Speeds of 20-25 knots are common. That makes the 18s the fastest monohull sailboats in the world. They're so fast, in fact, that in the right conditions they can snap at the sterns of the quickest multihulls. Around a racecourse, as opposed to a straight downwind run, nothing with a sail can catch an 18-footer.

It is the sheer speed and exhilaration of sailing 18s that intoxicates their skippers and crews. "That's what gets everybody in," says NSW champion Trevor Barnabas, who skippers *Chesty Bond*. "It's just so exciting, so fast. Hanging eight or nine feet away from the side of the boat is very thrilling."

So thrilling, in fact, that *Australia II* crewman Rob Brown couldn't wait to start racing *Bradmill* again after his hero's return from Newport. "It was quite easy to come back and get straight back into 18-footers because there's so much excitement involved in sailing them," says Brown, who was a sail trimmer on board the America's Cup winner. "The adrenalin rush you get, especially when it's really blowing, is something you can't explain. All the hard work that goes into sailing 18-footers is outweighed by the hour and a half on the water."

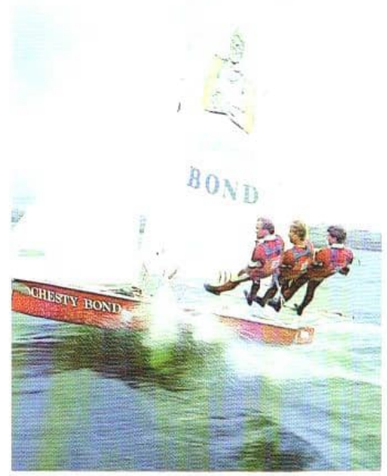
Technical sophistication is one of the fascinations of 18-footer racing. Outside the megabuck world of 12-metres, the mini-megabuck 18s are the most innovative breed of sailboats. "Technically, they're the most advanced centreboard (as opposed to keel boat) class in the world," says Sorensen. "In Olympic classes they're using the sort of techniques we pioneered five years ago. We're well ahead of what they're doing. What we do with our boats flows on."

And what they've been doing lately reads like pages out of aeronautical text books, with notes from Formula One racing car designers thrown in for some added high-tech input. The quest for less weight and more speed has led 18-footer designers into the world of exotic materials. In the leading 18s, wooden or fibreglass hulls have gone the way of spaceframe (metal tubing) racing car chassis. Just as every car on a grand prix grid now has a monocoque (aircraft fuselage-type) chassis made from carbon fibre, so too do the pace-setting 18s.

Carbon fibre is a space age material that is super-light, super-strong and super-expensive. You don't build it — you bake it. The hulls of the latest-generation 18s like *Tia Maria*, *Chesty Bond* and *Bradmill* are cured in giant ovens. Compared with the wooden wonders of just five years ago, the latest 18-footers are featherweights, yet their hulls are stronger.

The price of this sort of space tech-

*The 18 footers are the only competitive class which is permitted to display a sponsor's logo on its sails, just one of the factors which distinguishes it as the most colorful class on Sydney harbor. Chesty Bond, second place getter in the recent world titles to Tia Maria, is considered heir apparent to that boat's title. These shots of Chesty Bond skipper Trevor Barnabas, sheethand Phil Barnett and for'ard hand Steve Kavanagh show the crew in action.*



# AQUAHOLICS

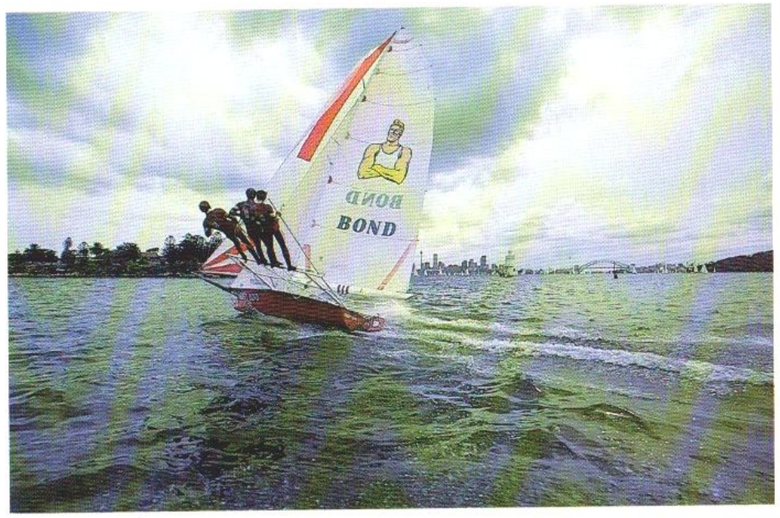
nology is just as out-of-this-world. In case you were thinking of wandering down to your local boat dealer and ordering an 18 to go, think again. A brand new, state-of-the-art 18 will cost you between $60,000 and $70,000. Plus there's another 10 to 15 grand in running costs for a season. By comparison, $15,000 will see you competitive in the next class of skiff racers down — the 16-footers.

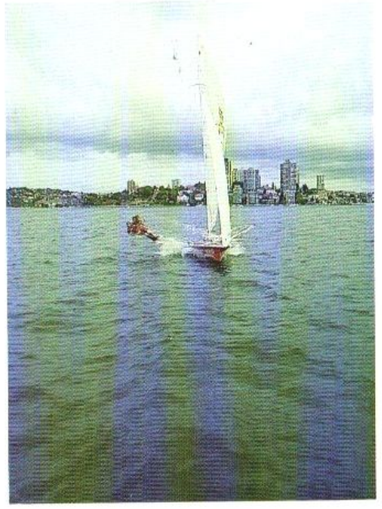
And it's not as if your total outlay of $70,000-$85,000 buys you a high-mileage job. After a season's racing, your 18-footer will be ready to be traded in on next year's model. The competition is so tough and the sailing so rigorous that the boats, their riggings and their wardrobe of sails (now restricted to 15 per season as a cost-saving measure) are literally worn out at the end of the season. As it is, a reconditioned 18-footer will still command $25,000 to $30,000.

Sorensen's *Tia Maria* represents the leading edge of 18-footer technology. It also has an edge in the cheque-writing department. Even though the *Tia Maria* team does all its own construction and maintenance work, the yellow-hulled money eater gobbled up $67,000 before it even so much as smelled salt water. And to campaign her during the 1983/84 season cost nearly $20,000. For his (and the *Tia Maria* people's) $87,000, Sorensen got a boat that in six months collared the North American title, the Australian championship and the world crown.

The key to success in the 18-footer class is combining lots of money and technical back-up with organisation, skill and experience. It's the reason why Sorensen excels. He took over from six times world champion Iain Murray as the dominant force in 18s in 1982 by taking a leaf out of Murray's book. The *Tia Maria* team is a well-oiled machine that puts in as much work on the shore as it does on the water. It's that professional approach which maintains *Tia Maria's* winning edge, especially in the big titles. "It's what the class is all about," says Sorensen. "You've got to go in there full-on. You can't sail 18s like you sail other classes and be competitive. You can't just buy a boat, go out and race, then put it away until the next race. These boats need 20 to 30 hours a week to maintain them. You just have to put that sort of commitment into this class to be competitive. There's so much involved — so many rigs, so many sails, so much pressure on the outriggers, so much work to be done on the hull."

The amount of time, energy and sponsors' money expended on 18-footer racing suggests that it's a full-time occupation for the top-ranked crews. Yet there is not one professional among them. An 18-footer fleet rivals the grid at Bathurst, Monaco or Indianapolis for sponsor livery, but all the



# AQUAHOLICS

backing goes into sailing the boats. Even the skippers have to work for a living. It's not until you get out on an 18-footer that you realise why they put so much time and effort into their racing for no return other than sheer satisfaction.

Satisfaction was the last thing on my mind when I turned up at the NSW 18-Footers Sailing Club at Double Bay for my first taste of 18-footer sailing. It was one of those days that even the most ardent sailors dread. It wasn't just grey and uninviting, but wild and frightening as well. The harbor was just a seething mass of white caps, the water churned up by a howling 30 to 35 knot nor'easter. It was like the inside of a wind tunnel.

I was one of a number of unsuspecting journos invited along to participate in a special media race. It was put on by the organisers of the *Chesty Bond* World 18-Footer Championships to stir up some pre-publicity. I was duly allocated my boat by the PR man. Not *Tia Maria, Chesty Bond* or even *Bradmill,* but *Swatch Quartz.* Skipper Ron Johnston took one look at me in my windcheater, swim shorts and sneakers and suggested that I go and change into something warmer. Which, of course, I didn't have. "You'll be bloody cold out there," said Ron.

As we headed out towards the starting area off Clarke Island I began to wonder what the hell I was doing here. I was soaked to the skin and my eyes were stinging from the spray. All the time it was crash, boom, splash as we bounced across the chop.

The 40 minutes it took to do the two-lap short course seemed to fly . . . just like the boat. Almost every time we tacked, the wind and the waves threatened to topple *Swatch,* but Ron and the boys always managed to ride it out. Once we came so close to going over that I was halfway up the "dry side" before things settled down. Every so often one of them would shout, "Here comes a black one!" Then they'd brace themselves for a gust of wind, the shadow of which they'd seen racing towards us. It was a constant cacophany: the hull crashing in and out of the water; the wind roaring across the sails; the humming and flapping of the rigging.

A few days later I was back on the water again, this time aboard *Chesty Bond.* Ask anyone who knows anything about the 18s and they'll tell you that *Chesty* skipper Trevor Barnabas and his crew, sheethand Phil Barnett and for'ard hand Steve Kavanagh, are the heirs apparent to Peter Sorensen's throne.

During my run on *Swatch Quartz* I hadn't ventured out of the hull, despite invitations to sit on the side. It didn't seem wise at the time. But on *Chesty Bond* I would go all the way, which means hanging off the trapeze on a spinnaker run. At least the weather was kinder this time. More like what sailing is supposed to be all about: blue sky, sunshine and enough, rather than too much, breeze.

Soon after we'd cleared the Double Bay "parking lot" I was beckoned on to the outrigger, which has three "rungs." I worked my way backwards out to the second rung,where I clipped the trapeze wire hook to a sling-like vest I was wearing over my wet suit. Next step is to pull yourself up on the wire, then step back and on to the extremity of the outrigger. Once you're there, about 1.6 metres away from the boat, you let go of the wire and lean way, way back, your full weight supported by the trapeze.

The tricky part is staying out there. With the spinnaker up and the boat rushing along, initially I found it hard to stop swinging sideways into my crewmates. It's a bit like learning to ski. Out on the trapeze you put all your weight on your front leg and relax the other one. Only to this novice, it felt as if it should've been the other way around. When *Chesty* started surfing through waves, I was glad Trevor and Phil were there to catch me.

Hanging off the trapeze on an 18-footer that's powering along with the wind behind it is everything they say it is — exhilarating, spectacular and thrilling. You're up high in the air, looking down on the boat and watching the water race past beneath you. It's out there on the end of the trapeze wire that you realise 18ft sailors are acrobats. In fact, just keeping the boat upright is like balancing on the high wire.

start again stupid

# MELDRUM.

## in CONCERT

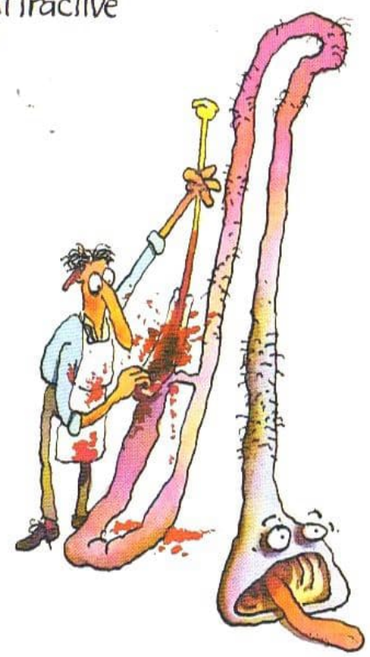
CELLO

A corruption of Jello from which these instruments were originally made. However, due to the unsightly appearance of Jello players at the finale of longish symphonies, the Jello was set in the attractive wooden case we know today.

PIANO

Named after the musical lifeboats of the P&O line which gave off pleasant tunes as people milled aimlessly about in them, thus making shipwrecks more enjoyable

P&O - Pi an' O - PIANO (abbr.)



An instrument maker removes the bone from a trom.

TUBA

This delightful instrument is generally cultivated on tuba farms, where it is harvested annually by dedicated tuba grubbers. It is frequently mistaken for a potato.

TRIANGLE

It is often assumed that any fool can play the triangle. Nothing could be further from the truth. The correct placement of dings requires enormous reserves of patience and endurance as well as impeccable timing. Some major works may actually contain two or even three dings over their duration.

SAXAPHONE

Curiously, this is the only instrument which is Telecom approved. A fine raucous little honker, this versatile instrument, unlike its cousin the french horn can be played in any language, with the notable exception of Latin.

You'll need more than
your fair share of luck if you're hoping to turn
a beast of burden into a money spinner

# HORSE TALK

BY ROD DUNSHEA

There are plenty of good reasons for owning a racehorse. For some it's a status symbol, for others a gambling medium. Another owner may merely appreciate possessing an animal of such magnificent power and proportions that it rates as mother nature's finest achievement, while yet another may invest in horseflesh in order to cash in on the multimillion dollar breeding industry.

No matter what your reason for purchasing a race horse, if you find yourself with a champion, you're in for one of life's most exhilarating and rewarding experiences. The other side of the coin is the fact that a dud

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT MARSHALL

# HORSE TALK

can be a particularly expensive and frustrating burden. Despite the "sport of kings" tag, in this country the economics of racing a thoroughbred can still put the ownership of a galloper in the price range of many Australians — providing they are aware of a few pitfalls. The purpose of this article is to describe some of the traps and some of the tricks involved in buying and racing your own horse.

While training and racing a horse in Australia is still relatively cheap, and the prize money for many local races represents an impressive pot of gold, purchasing a ticket in the four-legged lottery is initially an expensive business.

Australian capital cities' annual Easter yearling sales provide one of the most glamorous and exciting events on the racing scene. This year at the William Inglis sales at Newmarket, Randwick, hundreds of owners, trainers and breeders will be clamoring to spend more than $15 million for about 500 yearlings at an average price of $30,000 per horse. Add to this figure another $15 million for equivalent yearling sales in New Zealand in January, and similar events in Melbourne and Adelaide and you've got a total of about $50 million chasing some 2000 colts and fillies.

So what the hell is the attraction in investing such vast sums of cold hard cash in these horses whose potential is completely unknown? Cast your mind back to the front page photos of last year's Melbourne Cup winner and let the pictures tell the story. The ecstasy and triumph which come to the connections of the winner of a big cup event cannot be found in any other sport, while the financial rewards make up an equally impressive trophy. The buyers at those sales all have their eyes on yearlings with the breeding and conformation which suggest that they could be future champions.

Racing's great success stories are well known. Last year's Melbourne Cup winner Kiwi was purchased for $1000, and many other Australian champions like Tulloch, Gunsynd and Phar Lap were originally bought for a pittance. Last autumn's Golden Slipper winner Sir Dapper was purchased for $17,000. He is now rated as a $2 million horse.

Although they outnumber the success stories by at least 100 to one, the failures are not so eagerly promoted. There is a frighteningly long list of horses which have never gone near recouping their original purchase price: beautifully bred animals which, despite their impeccable pedigrees, have never won a race.

A memorable example was Robert Holmes a Court's purchase of the Luskin Star colt Paint The Stars, for a massive $825,000. This horse failed to live up to the potential his breeding and price suggested. Originally put in the care of top Melbourne trainer George Hanlon, Paint the Stars had his first start at Flemington amid a blaze of publicity, but finished last. He continued to perform dismally. A change of trainers failed to improve his form and he was finally retired to stud at the age of four. His services were offered free, with a $250 usage fee — an amount eagerly paid by a host of bargain-hunting breeders. It was an ironic and ignominious fate for such a remarkably high priced yearling.

So how do you ensure that your yearling investment doesn't finish at the tail of the field? You can't, but you can take a number of measures which will ensure you a good chance of getting value for your money. The first thing you must do is clarify your personal objectives. Do you aim to be a successful punter, planning out huge betting plunges on your horse?

Would you be happy if your horse ultimately won just one race, somewhere . . . anywhere?

> Don't try to become an expert on insurance, the cost of breaking horses in or bidding. Take the advice of your trainer

Are you determined to win a Melbourne Cup or a Golden Slipper and the money or glory that goes with it?

Will you be quite content just to see your colors go round on your horse at Randwick, and thus be able to rub shoulders with trainers and jockeys, invite your friends along and feel a part of this glamorous scene.

Or, are you determined to make sure that your interest in horses cost little more than other hobbies? This will involve the astute purchase of horses which will earn prize money; the quick sale of disappointments; and a knowledge of how and when to bet. Ultimately, through the part-ownership of a number of horses over the years, you can give yourself a real chance of coming across a champion.

Let's assume that your objectives are similar to those outlined in the previous paragraph. But as a newcomer to the racing scene you have no idea of how to go about achieving them. What you need is some good advice. There are a variety of people qualified to advise you. One of these is the bloodstock consultant. One of Australia's leading consultants Tony Cavanagh, who has recently been involved in placing some of Australia's best stud prospects, including Sir Dapper, Cossack Prince, Favored Bay and Plush, says one of first things he advises potential purchasers of a horse to do is decide whether they are in the game to race, or to breed.

"It's a case of horses for courses," says Cavanagh. The breeding industry, a long-term proposition requiring a large investment of patience and money, is not always the scene for a fast moving businessman with money to burn who is looking for some action on the track. Cavanagh's advice to an individual or a syndicate with about $30,000 is to invest it in three or four horses, thus spreading the risk and increasing the chances of coming across an animal with the ability and the will to win.

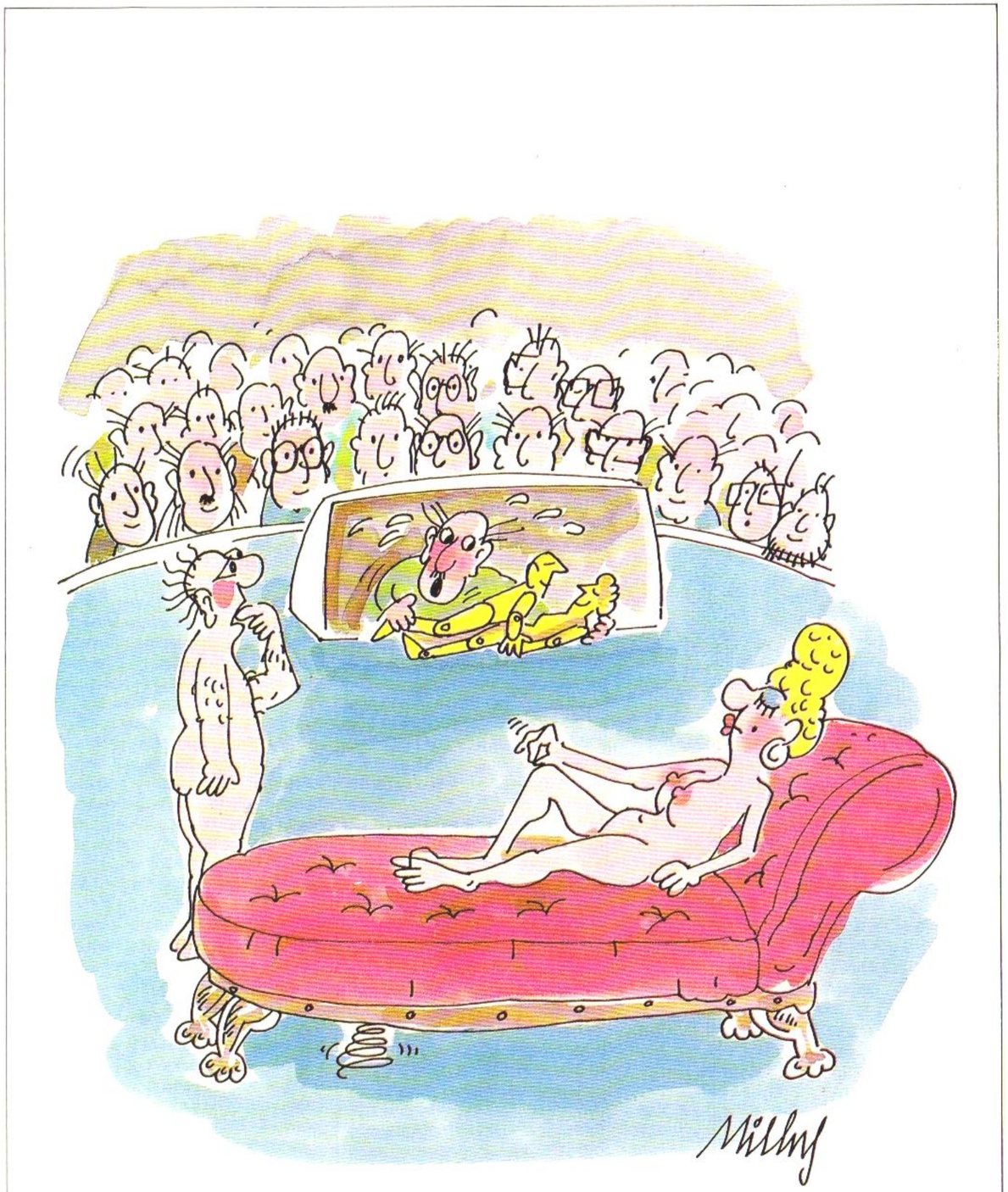
An alternative to consulting a bloodstock agent is to go straight to a reputable trainer. It is important to select a trainer who will be compatible with your interests. In this respect he must be careful to recognise your limitations and lack of knowledge but at the same time not assume control of your destiny.

If you have no-one to advise you on your choice, then I suggest that you turn to the racing section in your daily paper or *The Sportsman*, and pick one of the top 10 or 15 trainers. Of course, many are likely to be heavily committed to their current clients and will be unable to accept your business. So it may pay you to find an up and coming trainer who is more accessible. Once you have made contact with a trainer, your conversation with him should go something like this:

"My friends and I have a maximum of $30,000 to spend on a yearling colt which appeals to you. We want him to be by a fairly good sire with a reasonable veterinary report." (Don't expect the vet report to be perfect. Most vets will find something wrong with most horses, so you will have to be guided by your trainer as to whether certain faults are serious enough to jeopardise a horse's racing potential.)

You should then say to this trainer: "Please pick out half a dozen colts which appeal to you so we can have a look at them and maybe bid on them." The reason for picking out half a dozen colts is that often the horse you think will sell for $30,000 may sell for $45,000, or sometimes for only $20,000 or less. If you set your heart on just one horse you may often be disappointed, or worse still — in a moment of great excitement — you may over-extend yourself financially. Almost inevitably in this situation, training bills become difficult to meet, ill-will develops between you and your trainer, the horse proves a disappointment and you soon develop a distaste for horse racing and get out of it altogether.

You should look at these six colts



# HORSE TALK

yourself, and assuming you are happy with your trainer's selection, bid on each of them,not going beyond the money limit you've imposed. Don't get frustrated; one of these horses is more than likely to fall within your price range and if not, remember there will be other sales.

You should also remember to keep in reserve a maximum of $15,000 for the horse's upkeep for the next two years. Thus the amount of money you and your friends can put together should take into account not only the price of the horse, but also your ability to continually fork out $140 per week over a two-year period. Don't try to become an expert on such things as insurance, the cost of breaking horses in or bidding at auction. Take the advice from your trainer in all such matters.

The trainer will naturally be a little cautious when you first telephone. After all he does not know you from Adam, and he may ultimately end up bidding on a horse for you to later find you can't pay for it, or, assuming you can pay for the horse, to see you take the horse to another trainer. You should reassure him on these points, and also that you have set aside funds for training fees for the next two years.

Let us now assume that you and three friends have found the trainer who suits you and have finally secured a smart looking, reasonably well bred colt for $30,000. This means you have put in $7500 each. One of you should be the manager of the horse and have direct contact with the trainer.

Let's assume this horse is brought at the April yearling sales, what happens next? It will take approximately six weeks for your horse to be broken in. Being young and immature it will probably be feeling a little muscle sore, so your trainer will then probably send him to a spelling paddock for about two months.

In August the horse would most likely be ready to come to your trainer's stables for a first taste of stable life. After a month in the stables you will probably find he will again be feeling the aches and pains of immaturity and be sent out for another spell. This spell should coincide with the spring season — a good time of year for horses to be in the country, enjoying the benefits of open air as well as good regular hand feed. Let your trainer inform you of the horse's progress. All you have to do is pay the bills.

The obvious question is why bring a horse in during August if he is still too immature for racing? The answer — experience. All race horses need to know at an early age what their lot is. They must get used to different jockeys riding them, having dozens of different horses around them and become familiar with the contours of a race track. The training will also help them develop muscle bulk more quickly.

By November your horse will be back in work, and should again encounter a repeat of what happened in August. This time he may last longer than a month prior to feeling the pinch. Before he goes out to the spelling paddock in mid-December, your trainer may recommend that you have the horse gelded. He will only do this for two reasons:

(a) He fears the horse will get too big and heavy and ultimately put too much stress on his leg joints. A horse weighs over 500 kilograms and unless he is a well balanced athlete he is likely to put stress on four fairly fragile legs.

(b) If he is showing too much interest in the opposite sex or has become hard to handle around the stables and on the racetrack.

I have seen many people resist and say "no" to a trainer's request to geld a horse. Ninety nine percent of the time the trainer is right and you should accept his recommendation. If the horse does have to be gelded and you agree to it, he should go out for another spell of two months in mid-December.

You should not expect too much from your trainer by way of rating how good the horse is, but some time in April you should have a serious talk with him about the horse's potential. By this time he should have the horse going at three-quarter pace and he may have let him stretch out once or twice on the track to see what he can really do. You would even hope that by mid-April the trainer has given your horse a barrier trial, with the aim of giving him one or two race starts towards the end of the month.

It is important that your horse have a couple of starts as a late two-year-old. It often takes him a few races to really find out what is expected of him so this experience is essential. Your horse may then have taken all he can take and it will be necessary for him to once again go out to the spelling paddocks. However, your trainer and your jockey will have learnt a lot from these race starts and they should then be able to assess for you the class of race your horse is capable of running. In order to get an authoritative opinion of your horse's potential you should get a senior jockey to ride him at his first few starts. Preferably he will be someone who is prepared to be brutally frank with you. You may not like what you hear, but if you can get an early and honest assessment of your horse's capabilities it could save you a lot of money in the future. Your trainer and jockey may say to you: "I think this horse is capable of winning races at the provincial tracks, but I doubt if he's good enough to win in town." If this is the case, your mind should be fixed on one objective — selling the horse.

Good timing is essential when you put a two-year-old on the market. Potential buyers are prepared to pay more for a young horse which shows promise. When he comes back to the stables in July and he is fit to race in September, put him in the weakest possible field at the provincials, wait till he turns in an eye-catching performance and then ask your trainer to sell him.

On the other hand, if your trainer and jockey believe your horse has enough potential to win a number of races in town and ultimately win races in open company, then you have a horse which will give you a lot of enjoyment and probably will prove to be a profitable betting medium.

Now you have some idea of what to expect in your horse's first year in training and the type of expectations owners should have in this period. But how do you buy the right horse in the first place?

The first thing you need is a lot of luck. There are two lines ot thinking in buying yearlings today which you should be aware of:

1. Only a limited number of stallions are capable of siring potential champions. This rule is sometimes broken, but not often.

2. The astute yearling buyer these days is less inclined to be influenced by the pedigrees in his catalogue than by his trainer's impression of an individual horse as a potential athlete.

So why is it so difficult to buy a yearling which will win a lot of races? Surely all you need is a good trainer with a good eye for a horse. If it was this simple the trainer would not need you to buy the horse — he would buy it himself.

Perhaps there is some truth and a lesson to be learnt in the adage that goes: "All the most important things in a horse are those things you cannot see."

Because of this I often find it amusing when I watch hundreds of supposedly intelligent adults looking up a horse's nostrils, checking the size of its throat and making sure its knees and joints are okay. They spend hours watching horses walk backwards and forwards, with all the experts giving each other knowing looks and winks, but really knowing nothing at all.

The real problem in buying a horse is that you can never be sure, however much or little you pay, as to how *competitive* that horse will want to be on race day. Does that horse you are looking at really have a burning desire to win races or is he, in fact, one of those many sensible animals who believes in slowing down when he gets a bit tired?

The other point you will never know until the horse is put under some physical stress and pressure is how good is his *constitution*. Will the horse's constitution cope with regular stress and pressure? Many horses can turn in the odd brilliant track trial, but the cumulative effect of regularly running 12 seconds to the furlong, be it in track gallops or races, is often too much for many horses. On the other hand, if the trainer was to go easy on the horse, the horse could never compete with his superfit rivals.

There are no solutions to these dilemmas, but the following principles will help to *increase the probability* of getting a winner and may eliminate some unnecessary risks.

### BUYING

There are certain rules to always keep in mind when you do finally decide to buy into the racing game. They could increase the probability of you getting a winner to about one chance in four. This is a far better success rate than the majority of owners achieve.

1. When looking at a yearling catalogue, only consider the colts and not the fillies. This eliminates approximately half the catalogue. The reasons for this include:

(a) Well-bred fillies tend to be more expensive than well-bred colts.

(b) Breeders tend to retain the best of their fillies for future breeding purposes. Thus, you are often only seeing the breeder's second best fillies, whereas most breeders tend to offer all their colts, including the best ones, for sale.

(c) I am certain that statistics would show that the percentage chance of a filly wanting to be a racehorse (that competitive spirit I was talking about before) is significantly less than a colt.

Mind you, there are those who would argue that it is better to buy a filly because if she is no good as a racehorse you can still send her to a good stallion, and either sell her in foal or sell her subsequent foals.

> Breeders tend to retain the best fillies for breeding. Thus you are often only seeing the second best fillies

I will not bore you here with a discounted cash flow on this exercise, but if you think you are going to breed your way out of trouble, all you will be doing is breeding your way into even more misfortune. Ultimately the exercise of breeding with poorly performed fillies can cause you to lose more money than if you bought a colt, found out he was no good and got rid of him.

2. Eliminate colts by those stallions who have not yet had at least one Group win (a Group race can be briefly described as an important stakes race usually contested by some of the best horses in the country) and who don't get regular city wins.

3. Eliminate new sires who have not yet had runners.

4. Now eliminate those "boom" stallions who are currently in vogue and very fashionable. They will also be far too expensive, for example Sir Tristram and Bletchingly. Sires whose progeny in my opinion currently represent value include Le Cordonnier, Lunchtime, Royal Yacht, Steel Pulse, Aythorpe, Baguette, Blazing Saddles, Imperial Prince, John's Hope, Jukebox and Kauru Star.

5. Only buy a horse your trainer is enthusiastic about.

You should then put a price limit on each of these colts and buy the first one that comes within your price range.

With regard to the economics of your purchase, the brutal truth of the matter is that if you have less than $30,000 to spend, it will be extremely difficult for you to pick out a horse capable of winning stakes races and classic races.

Your expectations should be that you hope to win one or two races in the provinces and hopefully, one race in town — all within two years of your purchase. In this time the horse may have had about 15 race starts of which perhaps he has had one as a late two-year-old, half a dozen as a Spring three-year-old and another six or seven as an Autumn three-year-old.

At this stage you should have sold, or be selling, this horse and be in a position to buy another yearling. You may say to yourself when you see this record: "This horse has won only three races out of 15 starts. That doesn't sound a very good record and it must be extremely difficult to bet on this type of horse." While it may not sound a very good record to you, it is a better record than most horses have.

### BETTING

When betting, be guided by the price offered by bookmakers (most horses only win one race in five, or one race in six, and you are giving yourself little chance of success if you take a shorter price that this) and by your trainer's enthusiasm about your horse's prospects. There is also little point in your betting on your horse when your trainer is enthusiastic, but the horse is even money or 6/4 favorite. You should regard betting as a discipline and expect to lose every time you bet. This, in itself, will make you bet rarely, but carefully.

In summary, you can only hope that your trainer's enthusiasm and a betting price of 5/1 or 6/1 happen to match up. If they don't, be happy to sit in the stand and cheer the horse home, win, lose or draw.

You have probably heard about horses not trying in races. Make it clear to your trainer that you expect your horse to try every race start, whether or not you have had a bet on the horse.

My basic advice to you as a newcomer is to buy your yearling colts every second year, be aware of how much you are risking, and above all, enjoy yourself. There is no greater thrill in the world than to see your horse win a race, whether it be at Randwick, Eagle Farm, Flemington or the Bong Bong Picnic Races — the enjoyment is just the same. As they'll tell you at the TAB: a winner's a grinner. And they're right.

## FACTS AND FIGURES

The rough mathematics on horse racing could go something like this:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Purchase Price: | | $30,000 |
| Upkeep: 1st year | $5,000 ± | |
| 2nd year | $7,000 = | $12,000 |
| | | $42,000 |
| Prize money won: | | ($ 4,000) |
| | | $38,000 |
| Resale value: | | ($ 8,000) |
| Possible loss: | | $30,000 |
| Therefore, if there are 6 part owners cost @ $2500 per annum per person for two years | = | $ 5,000 |
| Expected loss on hobby @ $1,000 per annum for two years | = | ($ 2,000) |
| Each partner needs to recover | | $ 3,000 |
| Say horse wins two races, each partner needs to win | | $ 1500 per race |

At 6/1 average price, which means $250 on the nose, each partner should limit his betting losses to a maximum of $500.

It should be noted that this is the best possible result you may achieve and it is obviously a lot more difficult to achieve in real life than in the academic exercise portrayed above. You should use these mathematics as a guide only to your thinking and your attitude when it comes to horses. Obviously the first thing you would have to do is establish very carefully in your own mind how much hobby money per annum you have available to spend (in other words, to lose.) The mathematics I have outlined indicate a loss of $2500 per annum per person before betting, which is about $50 per week. If you can afford to lose $50 a week (you will obviously need a lot more actual cash than this, but your eventual loss could be $50 per week before betting) then don't bet. There is nothing worse than trying to justify a hobby by trying to bet your way out of trouble.

Women meant trouble
for Cliff Hardy. Pauline Angel
was no exception

# ANGEL OF DEATH

FICTION BY PETER CORRIS

Nothing was going right; I hadn't had a client in two weeks and I hadn't paid a bill for a month. That's the way you have to look at it in this game — clients balanced against bills. If it ever gets to be clients balanced against bank account I won't know what to do. My ex-wife, Cyn, once told me that I was a private investigator because I didn't have the character to starve in a garret. Maybe she was right; anyway, she didn't stick around to starve with me and make it romantic.

My mind was running on romance when the phone rang — maybe this was it.

"Hardy Investigations." I realised I was crooning like Kamahl. "Hardy speaking," I said gruffly.

"You sound like two different people." The voice was young, female and educated — a winning combination for someone who is more or less the opposite.

"Not exactly, I was just thinking about two different things at once. I can do that sometimes. How can I help you, Ms . . . ?"

"You can help me by thinking about just *one* thing — how I can get my ex-husband to pay me the $200,000 he owes me."

"That sounds well worth thinking about," I replied.

"She said you'd be interested. She also said you were good at your work."

"She being?"

"Kay Fletcher."

"Aha."

"She said you'd say that, too. I've got a letter from her for you."

"Did she tell you what I'd say to that?"

"No, she didn't. Will you see me?"

Kay Fletcher was a journalist I'd had a brief affair with a few years before. She was based in Canberra then, and had since moved onwards and upwards to New York City. We'd clicked at first; then her ambition and my inertia pulled us apart. I still thought of her often, though I hadn't made contact beyond a letter and a card.

My caller's name was Pauline Angel and I asked her to come round to my office from her hotel in Double Bay. That gave me time for a shave, a wash, and a quick clean-up of the room.

She was everything her voice had promised: New York was stamped on her clothes and the city had disguised her Australian accent a bit as well. I put her age at 30, which would have made her a few years younger then Kay and a few more younger than

ILLUSTRATION BY GLENN FORD

# ANGEL OF DEATH

me. She handed me the envelope and I put it away.

"Aren't you going to read it?"

"Not until I'm wearing my silk pyjamas."

"I'm not sure I like that remark . . . "

"You don't have to like it. I'd be too embarrassed to read the letter in front of you — I might laugh . . . or cry. Tell me about the $200,000."

"Ben and I split up a year ago. We had an apartment in New York near the park and we sold it — Ben sold it; but it was in both names. I signed the papers. Just over $400,000. Jesus!" She got a cigarette out and lit it. I passed an ashtray across and tried to concentrate on the 200 grand rather than the drifting cigarette smoke.

"You're legally divorced?"

"Sure. Ben's even married again. But we didn't make any legal arrangements about a settlement or anything — it was just understood that the money would be split 50/50."

"No two people understand the same when it comes to money. He won't divvy?"

"He says it's all gone. I don't believe him."

"Gone where?"

"In shares. It's absurd — he's an architect; he doesn't know a thing about shares."

I could have told her about a lot of people who didn't know about shares until they found out the hard way, but I didn't. In my experience people who've lost a lot of money usually have a fair bit left over. I got her address and the details on the husband and promised I'd look into it and report back. At $150 a day that's the least I could do.

It was a nice day for a drive, particularly for a drive to Watson's Bay. The address Ms Angel had given me turned out to be a house overlooking Camp Cove. I stood outside it for a while looking past the house at the view — that was free and no-one tried to stop me. That all changed when I reached the gate. It was a high, solid, metal piece of hardware set on massive hinges in a wall that looked thick enough to withstand artillery. I banged with the heavy knocker and heard a bell ring inside — nice trick. I heard footsteps approaching the gate . . . heavy footsteps, the footsteps of a big man. The face that appeared when the concealed panel in the gate lifted wasn't one you'd make comments to about the unusual doorbell. It was a face that was big, broad and ugly. Everything about it — the crew cut, the heavy brows, the broken nose, the scarred eyes and the thin, battered mouth — said *tough*.

"Yes, sir?" The "sir" came out strangled, as if it was a foreign word.

"Is this Mr Angel's residence?"

"Yes." His hands, well out of sight, moved quickly: he brought a camera up to the hole in the gate and snapped my picture. Probably not one of my best, with my mouth hanging wide-open. "What d'you want?" he rumbled.

"Never mind." I ducked aside and walked off feeling like the idiot of the month. It was late afternoon; time to drive my humiliation home.

Once home, I didn't get a chance to do much. I was walking up the overgrown path to my terrace house when the house seemed to fall on me. All sights and sounds turned into a roaring black hum.

When I came to I was lying on my back in the corridor. The peeling wallpaper and tattered carpet aren't good at the best of times and they certainly aren't the best to regain consciousness with. The man who stood looking down at me wasn't too appealing either. He looked about eight feet tall and could have been the cousin of the guy at the gate in Camp Cove; he wasn't quite as ugly but was definitely cut from the same cloth. He was more articulate.

It was a face that was big, broad and ugly. Everything about it — the crew cut, the heavy brows, the thin, battered mouth — said *tough*

"I don't know why you paid us a visit this afternoon, Hardy, and I don't want to know. Some mistake I presume. We don't want trouble and I'm sure you don't want trouble. Am I right?"

"Don't want trouble," I repeated.

"Good. Because that's all there is for you if you go out there again — or if you write or phone or interfere in Mr Angel's affairs in anyway. Clear?"

"As mud," I said.

"Don't try to be smart; you're not smart." He stepped closer and tapped the side of my head with his shoe. "Be careful, or you'll end up even dumber than you are now. Clear?"

I nodded and felt a momentary return of the black hum. The room was starting to spin and the floor wanted to drop away from under me.

"Good. I hope we don't ever have to meet again." He opened and closed the door in a fluid motion while I lay on the carpet trying to think of all the things I knew, checking that my brain was undamaged. It didn't take long and it didn't make me feel too good. I got up and staggered first to the bathroom and then, with a wet, towel-draped head, to the kitchen. I tried some wine and had to rush back to the bathroom. The second time the wine stayed down, and by the third glass it began to taste good.

Sitting there, drowning my aches in alcohol, my mind focused on my failures. I tried to think of the cases I'd abandoned for one reason or another. There were a few given up because I'd been lied to in the first place or because whatever I was looking into had happened too long ago. I could only think of one abandoned because I'd been scared, and then I was scared of the police and the politicians; someone with concrete for brains would've been scared. I was scared now and I didn't like it. Emptying my pockets to get into a more comfortable drinking posture, I turned up Kay's letter. I smoothed it out, poured more wine, and read.

Dear Cliff,

I've thought of you often, wondering how you were and whether you've had any regrets about us. I got your letter but it didn't say much and I was gungho after some story at the time.

I've calmed down a bit and I'm considering an offer from a Sydney paper. It's a good offer and Sydney's the only place in Australia I'd want to work. I don't know what you feel about me but I'd love to see you again. Don't feel threatened for Chrissake — I'm just telling you I'm thinking of coming back and I've got no ties.

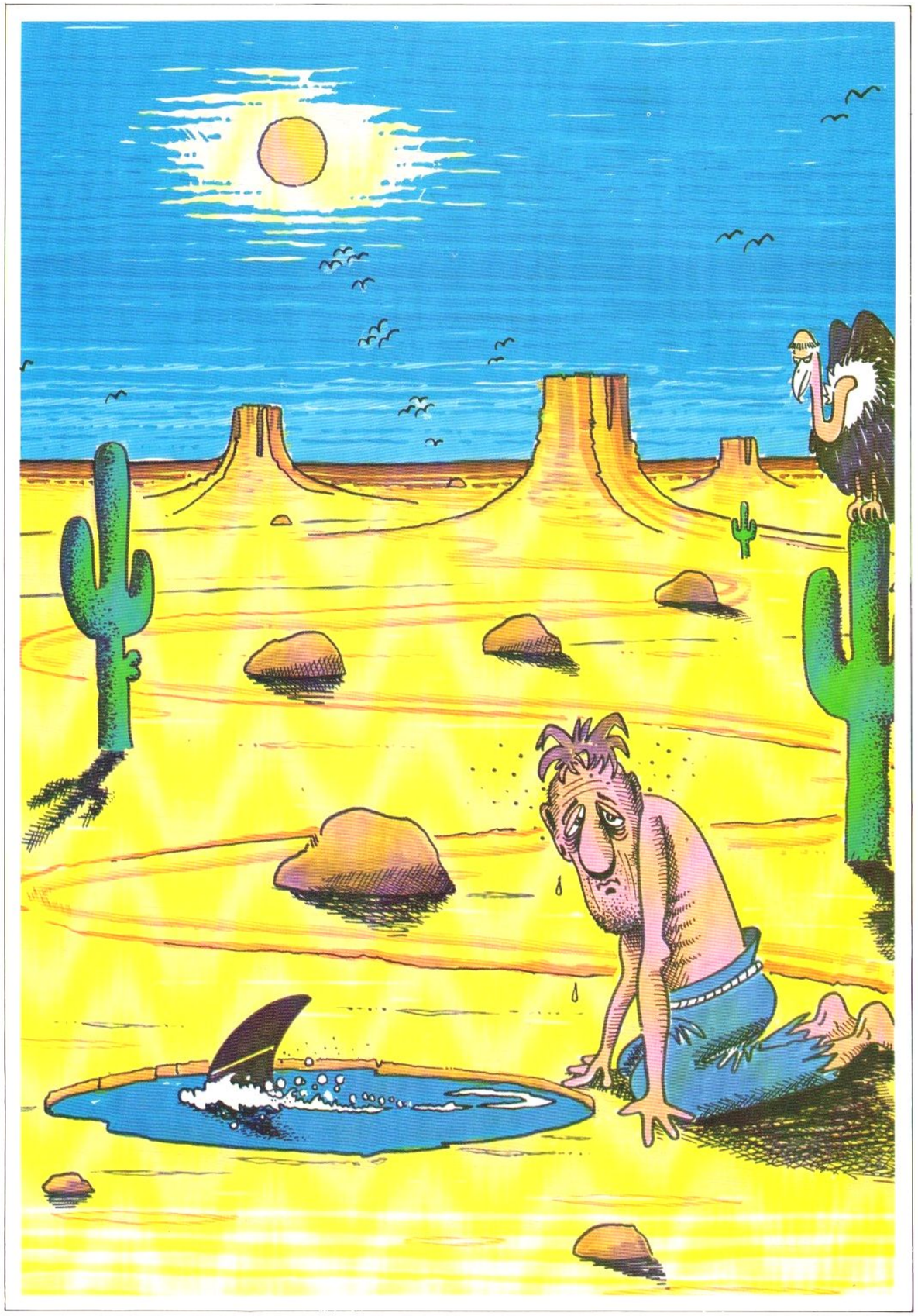
I hope you can help my friend Pauline — she's a peach who made the bad mistake of marrying a lying shit. She's worth helping. I did a bit when she made the break but now with this money matter she needs brains and guts, and that's you in my book. If you can get the money for her my feelings that you're a prince will be confirmed.

See you soon I hope.

Love,
Kay

It made me think of the few nights I'd spent with Kay and the many nights I'd spent without anyone, and I wanted to see her very badly. My head was hurting less and I was starting to feel angry — maybe it was my pride coming back. I had a few days worth of Pauline Angel's money and a strong incentive. It was all the motivation I needed. I drank some coffee, showered, put some liniment on my head, and went back to work.

A few phone calls deepened the mystery — Ben Angel was an architect all right, although he didn't seem to do much business. He was an American who'd acquired Australian residence through his marriage to Pauline. He'd opened an office in Sydney and there was talk of him getting big contracts but that's all it was



# ANGEL OF DEATH

. . . talk. I couldn't find out anything about his career in America at such short notice, except the suggestion that his name might originally have had a few more vowels and consonants in it. Mrs Angel II was more accessible: she worked at a TV station as a PR person. My informant was a journalist who happened to know that Tolly Angel was hosting a small party at the station that evening.

"Tolly?" I asked.

"That's the name she goes by."

"How do I spot her?"

"Look up; they tell me she's six foot two."

I drank some more coffee and went out wearing my cap and poplin raincoat, trying to look French. The TV station was on the northside and I drove into the parking area as if I belonged there.

There weren't many of the minions' cars around but the executives' spaces were pretty well filled with Mercs, Volvos and the like. I tried to guess which of the cars would be Tolly Angel's, and had settled on a black Porsche when she came out of the building. She was all of six foot two; a brunette carrying an executive briefcase and about a $1000 worth of clothes on her back. She seemed to be in a hurry because she almost ran to a silver-grey BMW, and then took off to the sounds of spinning wheels and spitting gravel. I followed her, blowing smoke.

The BMW sped through Lane Cove in the direction of the city. It wasn't hard to follow because she drove well, signalling early and making her moves decisively; it was a pleasure to follow her. She stopped in Drummoyne in a street that didn't have anything in particular to recommend it and I was so surprised I nearly leaned on the horn when a middle-aged man in fashionable casual clothes came bounding out of a house, jumped the low fence and grabbed her. They hugged and kissed enthusiastically and then he escorted her back inside with his arm around her so tightly she could hardly walk. She wasn't protesting. I was parked a few cars away; the light was poor but the film in the camera was fast. I got the whole show, frame by frame. After a few minutes she came out of the house alone, the front of her dress unbuttoned in a manner not dictated by fashion and her hair hanging loose. She reached into the car and pulled out a wrapped bottle. I snapped her — dress, hair, bottle and all — and felt like an assistant pimp.

She went back into the house, happy and jaunty and somehow I didn't think she'd be out too soon. I didn't feel like hanging around to see — I drove home and started on some wine of my own. My head was hurting and it wasn't only from the earlier beating; I was having one of my periods of self-hate at what I did for a living. I believe in people doing what makes them feel good and I don't enjoy fingering them because other people don't like them doing it. There's no remedy except to grow another skin and push on.

I used the electoral roll to identify Tolly Angel's lover. He was Claude Mander-Jones, a screen writer. Call it prejudice, but the hyphen made me feel just a little better. I took a glass of wine and a book to bed. I read for a little while before thinking about Kay, and then I slept.

Pauline Angel was living in a friend's house in Balmoral, close to the beach and not too close to the neighbors. The house was set on a bigger block of land than is usual in those parts and the white paint and the palm trees gave it a feel of the Raj. I went up the steep path that led to a wide verandah surrounding the house — the air felt cleaner just those few feet up. I'd phoned and she was expecting me. She was sitting at a table on the verandah with a pot of tea, milk and mugs. I accepted the tea and repressed the shudder. She was getting a nice tan but the strain in her face was beginning to mar her good looks.

"Nice place," I said. "Your husband has a pretty nice place too."

"Ex-husband you mean. Has he? I've never been there."

"Yeah, it's got better security than this — high wall, peep hole, bodyguard . . . "

"You're joking?"

"I'm not." I lifted the cap and touched the still tender back of my head; there was a little blood on my finger and I showed it to her. "One of the bodyguards paid me a visit. He warned me off with a blunt instrument."

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I. Mrs Angel, you told me your husband was an architect. I've met the odd architect but never one who employed muscle. How well did you know him? How long were you married?"

She drank some tea and looked out across the palms to the water like a castaway hoping to see a sail. "We were married for four years and he was away a lot. He travelled all over the States on business, doing work for all kinds of big companies. He didn't talk about it much. I was busy too — studying at City College." She pulled a self-mocking face. "I was studying ceramics. God knows why. Do you know New York?"

"I've been there — couldn't say I know the place."

"Well, you know what a crazy place it is. It was all foreign to me and Ben was born there; he seemed to know it so well. I didn't know how marriages worked there — he told me ours was fine and I believed him. That sounds crazy, doesn't it?"

"Not really. It sounds like New York though."

"The truth is I didn't know him very well. I didn't know him at all."

"Kay says he was a liar; what's she mean by that?"

"In the end I found out he had another woman in an apartment just like the one we were in, and not far away. I don't think he was travelling as much as he said he was." She finished her tea and lit a cigarette. "Maybe he never travelled at all — or maybe it was just across a couple of blocks. I don't know. I loved him, he was great fun. I just can't understand what happened, why he went . . . so strange about the money."

"The place I saw was a half million dollar job. Would you expect him to have that sort of money?"

"No, but I don't know what he's been doing for nearly a year now — he could have made a lot. But why won't he give me my due?"

"That's the question. Could it have anything to do with his new wife?"

She shrugged and stubbed her cigarette out. It obviously wasn't her favorite topic. "I don't know. All I know about her is that she's good-looking and she's got a silly name.

"I'm sorry you were hurt. Kay said you were very tough."

I smiled. "I am."

"She mentioned that you were nice, too. She's very fond of you. You haven't drunk your tea."

I got up from the wicker chair that had been cutting into me. "She should have told you that I hated tea. You've said a lot of interesting things Pauline, and I'm starting to get a picture of Mr Angel. I'll be getting back to work."

"Be careful."

"I will. Kay says she's coming back soon."

She smiled a smile that would look so good without the strain. "Yes, won't it be great to see her?"

"Terrific."

That pleasant thought made me wonky. I ambled back down the path and strolled to my car, mentally rehearsing what I'd say to Kay. I put the key in the lock and suddenly there he was, looking at me from the other side of the car. Also looking at me was the business end of a automatic pistol.

"You don't listen, Hardy," he said. "Looks like you'll have to be shown what to do." His dark eyebrows almost met across the top of his face as he squinted in the bright sunlight. He looked like a gorilla; the gun made him the zoo keeper.

"Leave this bomb where it is. We're going for a ride in a real car. Move!"

He gestured towards a black Fairlane on the other side of the road. The man sitting at the wheel had his gun pointed at my spine.

"Bags I drive," I quipped.

Being driven to Camp Cove by that pair was no fun. Ugly One did the driving while Ugly Two held his pistol in such a way that if it went off I'd have a big hole in an inconvenient place. The Fairlane cruised slowly past the high front wall, sidled around the house and went through a magic-eye gate into a courtyard big enough to take it and a few more. Ugly Two prodded me with the pistol and we went up some steps, through a door, and across some carpet. It was like wading knee deep through money. My escort tapped on a door and we waited. Inside I heard a telephone being put down and a match being struck, and then a deep voice boomed out: "Come in."

He was sitting behind a big desk, smoking a small cigar. He was very dark with a heavy beard, and his teeth glistened brightly in all that swarthiness. He was about 40, of medium build, but with a look of power in his shoulders and jaw. Everything about him looked classy, from his shirt and vest to his manicure. Even the cigar smelled good.

"I'm Ben Angel."

"Congratulations," I said.

"I'll hire you when I need a comedian. You come here; you go to see my ex-wife. Why?"

"Say please and I might tell you."

I heard Ugly Two make noises behind me but I didn't turn round.

"I'll humor you — please."

He smiled when he said it and I rather wished he hadn't: Ben Angel didn't have to work too hard at being fearsome. It was all there in the soft voice and the way he kept his hands still.

"Your wife hired me to get you to pay her the $250,000 you owe her." I thought I might as well up the ante a little.

He smiled again. "Thought it might be that. I thought Joe here could persuade you to leave it be. Didn't work, huh?"

I shook my head.

"Why? You don't look dumb."

"Reasons," I said.

He leaned back in his chair and seemed to notice for the first time that I was standing up. "Take a seat, Hardy. Joe, be a nice guy and get us both a drink, and stop looming around like that. We've got us a reasonable man here. Right, Hardy?"

I didn't admit to being reasonable, but I pulled a stylish metal and fabric chair closer to the desk and sat down. Joe gave me a glass and put one on the desk.

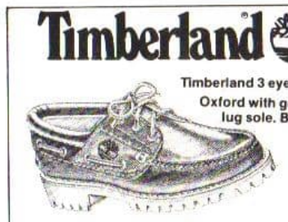
"Go check the teleprinter, Joe. Hardy and me are going to rap." Joe left us and I took a quiet sip of the drink — good scotch with not too much water. Angel had a drink and leaned forward on his desk so that our faces were only a metre apart.

"Here's the thing, Hardy. Pauline thought I was an architect but I'm not. I was, but . . . "

"Not for long."

"You've got it. I've got other interests now, a bit of this and a bit of that. Do I make myself clear?"


Timberland



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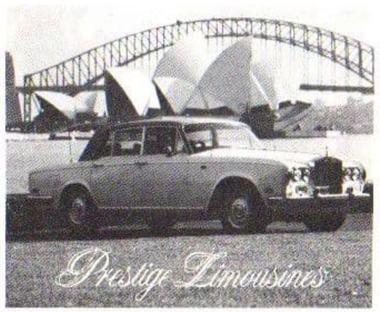


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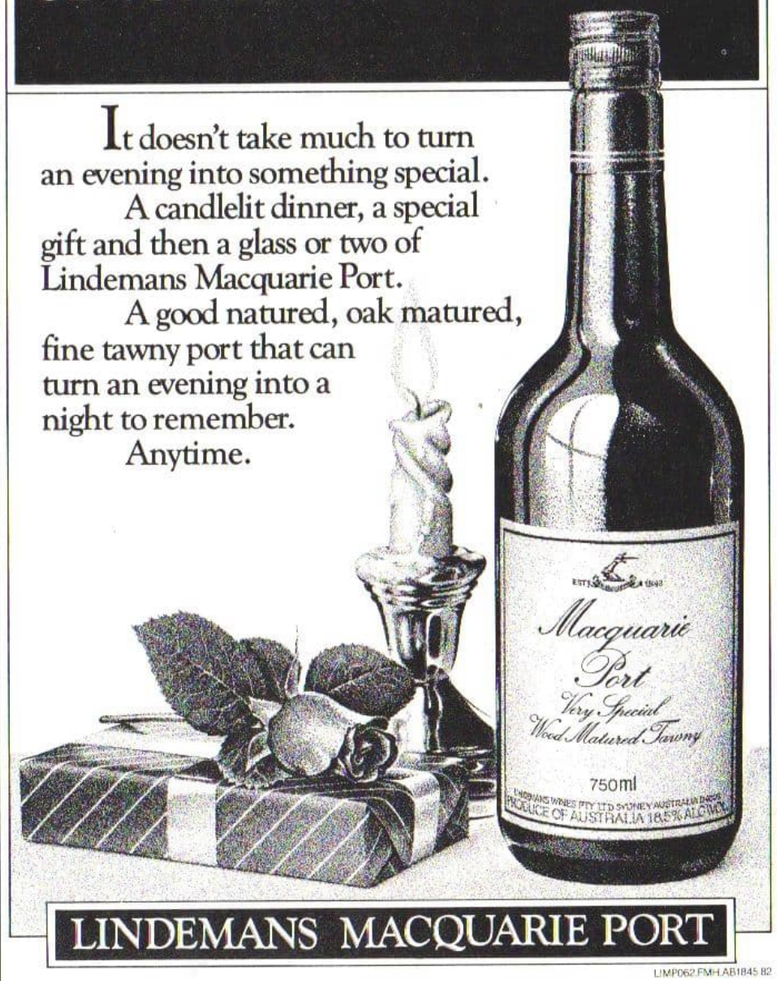


LINDEMANS MACQUARIE PORT

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# ANGEL OF DEATH

"The front gate and Joe's .45 helped to make the point," I said.

"Right. Now I had a bit of trouble getting into this country with my assets intact and all that — it took a lot of oil in the right places. It's okay now, but it's still delicate. I have to watch my ass. Now, suppose I give Pauline the quarter million; she's so straight, what's the first thing she'll do?"

"Clear it with the tax people . . . after she pays me my fee, I hope."

"Right. So then I have to account for the money, and what do I say?"

"Legitimate capital gains on property sold in the US."

"I didn't sell any apartment in New York; that was just a story for Pauline. I didn't own the apartment. If I'm supposed to be clean, a floating 250 grand makes me look very dirty. You see my problem?"

I drank some more scotch and saw the problem very clearly, except that I saw it as Pauline's and my problem too. "When can she expect something then? You don't have to keep this clean-skin pose up forever, do you?"

He opened his hands expressively; the first flourish he'd permitted himself. "You read the papers: commissions of inquiry into this, investigations into that. It's heads down time. I can raise the money all right — no problem there — but Pauline's the original Miss Clean. In this case, she's her own worst enemy."

His matey tone and the good scotch made me incautious. "What's the new Mrs Angel think about it all?"

He clenched his glass. "Have you been snooping around her too? Now *that* I really don't like." The mateyness was gone. "Tell me what you did."

I finished the drink. "Nothing."

"Joe!"

Joe came back into the room and I stood up with the empty glass in my hand and backed towards a wall.

"Our friend here's got some more talking to do, Joe. Persuade him."

He came at me fast and low in a crouch which still put his head on a level with my shoulder. I stepped aside and hooked at his head, but it wasn't where it'd been a split second before. He slammed me with his left and I'd have sworn he landed on exactly the same spot he'd hit before. The pain only made me quicker: I walked through a punch and got in close enough to land a short right well below the belt. He wasn't ready for it and gasped and faltered. I slammed my knee into the same place, and when his head came down I uppercut him with a double-clenched fist. He fell away from me, flailing, and ripped the front out of my shirt with his clutching hand. Something flew out of his pocket and bounced on Angel's desk. I was breathing hard when I turned to face him and for the second time in two hours I found myself looking into a gun-barrel.

"Thought you wanted to stay clean, Angel," I panted.

"I do. There's a hell of a difference between killing a guy and tax evasion: killing's safer, or hadn't you heard?"

"Yeah, I heard. Don't count on it; it was the killing they got Terry Clarke for." I moved towards the desk. "I don't think you'd do it."

He fired and I felt the heat of the bullet as it passed my ear. The door crashed open and Ugly One's face appeared with an expression that suggested he was ready to fire-bomb the room if he was asked to. Angel waved him away.

"Shoulder, left arm, right arm, you name it, Hardy. What's this?" His hand closed over the film cassette that'd been in my pocket and now lay on the floor.

"Bugger it all," I said. I slumped back into my chair and looked at Joe, who was

> "There's a hell of a difference between killing a guy and tax evasion: killing's safer, or hadn't you heard?"

starting to stir. "What about another drink?" I asked.

Angel watched Joe get up and struggle to pull himself together; then he tossed him the cassette.

"See if you can do a better job with this. Run it down to one of those one-hour places. Nothing dirty is there, Hardy? Joe, before you leave, could you pour us both another drink? Where'd you learn to handle yourself, Hardy — the service?"

"Partly . . . Malaya."

"Yeah? I was in 'Nam — just for a bit. Got too goddamn hot."

"Private Angel?"

"Sergeant Pietangeli."

We didn't say much after that and Joe got back with the prints in just over the hour. Angel motioned him away and let the prints slip out on to the desk. I stopped breathing while he arranged them in a line; he shuffled them around a bit but the expression on his face told me nothing except that he was interested. He looked up at me and the old stillness was back in his eyes and hands.

"Guy's name?"

"Don't know."

He drained the last few drops from his glass and stared at the wall behind me. I'd already looked at it; the bullet had cracked and split the plaster, knocking out a chunk that was roughly the shape of Italy.

"Tell Pauline to be patient."

"What?"

"Tell her to wait. Tell her to borrow some money or something. By the end of the year at the latest I'll give her everything she wants. Now, get your lousy Australian ass out of here."

Kay delayed looking over Sydney several times, and it was into the new year before we had that first, tentative drink at the airport. She looked wonderful — tall, tanned and slim.

"You don't look too bad, Cliff. Considering."

"Considering what?"

"You know. When did you last take a break . . . go fishing?"

"Never caught a fish in my life. Boring."

"Well, Pauline thinks you're the best. She got her money not long after she went to Melbourne."

"Yeah, she got it."

"Why so sour about it?"

I hadn't meant to tell her but I did. I told her how I'd given Pauline Ben Angel's message and how she'd done exactly as he'd said: borrowed some money, paid me and gone to Melbourne. I didn't feel good about it; the case felt incomplete and although there'd been something convincing about Angel, I was left with no ideas. Then, a few weeks later, Tolly Angel was killed in a car accident. With her was Claude Mander-Jones, 49, screenwriter of Drummoyne. The BMW had left the highway at speed, rolled and burned. The police had asked the driver of another car, reportedly at the scene, to contact them — but with no result.

"That's awful," Kay said. "But I can't see what it had to do . . ."

"I took some photos her and this Jones. Angel saw them — that was the first he knew they were having an affair. I tipped him off, by accident."

"Yes."

"Angel couldn't get his hands on any money he couldn't account for, remember?"

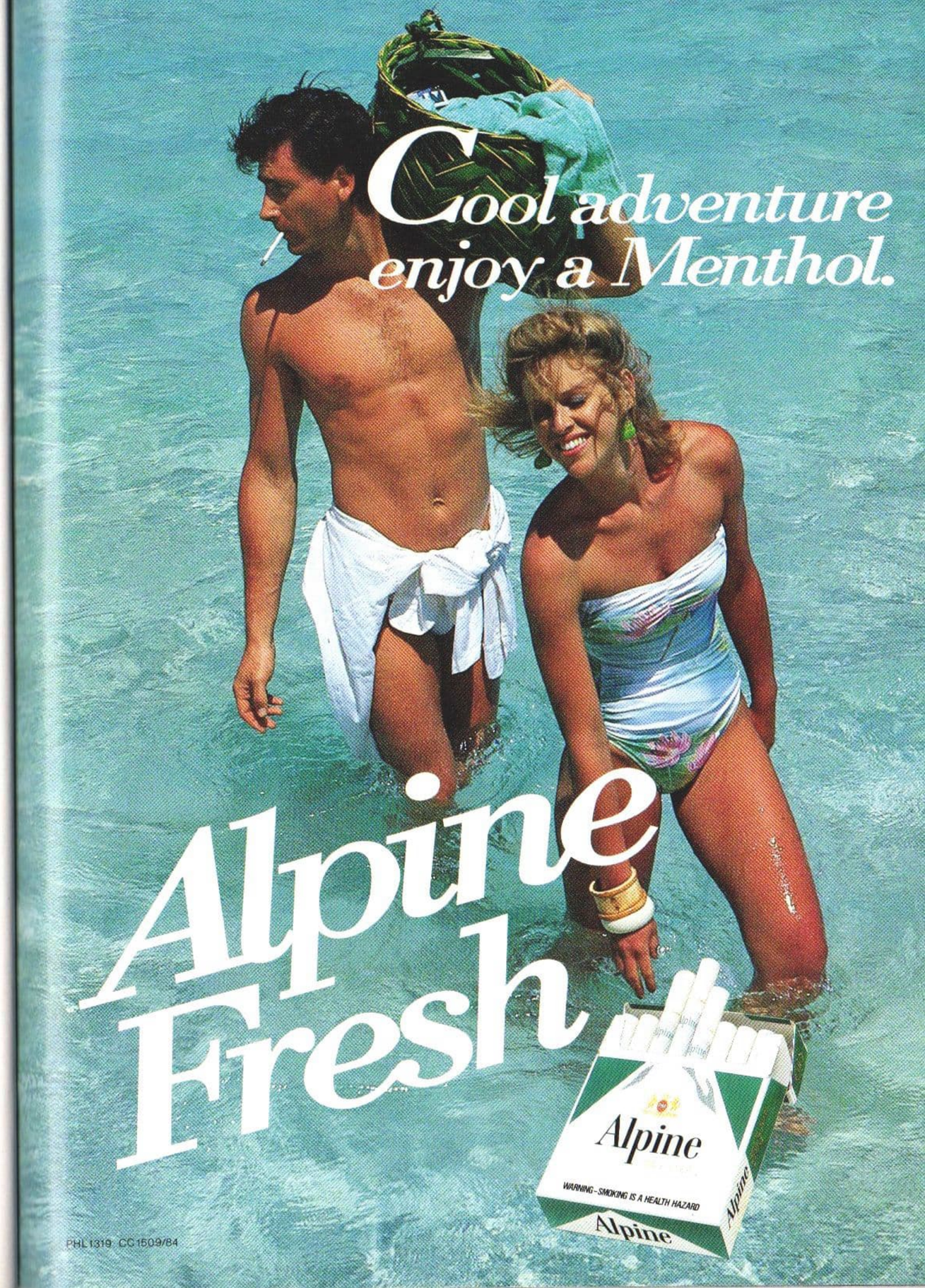
"Yes, Pauline told me."

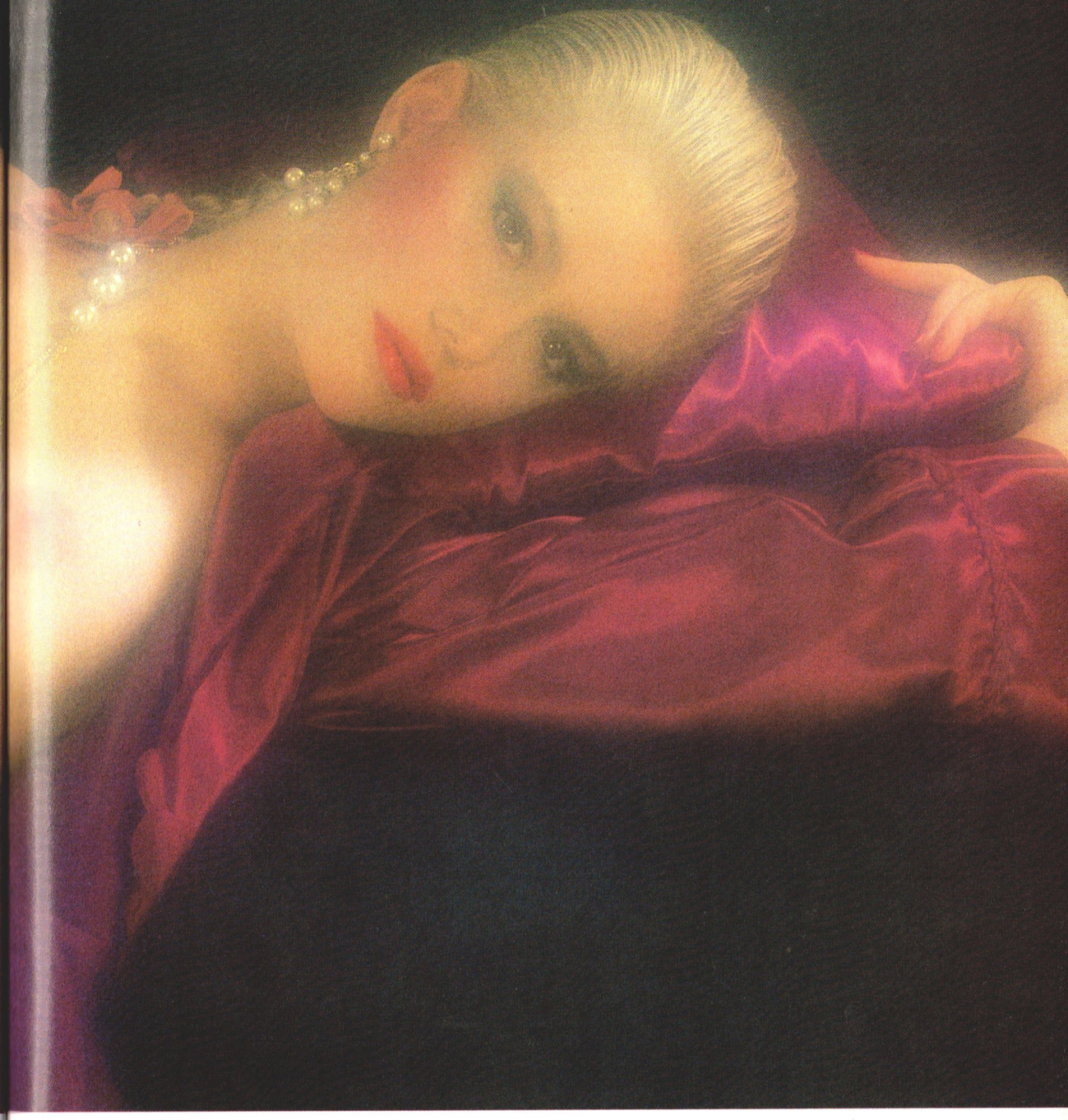
"There was a $300,000 insurance policy on her life. Angel was the beneficiary. That's where Pauline got her money."

I had another drink and Kay didn't, and it got worse from there. We gave it a try: we went to the places you go to when you're trying to be happy, but it didn't work. She didn't like the sound of the job they offered her; she didn't like the editor and she didn't like the weather.

I drove her past Angel's place at Camp Cove — she looked but didn't say anything. Next day she caught a plane back to New York City.







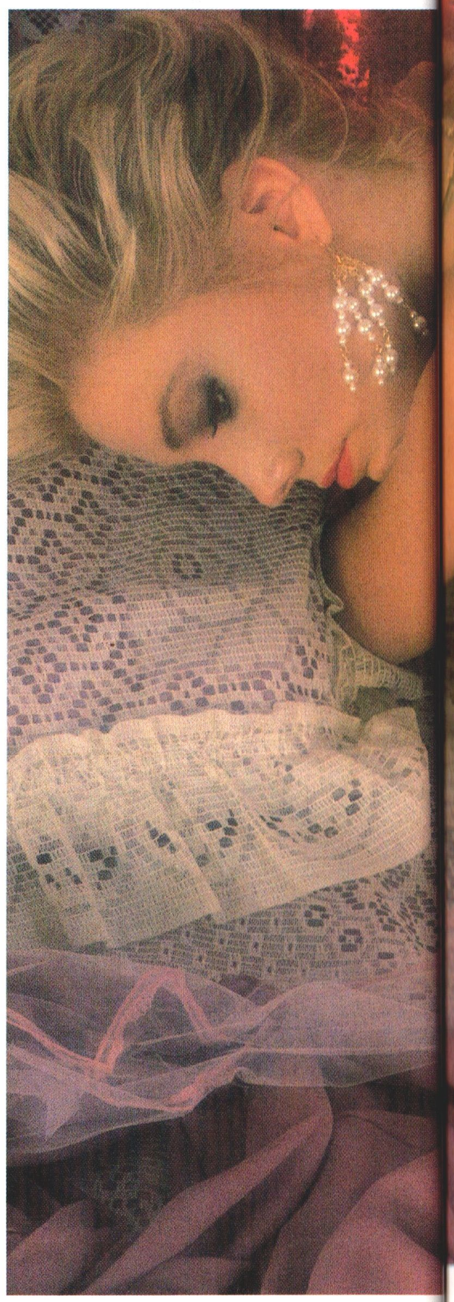
# COOL CHANGE

Cara Richards makes a cool change from the Pets usually featured in *Penthouse.* Not that her physical attributes are any less appealing than those of the young women who have appeared before. On the contrary — Cara's assets are among the finest you'll find anywhere. It's the attitude of this 21-year-old that sets her apart from many previous *Penthouse* girls.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY PASTERNAK

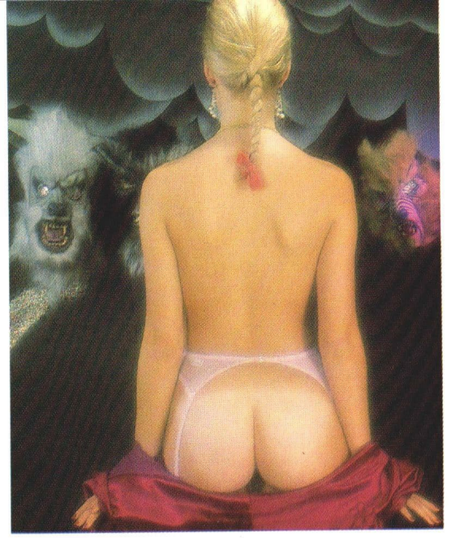
Cara's a self-proclaimed sybarite,
a luxury lover who shuns the sun to laze
indoors and move in a dimly-lit world
enjoying fine food, wine and slow,
sensual sexual encounters.

She says she's a lounge lizard
but we see her more as a sleek cat that
drowses all day and slinks against
bodies inviting attention and caress.
Although she craves a life of leisure, she
works as a clerk in a bookstore to earn
enough to provide a few of the
good things in life.



As a clerk, she admits she's sometimes lazy, but she'll never be fired. Seems the number of male customers have doubled since she started work.

There's no hard proof that Cara's riveting stacked figure is the cause of the upturn in custom, but in this case one doesn't have to be a scholar to read between the lines . . .



# THE RED TERROR

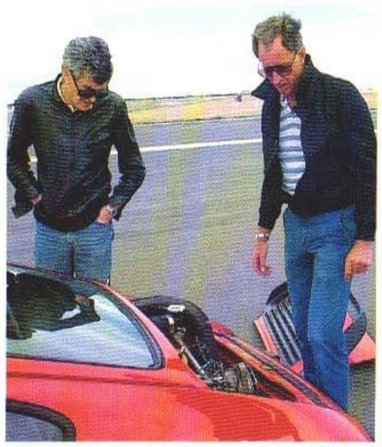
This Porsche's horsepower makes it Australia's fastest registered street car

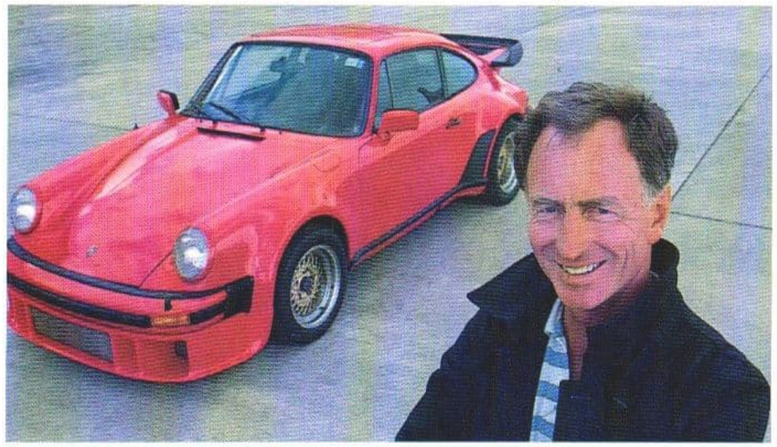
BY PETER McKAY

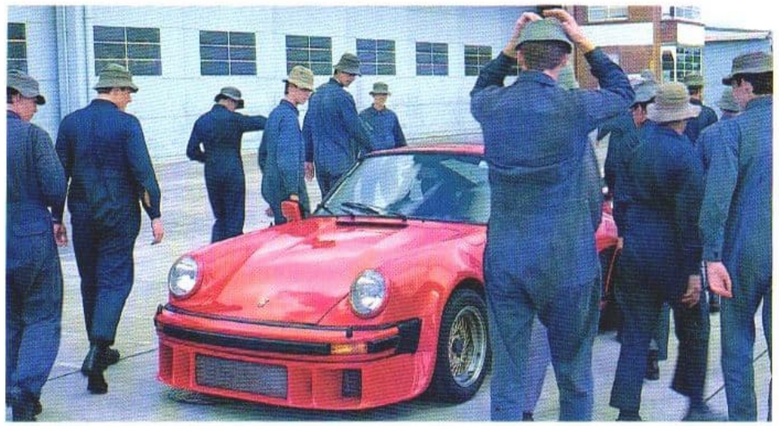
The needle is around as far as it'll go, straining against the bump stop. For a full second now it's been resting on 300 km/h. The eyes flick across to the rev counter and the tacho is likewise on maximum revs — 8000. And still the brute, in the last of four gears, is accelerating . . .

It is awesome and unnatural: a car that would eat Peter Brock's Bathurst Commodore for breakfast, both in acceleration and ultimate speed; a car that would shame acknowledged road runners like the Lamborghini Countach S or any of the Ferraris. It's the car that Graham Stockley and his family take on weekend outings. The car is almost comfortable, compliant to drive, has a registration sticker on the windscreen, and (needless to say) is staggeringly quick. It's arguably quicker in fact than any other four-wheeled machine on Australian streets, and may even be the fastest road car anywhere. Certainly the claim will stand until a challenger emerges to dispute ownership of the tag of "Street Machine Supreme."

But the champ will take some stopping. It started life as a regular Porsche 930 Turbo, a car of no mean performance . . . maximum speed 260 km/h. For some people, however, even this is not enough. Out came the standard 300-horsepower six-cylinder Turbo engine and in went a piece of action from one of those futuristic machines that pound the ground at tracks like Le Mans — about $35,000 worth of







# RED TERROR

firepower punching out — sit down and wait for it — 716 horsepower. Skeptics, rest easy; that output figure isn't fanciful guesswork. The dynamometer sheets have been sighted . . . maximum power is 716 West German horsepower at 7500 rpm.

It's not a Porsche that some coke-snorting wine-bar poseur could feel at ease in. Unless it was parked. This car would scare the corduroys off most Australian Porsche owners, especially those from Double Bay or Toorak who purchased a car to match their addresses.

Stockley doesn't own Porsches because of the badge. He gets his rocks off on speed. The turboed Red Terror came into his possession in 1982. He'd lusted after it, so when it came on to the market he gave the man a cheque and it was his. Stockley, it doesn't need to be said, isn't exactly on the breadline. His five-car garage is stocked with three Porsches and a pair of Mercs. The Porsches are his for all the right reasons — not so he can look good, but feel good. Porsche 1 is a purpose-built 924 rally car; Porsche 2 is a devastatingly fast competition 911 RSR Carrera, complete with roll cage and all the usual race gear. Both are registered for street use, and neither is as fast as Porsche 3.

The Red Terror was purchased because it represented the ultimate in fast transport, and in the belief that it would be a more versatile, comfortable and practical car for day to day use than the raw, race-bred 911 RSR. Because of all the racing paraphernalia in the 911 RSR, the kids couldn't squeeze on to the small rear seat; the 930/935, he reasoned, would be better equipped to handle those weekend forays into the country.

It was — and it wasn't. Sure, the red car was much quicker and the kids could be shoehorned in. But the rock-hard race suspension left the occupants feeling like they'd done a spell on the end of a jackhammer. So the family has tended to avoid taking time out in the fastest of its fleet. Sunday mornings, when the red car is fired into life, wife and kids make themselves scarce.

So it's a lonely existence, that of the driver of a car more suited to a competition life on the racetracks of Europe or the United States. In fact, this brisk beast does active duty on local race tracks. Stockley is a member of the Porsche Club of Victoria, a group of so-serious fanatics who regularly get together for motor sports contests and to bullshit over a beer. The Red Terror regularly appears at the top of the results sheets. Lap times around Calder Park Raceway would flatter leading touring cars; the difference is that the Turbo is fitted with street tyres and not with racing slicks.

Come Easter, when Porsche die-hards from all over Australia gather in Melbourne for their annual national meeting, the country's lone 935-engined 930 will pull plenty of looks. It mightn't take out the *concours d'elegance* at the World Trade Centre on Friday, but it'll sure give the opposition a hurry up during Saturday's Calder sprints.

Though outwardly a 930 Turbo, the bulging engine bay is a giveaway. While its special order 935 race engine (a rare single-turbo version *circa* 1979) is based on the regular 930, the keen eye notes subtle differences, like the two huge pipes — one for the exhaust, and the other for the turbo wastage — snaking out from under the rear bumper, and the larger, lower-than-normal front air dam. This is a re-design of an even more outlandish bib spoiler than earlier in its checkered history destroyed itself at a railway crossing, taking with it a very expensive front-mounted oil cooler.

Driving a rear-engined Porsche with an extravagant amount of power on tap is like having a job as a lion-tamer. You're in control most of the time, but occasionally there can be moments of mortal fear. Contrary to popular belief, the rear-engined Porsche, for all its race breeding, isn't always predictable and pleasant to drive on or near the limit. They're too light at the front and too heavy at the rear, and they have an interesting habit of about-facing on wet roads. Not exactly for the faint-hearted — but once tamed they can give unlimited driving pleasure.

A quiet and unassuming man, Stockley tries hard to avoid the inevitable confrontations with local lairs in burbling Falcon GTHOs and big-block Chevy Corvettes. "I don't go looking for match races at green lights, but then when they happen, I always win," he says. Of course it's not always easy to turn the other cheek,



*Top left: Author Peter McKay and Graham Stockley prepare to put Stockley's Porsche through its paces. Top right: Stockley poses proudly with his Red Terror, the ultimate street car. Below: A test run at Laverton Air Force Base draws a crowd of onlookers. Stockley's Porsche reached a speed of 300.4km/h in a matter of seconds on the 1200-metre aircraft runway. Not bad for a street car . . .*

especially with a tattooed yob in a day-glow lime green Monaro gesticulating from one metre away.

Melbourne's city streets are not for testing the stunning performance of a car capable of close to 200 miles per hour. There are alternatives. We speak to people at Laverton Air Force Base and are given permission to hire a runway for a day. Even so, we doubt whether the Turbo will be able to reach top speed as the strip is only 1200 metres long and the brakes on the red car are at best barely adequate for such a potentially savage machine.

Snarling menacingly, the 935 Turbo moves quietly through the security gates at Laverton for its confrontation with the timer. It's not an unobtrusive arrival; within moments curious base personnel swarm over and under this unlikely visitor. Its driver politely fields predictable questions from the inquisitive — queries he has answered countless times before. The car's mind-blowing performance figures test credulity, but soon the RAAF men will see for themselves . . .

Inside this Porsche, it's almost, but not quite, normal. Creature comforts like the power windows, the swish stereo and the hole-in-the roof are obvious, and not altogether unexpected in a blue-chip purchase. There are no roll bars, no harness, no additional instrumentation. Sitting up among the instruments on that timeless standard-issue black Porsche 930 dash is the unfamiliar competition boost gauge from a 935. And between the seats near the handbrake is "the knob" . . . dial-a-horsepower. The cockpit-adjustable turbo boost knob is a handy feature on a racetrack when a driver might have just cause to call on more power, or perhaps turn it down in the interest of reliability. Stockley says he rarely plays with "the knob" any more. It's too sensitive — which in turn can be too expensive. He has learned a lesson and now he leaves it sitting on 1.3 Bar; maximum boost level is 1.5 Bar.

Two red lines on the regular 930 tachometer catch the eye. One line is at 6800 rpm — the usual 930 Turbo maximum — with the second mark at 8000. That's the conservative safe upper limit of the 935 race engine. Of course, with the health of a free-revving exotic race engine at stake, a driver puts all his faith in the accuracy of the tachometer; every gear change is made with due reference to the position of that needle.

We carefully strap a device called the Correvit on to the Turbo's left door. Cadged from *Modern Motor* for this exercise, the Correvit is a deadly accurate, computerised brain that provides an instant readout of acceleration figures. With a car that moves almost quicker than the eye, marker lines on the tarmac and a stopwatch would simply not be sufficiently precise.

An RAAF officer appears with a video camera tucked under one arm. He wants to record the Turbo's acceleration runs for posterity and send it to a relative in Stuttgart, the home of Porsche. He climbs in alongside the driver for that poor man's variant on the in-car camera routine popularised by Peter Williamson and Dick Johnson in recent James Hardie 1000s.

The RAAF type returns from two express journeys — one up and one down the strip — and while he's not incoherent and sagging at the knees, he's not exactly calm and lucid either.

Time to get serious. Time to stoke up those 716 Stuttgart ponies and lay down acceleration times never before registered by the Correvit in three years of logging performance figures for a monthly motoring magazine.

It's not easy, we're warned, getting the Turbo off the line. It is fitted with a competition clutch which operates like a light switch. It's either on or off, and it needs plenty of muscle. The selection of revs for the getaway also requires care. The pros say the routine is to punch up six or seven grand on the tacho and then flick the left foot from the pedal while at the same time nailing the right foot to the floor. Easy. Yeah, but misjudge and you're looking at a damage bill the size of the national debt. Quick discussion and a happy medium of just under 5000 rpm is agreed upon, in conjunction with gentler clutch work. Too few revs and the engine and transmission shake alarmingly as the car bogs down. Even at 5000 there's still plenty of drive-train shudder when the clutch is popped.

Commonsense says do a couple of eight-tenths rehearsals along the runway, particularly to check braking distances and possible escape routes. The dummy runs over, we agree it'll be damned tight, but zero-300km/h looks possible without risking car or driver.

And so the deed is done. It's a sloppy start, all lurch and vibration until the speed and revs build in first gear. Then all hell breaks loose as the huge KKK turbocharger hits maximum boost. The tacho and speedo needles are arcing around the dials; there's no time at all between the three gearchanges. Blink and the engine could blow itself into oblivion. And then the car is in fourth and travelling faster than the driver has ever been on four wheels. Pounding down Conrod Straight in a Ford Falcon during the 1981 James Hardie 1000 hardly prepares this writer for that first 20-second taste of 935 Turbo propulsion. The G-forces match those experienced in the Big Dipper at Luna Park or descending those ear-popping elevators in Sydney's Australia Square Tower. It is not easy adjusting to the stunning accelerative forces or to the ultimate speed. The end of the runway looms up post-haste. The throttle takes a tea break and the brakes — ventilated discs all round — reluctantly get busy. Such a system might be fine on a regular 930 Turbo; this low flyer demands bigger and better.

When it's over we check the Correvit readout, smile and tell each other that what the red car has just done is indecent. And it's even more incredible considering the leisurely start — zero to 60 km/h took all of three second. Then came the kick in the tail as the 3.3-litre flat six hit its straps between 6500 and 8000 rpm. One hundred km/h came up in 4.88 seconds, with 160 (the old ton) taking 7.92 seconds. The standing 400 metres was a 12.11 second blur that saw the red car rocket to 213.1 km/h. At this point the gear lever was still in third! For the record, first gear sees 129 km/h, second 170, third 222 and fourth 300. Or to be exact, 300.4 km/h . . . 186.7 miles an hour. Not fast enough? Okay, then bolt in a taller set of gears and 315 km/h is within reach, but only on Mulsanne Straight at Le Mans.

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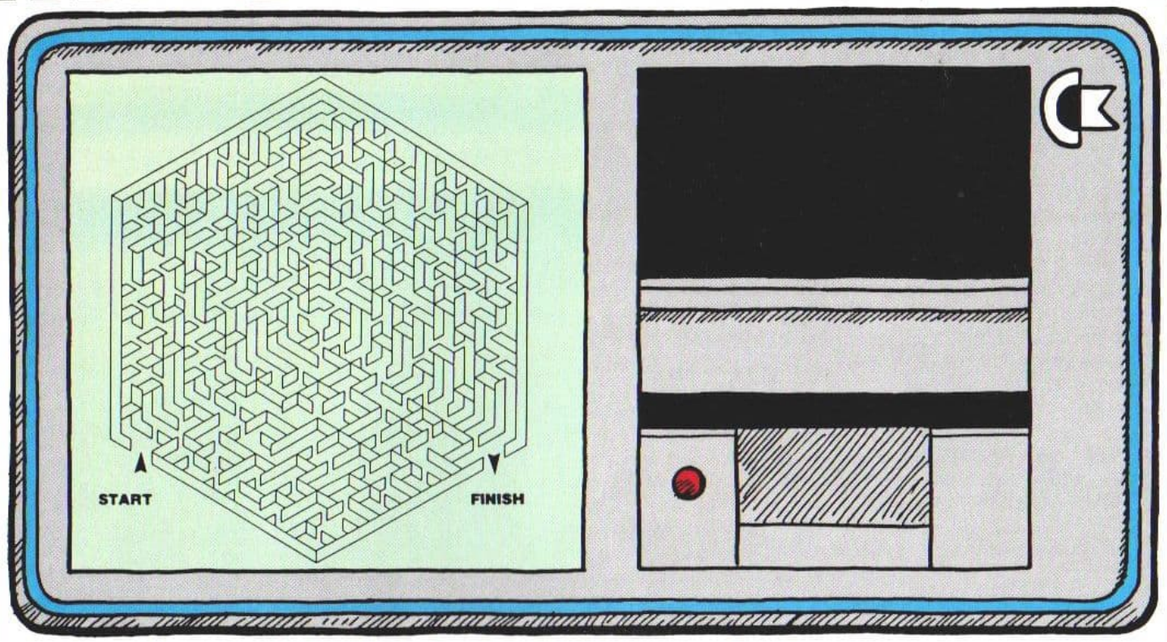


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One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, June 1, 1984. The winner will be announced in the September issue of *Australian Penthouse*.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

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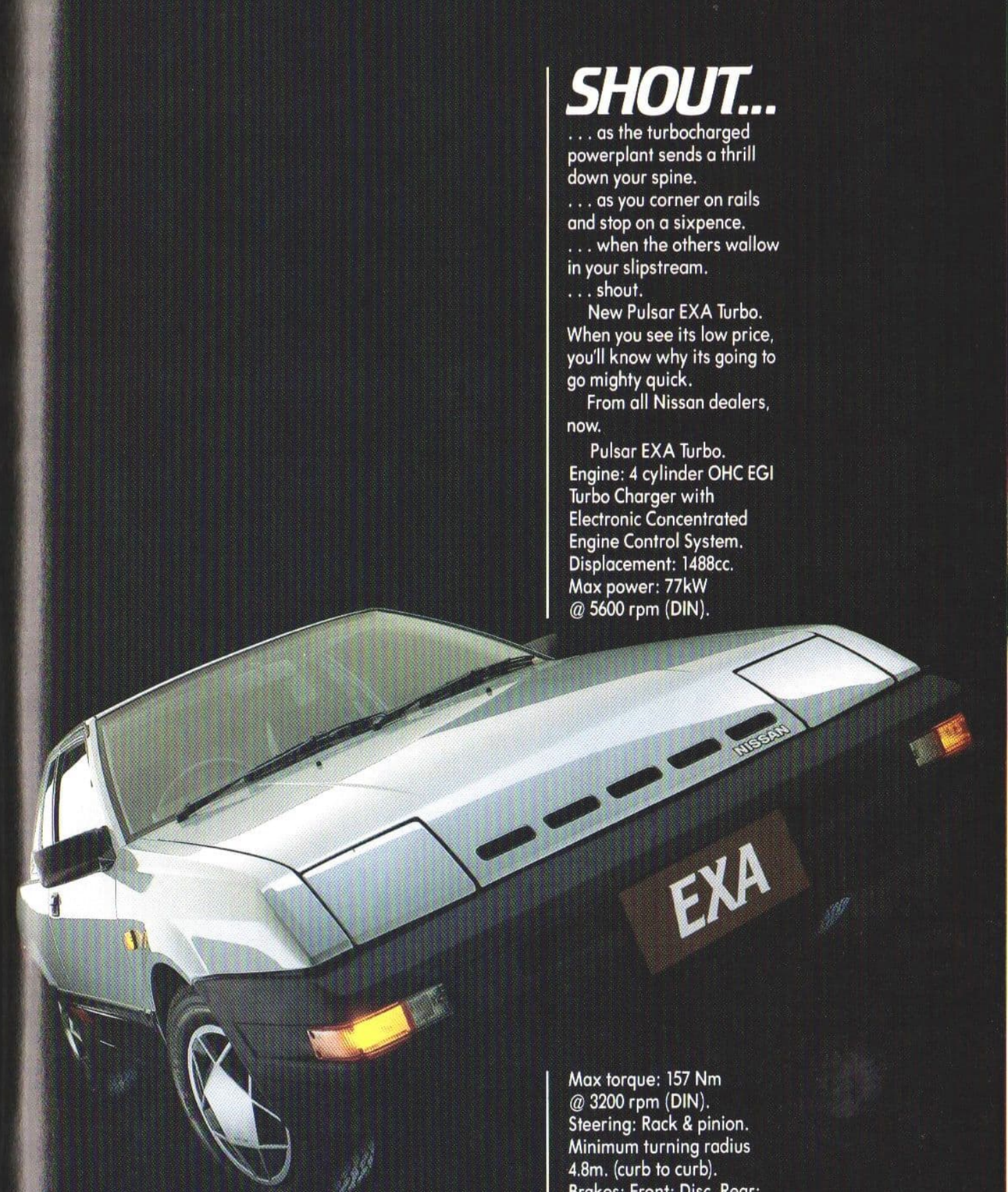


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# PAT CASH

‘I have got a temper
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My temper helps me win. And that’s
what it’s about, really’

Pat Cash hates being compared with John McEnroe, even though the comparison is obvious. Both are named after their fathers, both of whom are solicitors. What’s more, Cash Snr and John McEnroe Snr manage the business affairs of their tennis star sons. But the parallels don’t end there. The two “Juniors” share a common interest in heavy metal rock music, they have endorsement contracts with the same sportswear manufacturer, and both are fiery and aggressive natural talents. Then there’s the most obvious — and most odious — comparison of all: their tempers. In the eyes of the Australian public, Cash is seen as a “bad boy” of tennis while the local press portray him as “Superbrat Mk II.”

Cash is no choir boy. Even he admits that. But suggest that he’s in the same bad behavior league as McEnroe, and he gets angry . . . very angry. He claims his on-court outbursts have been exaggerated by the Australian media, with whom he’s had a running battle since last year’s US Open.

The fact is that while Cash’s tantrums may be mild by overseas standards, his behavior is unacceptable to Australians, who’ve come to expect our champions to be exemplary good sports. We’ve never had a miscreant champion, and we’re clearly not ready to embrace one.

One thing Cash does have on his side is time. He’s not yet 19 (his birthday is May 27) and so he has time to develop both as a player and as a personality. What he doesn’t need to develop, though, is his physique. At 180cm and 78kg, he’s a big boy. Built like a brick shithouse, as some would say. Cash is bigger and stronger than many adult players, and has been for the past few years.

Certainly, his achievements in the junior ranks indicate he has the ability to become at least a top 10 player, probably a top-fiver, and possibly numero uno. His progress after taking up tennis at the age of nine was rapid and consistent. But while his father — a former utility player for VFL club Hawthorn — and coach Ian Barclay realised his star potential in his early teen years, the world didn’t begin taking notice of Pat Cash until 1981, when at 16 he finished runner-up in the prestigious Wimbledon Junior Championship. He was ranked the world’s top junior by the International Tennis Federation that year, and again in 1982 after he won both the Wimbledon and US junior titles. He turned professional and joined the senior tour fulltime late in ’82, becoming the youngest winner ever of the ANZ Bank Victorian Open at Kooyong. From the end of 1981, when he played his first senior tournament, to the end of ’82, his computer ranking went from 332 to 44.

Last year he improved his ranking to 38, along the way scoring his second tournament success in the indoor GWA Classic. Plus there were several encouraging quarter-final and semi-final appearances. For the year he picked up $89,160 in prize money. His highlight, though, was clinching Australia’s Davis Cup victory by beating Sweden’s Joachim Nystrom. That match is seen by many as the turning point of his career because of the way he won. There were no outbursts, no lapses of concentration, no defiance of authority. He followed Davis Cup captain Neale Fraser’s instructions and strategy plan to the letter, playing with calmness, discipline and determination which one observer described as “a complete revelation.”

Fraser believes Cash can forge his way into the top 10 and beyond. “I’ve always said three things make a great tennis player: talent, physical strength, and mental toughness. I believe Pat possesses all three, but I also believe he can improve the latter. That’s the only thing holding him back.”

But when it comes to sheer talent, Fraser has no reservations about Cash’s ability. “He doesn’t have one outstanding weakness. He has very solid ground strokes combined with excellent speed. It’s virtually impossible to pass him, drop shot him, or lob over his head. He covers all things on the court. He’s the quickest player I’ve seen since Roy Emerson. His only weakness is his lack on confidence in his serve.”

But while Cash is the player about whom everybody’s talking, the teen idol from Ringwood hasn’t been doing much talking in Australia outside press conferences. His distrust and dislike of the media set *Penthouse* contributor Mark Fogarty a tough task when it came to convincing Cash to do this interview. The first approach was made mid-last year, and it wasn’t until many months later that he finally agreed.

Fogarty says the Pat Cash he interviewed turned out to be very different from the disinterested youngster he knew from numerous tournament press conferences. “Less than an hour into the interview, however, I realised that there is more to Pat Cash than meets the eye. He discussed the various topics I brought up with the frankness and freedom of an unencumbered 18-year-old, yet at times with the sort of depth of thought that indicated hidden maturity. All the while, his father sat quietly reading — or at least pretending to read — and listening. My fears that he would object to my lines of questioning, or that he might interject regularly in an effort to influence Pat’s answers, were unfounded. The few times he did break in were just to refresh Pat’s memory. Cash the younger belied his reputation for being impatient by sitting through hours of questioning without a hint of disinterest or boredom. He talked about himself, other players, life on the tennis circuit, the best and the worst tournaments, the touchy subject of illegal player payments, women, money, and of course, the press.”

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER GOULD

# INTERVIEW

**Penthouse:** How does it feel to be the "Great White Hope" of Australian tennis?

**Cash:** There's a lot of pressure on me. I feel I have to do it for my country. I feel I've got to win not just for me, but for everybody else because they want me to be a champion.

**Penthouse:** Does that pressure affect the way you play?

**Cash:** Sometimes you get so much pressure you can't play. After the first round of the Davis Cup in Adelaide last year it was very hard to play because there had been so much pressure. I couldn't think straight and all the guys felt the same; none of them played well. But overall the pressure doesn't affect your tennis too much. In fact, I think it helps more than anything. It makes you concentrate, knowing that everybody's looking at you. You feel that you've got to win more than anything. I suppose that's the same with any champion — McEnroe or anybody. Everybody expects you to win. That's the kind of pressure you're under.

**Penthouse:** It's different for McEnroe, though, isn't it? He's not carrying the hopes of a whole nation brought up for the past 30 years on having the best tennis players in the world. Wouldn't you prefer to be left to your tennis and not have all that attention?

**Cash:** I think it helps me in some ways. It makes me keen, makes me determined. People give me praise and I feel good for it. It makes me want to try harder, not that I ever stop trying.

**Penthouse:** Do you enjoy being a celebrity?

**Cash:** Yes, I do.

**Penthouse:** Is it an ego thing?

**Cash:** Yes, pretty much so. But I don't have to have attention to perform well. I think I played some of my best tennis when I was just starting to break into the juniors and winning. Nobody knew me and I was playing really well. Everybody likes their abilities to be noticed, but it's not like I have to have it. I play well with or without it. I play well overseas in places where nobody knows me, I play well at Wimbledon. It's good coming home, though. I like Australia, and it's good that people here like me playing tennis — for Australia and myself.

**Penthouse:** When do you first remember becoming aware that people regarded you as the young player who might put Australia on top in tennis?

**Cash:** I think when I was runner-up at Junior Wimbledon in 1981. I came home and people had become interested in me. Then, that summer I played well, winning a couple of matches — I beat Mark Edmondson in one of them — and that's when they really became interested.

**Penthouse:** Who are the other young Australian players you see as having good potential?

**Cash:** I think we've got some good players coming up. Simon Youl is playing really well. He's a tough player. Sometimes you get good players, but they're not tough. Youl's a tough player to beat. John Frawley is like that too. Frawls is going to improve a lot, I think, because he still has some weaknesses to overcome, whereas Simon's shots are all good. He hasn't got that many weaknesses. Frawls wants a serve and he wants to volley a bit better, whereas Simon can serve, volley, hit ground strokes and basically do everything. There's Mark Kratzman, too. He's a good player, but it's hard to say how he'll go. I've played him a couple of times and he's good, but I tend to think

> I'm not an aggro guy or anything; I'm just a normal 18-year-old. I like to go out and have fun, look at the chicks . . .

he needs a lot of work on the clay courts. I don't know about David McPherson; I haven't really seen him. I don't think he's played on anything but grass or hard court, either.

**Penthouse:** How different are you off-court from the person we read about in the papers? How do you see yourself?

**Cash:** Well, I don't know what you mean. I don't really read the papers, so you should tell me what you think I'm like — then I'll tell you what I'm like normally. You know what I mean? I don't know what the public thinks because I'm not one of the public.

**Penthouse:** Well, the public perception of you is that you're the angry young man of Australian tennis. Do you see yourself that way?

**Cash:** I think the press likes to write it that way, and the people like to believe what the press writes. Everything's exaggerated. I mean, I'm not an aggro guy or anything; I'm just a normal 18-year-old. I like to go out and have fun, look at the chicks . . . I'm no different at all, except I get the opportunity to do a few more things. I think I'm very easy-going; nothing really upsets me. I am, I think, very sharing. I care a lot and I'm not selfish. My family are more important to me than anybody, and if I see them happy, that's great. I buy them presents all the time . . . I gave mum a great Christmas present — I bought her a microwave oven. I'm different from normal 18-year-olds because of what I can afford to buy. I often buy presents for people . . . not everybody, but people who've helped me. I bought my coach a portable video-recording system — the whole works — because he's one of my best mates and he's done more for me in tennis than anybody. I felt he deserved it, so I bought it for him, whereas normal people couldn't afford it.

**Penthouse:** So you think people have the wrong impression because of what's been written and said about you?

**Cash:** Yes. I'm completely different, I think, from this bad boy image. Everybody probably thinks I go home and yell at my sister and brother all day, and that I tell all the little kids to get stuffed when they want an autograph. But I'm not like that at all. I suppose I'm like McEnroe. McEnroe's a nice guy, but everyone thinks he's not. Paul McNamee tells the story about how McEnroe was getting on a crowded bus from an airport one day and a drunk guy came up to him and said, "Can I have your autograph?" McEnroe had his hands full with his luggage and said, "I'm sorry, I can't do it," which is normal. But the guy just totally abused him, yelling and screaming and making a big scene. McEnroe didn't do the wrong thing, it's just that everybody thinks he's being aggro all the time.

**Penthouse:** Outside tennis, what are your interests? What do you like doing when you're not playing?

**Cash:** Music's my biggest interest by a long way. Music and Aussie Rules football. I'd rather talk about them than tennis. After a while you get sick of talking about tennis all the time. I like hard rock music — you know, a lot of guitar. I think a lot of people my age are growing up on that kind of music. It's coming back into popularity. Mick Cox in Sydney, who's ex-Rose Tattoo and ex-Heaven and a good friend of mine, is going to teach me a few guitar things, which I'm really looking forward to. In return, I'll give him a few tennis lessons!

**Penthouse:** You wouldn't get to see many Aussie Rules matches these days, though, would you?

**Cash:** No. You're from Sydney, aren't you?

**Penthouse:** Born and bred here in Melbourne, actually.

**Cash:** Are you? Oh, well that's okay, I can talk to you about it then! Well, yeah, I didn't get much of a chance to see any games last year. I saw the VFL Grand Final on television in Sydney while I was up there training for the Davis Cup semi-final, and it was a great thrill to watch Hawthorn win. I was only able to go to four matches in Melbourne last year and we won all of them. As soon as I go away they lose a couple of matches! I was getting messages overseas: "Come back, we need you!" I haven't seen them lose in about three years, you see.

**Penthouse:** With that sort of interest in the game and your father's involvement, was there ever a point where you were torn between playing football and tennis?

**Cash:** Oh, when I was 13 I was playing junior football and I don't mean to boast, but I was a really good junior football player. I was probably one of the best in the Doncaster Junior League. I was playing tennis every day during the week and playing football on the weekends, but gradually, tennis just took over because I was practising and playing tennis six days a week. I couldn't go to footy training, so tennis just gradually took over. I'd still like to play football — it'd be another challenge to see if I could play first grade.

**Penthouse:** What made you concentrate on tennis, though? Preference or circumstance?

**Cash:** A bit of both. I was doing well in the tennis, I was winning junior tournaments, and I suppose I was very keen to do well. I wanted to win more and more, and I was practising more. Junior football, of course, is not like senior football — you've got a long way to go — but I was going somewhere in the tennis, so it just took over.

**Penthouse:** Do you feel all the time you've devoted to practising and playing tennis means you've missed a lot of the things that people normally do in their childhood and early teen years?

**Cash:** Big birthday parties! That's about it. Family life, maybe, but like they say, absence makes the heart grow fonder. That's what it's like when I see my family. If I'm home all the time I have arguments with my brother and sister . . . you know how it goes. But when I come home it's always great and everybody's happy.

**Penthouse:** Does it ever feel like you've rushed straight from childhood to adult life?

**Cash:** Not really. I think I've grown up a lot quicker than most people. A lot of people say: "He only went to fourth form, so he must be pretty stupid," but I've seen a lot of the world and I think I've grown up a lot quicker than a normal 18-year-old. I'd have to have because I've been to Europe four times, the States twice, and my seventh overseas trip is coming up. It's not too often people see the world and have to kind of look after themselves at my age. Sure, plenty of people would like to be in my position, but I'm still working, and working very hard.

**Penthouse:** Apart from football, what do you think you would have done if you hadn't become a professional tennis player?

**Cash:** Become a garbo! No, seriously, I don't know. I haven't had a normal job. I'd like to do something to do with sport; I think management would be interesting. I would definitely like to be in a rock band.

**Penthouse:** You could get together with McEnroe and Vitas Gerulaitis.

**Cash:** That's right! Well, Mick, the guy from Rose Tattoo, reckons he'll have me playing guitar in a week and he says he could have me in a band in two weeks. Reckons he's a great teacher!

**Penthouse:** Who has had the greatest

> Sure, plenty of people would like to be in my position. But I'm still working, and working very hard

influence on your career so far?

**Cash:** Oh, my coach, Ian Barclay, definitely. He's taught me to think. He really is a great coach. He's a good thinker; he knows where to hit the ball and what to do, and he teaches you things like that. Ray Ruffels (tennis coach at the National Institute of Sport in Canberra) has been very good. For a couple of years he taught me about the little sacrifices you've got to make and how to prepare yourself for matches. But it was my family that really got me to where Ian could start helping me — you know, just everything in general. I didn't do it all by myself; I had a lot of help. It's not like the stories you hear about kids who have to do a paper round to earn money to buy their own racquet and then scrounge around the streets to pick up some money to pay for lessons. It wasn't like that. Mum, dad, my brother and my sister helped me in anything I wanted to do.

**Penthouse:** How important is your father's influence, not so much as your father, but as your manager?

**Cash:** Dad's father, tennis coach and manager extraordinaire all rolled into one. I don't know of any manager who's got only one job for one person. The management groups have 10, 20, 30 players, but he's only got one person to look after — me.

**Penthouse:** So that's why you haven't joined one of the big management groups?

**Cash:** Half the reason, yeah.

**Penthouse:** You've had all of them on your doorstep trying to get you to sign up, haven't you?

**Cash:** Yeah, all the management groups and lots of other people have come up to me and said: "Look, how can your old man do this and that? Listen, John McEnroe's old man has lost him about $3 million because he doesn't know the right things." That's just their way of trying to get through to me, but I'm not interested. Dad is my sole manager, so any other claims of representation are false, wrong, untrue!

**Penthouse:** How do you get on with Neale Fraser, and how has he helped you in the past year or so?

**Cash:** Neale and I get on really well. We're good friends. I've been with him in the BP Young Achievers squad, so I was with him for 10 weeks overseas and he was a good help there. I like to have a coach with me. Ian Barclay had been over to Europe and the States with me twice. After Ian went back home last year, Neale took over. All the guys in the team — Frawls (John Frawley), Craig Miller, Wally Masur, John Fitzgerald and myself — all found Neale a great help. It's a lot easier if you've got someone with you; you don't have to worry about arranging practice courts, hotel bookings, how to get here or there, your tickets, or anything like that. It's what makes travelling tiring when you've got to do all that stuff, but if you've got somebody there to do it for you, it's a big help.

**Penthouse:** You've had run-ins with Neale, though, haven't you?

**Cash:** You mean arguments? No, never. Oh, well, I think once overseas he told me to stop talking in front of the ladies or something. He said. "Shut up . . . be quiet," and I kinda had a go at him. But we were only joking. We've never had an argument, never.

**Penthouse:** Whose advice do you take more notice of, Fraser's or Barclay's? Has one ever told you one thing and the other the exact opposite?

**Cash:** It's never happened and they couldn't really be giving me opposite ideas because they're both advising me for my benefit. They both know what I've got to do; they can't really contradict each other in their advice to me. Neale can't say I've got to stay back on my serve or that I should go to Europe when "Barker" (Ian Barclay) says I should serve-volley and go to the

States. There's no way that's going to happen because . . . well, it never has and I can't ever see it happening.

**Penthouse:** What about your serve? You had a variety of service actions last year. Didn't Fraser have to change it every time you were back with him?

**Cash:** No, "Fraze" thought it might be a better idea if I quickened up my serve in the first Davis Cup match, and I did. But then I came down with arm problems, so I couldn't do that any longer. Then I went to Europe and Ian wanted me to try something, so after I came back from the States I decided to try it. Neale came over while I was practising serves at Ian's place and we had a session, looking at videos of my serve, and they both agreed I should try something different. As it turned out, it's been good. They both had the same idea for me to get added height on the ball. They agreed, but I wasn't too sure because I'd never really seen what they wanted me to do before. I had to stop in the middle of the action, and that's the thing I felt negative about. Then they told me I didn't have to, so I tried it and found it was good. After they explained it to me I was fine.

**Penthouse:** How good a player do you believe you are and can be?

**Cash:** Well, at the moment I'm only as good as my ranking. I'm a top 40 player and I think I will become a top 10 player. I definitely can be. I think I've got everything to get there — a serve, a forehand, a backhand, ground strokes, volleys, the mental ability, the pace for it, and the fitness. I've got everything, really, and I think I can do it.

**Penthouse:** How long before you get into the top 10?

**Cash:** Oh, I don't know, that's a really tough question. You can't plan it. Just look at Peter McNamara (ranked 10th in the world in 1982 and 12th before a knee injury forced his retirement mid-last year). He was doing nothing, just playing satellite circuits until he was 24. All of a sudden he took off. And Paul McNamee. If you'd asked him after he won the Australian junior title how long he thought it would take him to get into the top 50, he would've said he didn't have a clue. Five years later he was still bashing around the 100 mark, then all of a sudden he changes his game and — bang! — up he goes. It was a great effort, an unbelievable effort, but he wouldn't have had a clue what was going to happen. It's hard to say. Anything could happen. I could just hit my straps all of a sudden this year and shoot up, or I could just gradually get there.

**Penthouse:** Are you confident of your ability on all playing surfaces?

**Cash:** It's tough on clay, but I realised last year what I have to do to play well on clay, and I'm going to work on it this year. I think I've given some of the top guys tough matches. I haven't beaten them, but it's all experience. I've played well on hard courts — non-slip surfaces — and I won a tournament indoors and the US Open juniors, so I'm good on the hard court stuff. I've already proved that I can also play well on grass, but I can get better.

**Penthouse:** So you don't feel you have any weaknesses on any court surface?

**Cash:** No. Clay's obviously harder to play, but I've got the potential to be a top clay-courter, I think.

**Penthouse:** Do you believe you can become the No 1 player in the world?

**Cash:** Yes. It's very hard, but I think I can do it.

**Penthouse:** The book *Short Circuit* by Michael Mewshaw painted a pretty sordid picture of pro tennis.

> **Penthouse:** Do you believe you can be the No 1 player in the world? **Cash:** Yes. It's very hard, but I think I can do it.

**Cash:** That guy's a nut . . . from what I've read.

**Penthouse:** Have you read the book?

**Cash:** No, I haven't. I've only read bits and pieces.

**Penthouse:** The most controversial aspect of the book is Mewshaw's so-called expose of illegal player payments — guarantees to play in tournaments. From what you've read, do you dismiss those claims?

**Cash:** He wouldn't know. Nobody even knows who the guy is. If somebody like John McEnroe's brother, or one of the management guys wrote it, you might take notice, but nobody knows who he is. He's just pulling things out of his hat. He's not qualified to say these things. If he was qualified, then it would make sense.

**Penthouse:** What about this whole business of illegal guarantees being paid to top players? Surely it must go on?

**Cash:** Well, I've never been offered a guarantee, I can tell you that much! I haven't been around very long, so I don't really know anything about it. I think the wanted players should be rewarded somehow for being up there, and that's why exhibitions go on — because people want to see them play.

**Penthouse:** What would you do if you were offered so many thousands of dollars under-the-table, so to speak, to play in a Grand Prix tournament?

**Cash:** Well, it's illegal, so I'd have to say no. That's what all the other players do — say no.

**Penthouse:** Which is the tournament you most enjoy? Which is the best from a player's point of view?

**Cash:** Wimbledon's a great tournament because the atmosphere there is great. The US Open is like a zoo, as is the French Open.

**Penthouse:** What's the worst tournament you've ever played?

**Cash:** Oh, I don't know, one of the European tournaments. They're pretty bad, some of them. But none of them sticks out as the worst.

**Penthouse:** How much tougher is the competition in the pro ranks than in the juniors?

**Cash:** The top juniors are good players, for sure. All the top juniors of the year have always done well. Thierry Tulasne, Stefan Edberg, Guy Forget, me . . . the top juniors are always good players and you find that they do well. Playing juniors is tough, particularly the semi-finals and finals. But put a junior Wimbledon semi-finalist into a semi-final of senior Wimbledon, and it'd just be a joke. It's a big step from juniors to seniors. You see, the semi-finals and final of a junior tournament are the equivalent of a first round match of a big senior tournament.

**Penthouse:** Is it tough to make the transition mentally, going from being a big fish in a little pond to being a minnow in an ocean, if you like?

**Cash:** Well, there's a lot of pressure in the juniors, so mentally it's pretty hard on you. But in seniors it's hard all the way. In juniors you can lose your concentration, lose a few games and still come back, but in seniors, as soon as you lose your concentration, you're gone. I found that out. In the Australian Open against Brian Teacher I was 5-0 up in the third set and I lost a bit of concentration for just one game, and he started hitting winners everywhere. He had me; he had me beaten in that set, just because I lost concentration for only one or two games. In juniors that wouldn't happen.

**Penthouse:** When you were coming up through the junior ranks, who were your childhood idols?

**Cash:** Probably Borg and Connors. I like Connors — he's a real competitor who gives 100 percent all the time, even when he's sick.

**Penthouse:** Is he the player you'd most like to be like?



**Cash:** I think mentally I'd most like to be like him, yeah. That's why he's been at the top for so long — almost 15 years in the top three. I admire different aspects of the top guys: Borg's temperament was unbelievable; Connors' ferociousness is unbelievable and his positioning great; and McEnroe's got a great game — he's just so talented it's not funny. So there's things I admire in each of them.

**Penthouse:** How much better than the others is McEnroe?

**Cash:** He's more talented than anybody I've ever seen. He can do things I've never seen anybody do. He has more control than anybody, ever. Watching McEnroe play is fun . . . it's fun to see some of the shots he hits. Unbelievable.

**Penthouse:** Of the top players in the world — McEnroe, Lendl, Connors, Wilander, Noah — who do you see yourself as being most like? Is there any comparison?

**Cash:** Most like? I'm not like any of them. I don't think any top players can be like any of the others. Each one of them has a completely different style of game and that's why they get there; they're not like anybody else. They're different — they're tougher.

**Penthouse:** So you weren't influenced by the top Australians of the late Sixties and early Seventies?

**Cash:** I didn't really see much of them. When I was growing up there was JA (John Alexander); Newcombe had just finished; Rochie (Tony Roche) had finished. Peter Mac, Paul Mac and Edo (Mark Edmondson) were the ones doing something. But they weren't in the top five or so. Like anybody else my age, I'd just heard about the top guys.

**Penthouse:** You only knew them by reputation rather than observation?

**Cash:** Yes, that would be the way to describe it.

**Penthouse:** Who are the players that you're closest to on the tour? The ones you get along with and the ones you respect?

**Cash:** All the Aussies are great friends of mine, they're really nice guys. Wally Masur and Paul McNamee are particularly good friends. Paul and I have done charity things together — he can ask favors of me, no problems. I grew up with Wally in the juniors. Edo is a great guy — I like him, he's different. He's funny more than anything else. Mark Hartman is probably my best mate. I used to play juniors with him, but he was injured for about a year and a half and he's just coming back now. He gets coached by Ian (Barclay), he lives just up the road, and we hang around together. Unfortunately, he plays satellite circuits, so we don't see much of each other when we're overseas.

**Penthouse:** Who's the toughest opponent you've met on the pro circuit?

**Cash:** Connors in Toronto just before the US Open in '82. He didn't play well and I played really well. I was pretty happy with my performance actually, because he was the reigning Wimbledon champion then. It was 7/5, 6/4, but the guy was just so mean. He just didn't want to give you anything. Mentally he was so tough like that. I've played Lendl and he can just blast you off the court. I think he's probably a better shot-maker than Connors, but mentally he's a long way behind him. That's why I say Connors is probably tougher.

**Penthouse:** Do you rate that as your toughest match so far, or has there been another one that was a real grind to get through?

**Cash:** Jimmy Arias just blew me off the court in Florence before he won the Italian Open last year. It was one of those days where I couldn't do anything right and he couldn't do anything wrong.

> It's one of those things I've always wanted to do — play for my country and beat the world

**Penthouse:** What do you regard as your most satisfying win to date?

**Cash:** Winning the deciding singles rubber in the Davis Cup final against Sweden last year, of course. But apart from that, I think my best performance was in a practice tournament at Beckenham in England last year. It wasn't serious, of course, but I think I played the best tennis of my life. I beat Kevin Curren, then Roscoe Tanner, and lost to Steve Denton on a cold, rainy day, 7/6, 7/6 in the final. Beating Kevin was a good help to me mentally because that was just after the clay courts, where I'd really struggled for two or three months. It helped refresh me a lot.

**Penthouse:** What does it really mean to a player to represent his country in Davis Cup?

**Cash:** Oh, a lot. You know, it's one of those things I've always wanted to do — play for my country and beat the world. It means a lot to the guys.

**Penthouse:** Is it more important to you to be on a winning Davis Cup team than to win Wimbledon?

**Cash:** No. Winning Wimbledon would be more important. That's the ultimate aim. Ever since I've had a tennis racquet in my hand, Wimbledon's always been my goal. Winning Wimbledon is the thing for a tennis player to do. The Davis Cup is one of those things you want to do on your way to winning Wimbledon or after winning Wimbledon. It's one of those challenges, sure. To be on a winning Davis Cup team would've had to have been one of my three ultimate aims — to win Wimbledon, the US Open and the Davis Cup. Probably in that order, too.

**Penthouse:** What about the Australian Open? That must be important.

**Cash:** It is important, yes. To win the Australian is one of my aims along the way, too.

**Penthouse:** One of the great things about the Davis Cup is that players can lift their abilities to new heights. They can beat opponents against whom you wouldn't give them an ice cube's hope in Hades in a normal tournament. Then, as you were saying before, there are some days when you can't play for nuts, while on others you're Superman. Do you ever think about what influences these great highs and lows?

**Cash:** Well, I think a champion can play well all the time. Obviously none of the guys on the Australian team would deny that we're not the best players in the world; that's why we can't do that all the time. If we played the way we do in Davis Cup consistently, we'd be winning tournaments and that would prove we were the best in the world. We wouldn't be ranked in the 30s — I'm not saying that's bad, it's good — if we played that way all the time. Like Fitzy (John Fitzgerald) beating Noah in the Davis Cup semi-final in Sydney last October — if he could do that all the time, he'd be No 1 in the world. Fitzy is a champion, but he's not a champion in the way I'm talking about. Same with any of the other guys.

**Penthouse:** So it's just the sheer importance of playing for your country that can mentally lift you to this champion level?

**Cash:** Yes, or it can put so much pressure on you that you can't walk. That's happened to some players. I think it was Colin Dibley who was cramping all over during the warm-up for a Davis Cup match because he was so nervous. I was concentrating so much and had so much pressure on me during that deciding match of last year's Davis Cup final that I practically lost the whole sensation of it, apart from just straight afterwards. I was just concentrating so hard that it was like there was an aura around me, and I was inside it and I wasn't worried about anything

else. Then after I won, it was great. But while I played it didn't really sink into my mind. If I had've worried about how big the crowd was and how fantastic it was, I would've lost.

**Penthouse:** Changing the subject . . . Do you enjoy being a teenage sex symbol?

**Cash:** (Laughs) Yes, because I like the opposite sex!

**Penthouse:** So you like having all these adoring teenybopper fans chasing you all around the place?

**Cash:** Well, they don't chase me all around the place. They're mainly at the tennis, but occasionally a few girls giggle when you walk past them in the street. But my fans are good, that's what I like about them. They're really supportive, and I think they're probably the best fans in the world.

**Penthouse:** Last year you made close to $90,000 from tournament earnings alone. What does an 18-year-old do with that much money?

**Cash:** He gives it to dad and lets him manage it. I've got a couple of properties, but most of my investments are pretty liquid. Most of it goes in the bank!

**Penthouse:** Do you think tennis players are overpaid?

**Cash:** Mine's a biased opinion, of course, but I don't think so. There is a lot of money in it, but then we work really hard. There's a lot of hard work involved that people don't see.

**Penthouse:** Why are you guys worth all that money?

**Cash:** Because we entertain, I suppose.

**Penthouse:** You see yourself being as much an entertainer as a sportsman?

**Cash:** Yes, I think so. It's a very big part of it nowdays. I mean, you get guys like Nastase playing exhibitions. He's a good player, but he's 37 now and people still love to see him clown around and everything. That's entertainment. It's the same with McEnroe — everybody loves to see him clown around — and Connors.

**Penthouse:** Do you believe you have a temperament problem?

**Cash:** I definitely do not have a temperament problem. I would say that my temperament is very good, otherwise — if I had a bad temperament — I wouldn't have won that Davis Cup match; I wouldn't have won the US Open junior title; I wouldn't have won any tough matches at all. That's why I'm here at the moment; that's why everybody says I can be one of the best players in the world. I've got the kind of temperament that's going to help me win. I'm determined and I want to win. I'm good under pressure and that's what it's all about these days — pressure. I've proved on numerous occasions that I can perform under pressure. I've come back and won plenty of matches when it looked like I was beaten. I've actually got a good temperament for winning. That's why I am winning, and that's why I'm where I am at the moment.

**Penthouse:** Okay, but you were still fined; you were defaulted from an exhibition match in America prior to the US Open; and you amassed a tidy sum of fines during the Australian circuit. So there have been a lot of outbursts.

**Cash:** I have got a temper, but I haven't got a bad temperament. I agree that I have done the wrong things sometimes. I've thrown my racquet and whatever. A lot of them petty things, in my opinion. I've got to live with it, and I have learnt from my mistakes. I have thrown my racquet occasionally, but that's me. Other players — Davis Cup players — have stuck up for me by saying that's the way I am. I've done the wrong thing and I don't want to do it again, but my temper helps me win. And that's what it's about, really.

> **Penthouse:** What does an 18-year-old do with $90,000?
> **Cash:** He gives it to his dad and lets him manage it

**Penthouse:** The fact that you do have a temper, you bounce racquets and sometimes hit balls . . .

**Cash:** I don't hit balls — not ball abuse. I don't think I've ever been charged for ball abuse. Oh, I had a $100 fine for it once, I'm sorry.

**Penthouse:** Have you won appeals against any of the most recent fines?

**Cash:** I've won appeals in the past, but the more recent ones are still being looked at. I appealed because I feel I've been treated unjustly.

**Penthouse:** Do you try to control your temper on court, or do you just let it go?

**Cash:** No, I try to control it. If I lose control of myself I can't play. If I get fired up I play well, but if I lose control I can't play at all. I was feeling a lot of pressure in the States — so much pressure that at one stage I didn't really want to play. I wanted to give up and come home, and just have a rest. That time at Port Chester was probably one of the only times I've actually lost control of myself. It was only an exhibition match, so it's probably better that I did it there than at a tournament. Not that I should've done it anyway — I'm not saying that — but I was feeling so uptight about everything.

**Penthouse:** Are you a younger version of John McEnroe?

**Cash:** Maybe in talent, but that's about it. Obviously, you're talking about temper. No, I'm very mild compared with a lot of people on the circuit.

**Penthouse:** What do you think of McEnroe's behavior?

**Cash:** I think McEnroe stands up for his rights over line calls and stuff. You're allowed to do that — you have a right to query a line call if you think it's wrong. But McEnroe goes over the top, much worse than anything I do. He swears and throws sawdust at everybody . . . I've never even thought of those things, let alone done them — even in the back yard.

**Penthouse:** Why do you think a large section of the media gives you a hard time?

**Cash:** Because tennis itself isn't sensational, it doesn't sell papers. They want to write about anything but tennis. You see, they're not qualified, they don't know anything about tennis, so they can't write anything about it. That's why they write about everything else, about how Joe Blow and Joanne Blow split up yesterday and Joe lost because of that, about how Fred Nerk and Joe Blow had a fight in the locker room. They don't want to write about tennis, they want to write about sensational stuff. They're qualified to write that; they're not qualified to write about tennis.

**Penthouse:** You're talking about the general press. What about the specialist tennis press?

**Cash:** I don't know any specialist tennis writers who actually play tennis. I'm sure there are a few, but I don't know any.

**Penthouse:** What about some of the respected tennis writers?

**Cash:** Yeah, they're all right. Those guys have actually given me a good run. They're nice guys and they haven't been too bad to me. Those are the type of press guys I respect and will help, for sure. I've got no arguments against those guys. It's just the others who know nothing about tennis that I'm not interested in.

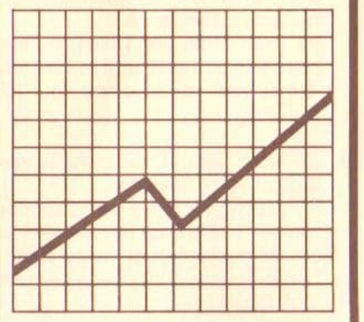
**Penthouse:** Does it affect you when "bad" things are written or broadcast about you? Has something in the press ever put you off your game?

**Cash:** Umm . . . no, not really. Pressure in general from the press makes it hard. But specific things that people write don't worry me. I'm going to get it all the time, so I try to forget about it.



# PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

## WHO RUNS YOUR LIFE ?



There are two basic ways of looking at the world. One man thinks it's cruel; another thinks it's just. One man is sure life is unpredictable; another is just as certain that it's orderly and predictable. For every person who feels like a helpless victim of fate, chance, or luck there's another who believes he can create his own destiny if he pulls the right strings.

This psychograph is designed to find out what your world view is and how it may be influencing your life.

Philosophers, of course, have argued for centuries over which view of the world is correct, but from a psychologist's point of view, objective reality (if it exists at all) is often of less interest than our reactions to what we believe is real. Faced with the same set of circumstances, the man who believes life is fickle and unjust is likely to behave very differently from one who thinks it's fair and controllable. Consequently, our basic view of the world will affect every aspect of our lives — from how we talk to women to how we manage our finances to how we approach our jobs.

We've reviewed a substantial body of research in constructing this psychograph. Each item on the questionnaire consists of three statements. Choose the statement that comes closest to describing your views on the subject. You must select one statement for each item even if none seems to express your feelings perfectly.

Be honest. Don't select answers just because you think they're the most sophisticated or socially desirable responses.

1. (a) Most jobs include a large portion of bullshit and busywork that really doesn't serve any useful function. It's your boss's way of letting you know he can make you do whatever he wants even if it's stupid.
   (b) Most jobs serve a useful function. There's also usually some amount of time-wasting busywork, but I suppose that's just part of the game.
   (c) Most jobs include some amount of work that seems dumb and wasteful, but there's usually a reason for it. I may not understand why I'm required to do something that I think is stupid, but I assume it wouldn't be there if it didn't serve some useful purpose.

2. (a) Success is a lottery. Lucky breaks have more to do with making it big than anything else.
   (b) Luck, of course, plays a part in success, but you don't succeed unless you know what to do with your lucky break when it comes along.
   (c) Luck, as they say, is the residue of design. People who achieve great success don't have to rely on luck because they plan for all the contingencies before they arise.

3. (a) Some people are born stupid. Even if you gave them every possible advantage — like sending them to the best schools and universities — they'd still be bums.
   (b) Some people are smarter than others. But you can improve yourself — within limits — if you try.
   (c) Just about everybody, except perhaps those who are severely retarded, can achieve great intellectual feats if they try hard enough. Science shows that we use only a small portion of our brains.

4. (a) When I'm stumped by a problem I usually just throw up my hands and walk away from it. I say something like, "Well, you tried to solve it and couldn't. Now you may as well just wait and see what happens when the shit hits the fan."
   (b) Sometimes I give up on problems; other times I keep working until I come up with a solution, even though I know it's not the best solution.
   (c) I almost never give up on a problem. I hate to admit defeat. I know that somewhere out there lies the solution.

5. (a) I make plans but sometimes I wonder why I bother. Something usually comes along to foul them up.
   (b) Some plans I make work out as I intended them to; others don't.
   (c) Most of the plans I make are successful.

6. (a) Most politicians are crooks, but even if they're not, there's little the average guy can do to get them to listen to him.
   (b) An individual may not be able to make much impact on the national political scene, but he can usually get local politicians to listen to him.
   (c) Most people underestimate how much political impact one person can have if he really works at it.

7. (a) If I could play only one game it would be roulette.
   (b) If I could play only one game it would be poker.
   (c) If I could play only one game it would be chess.

8. (a) Some men are just naturally successful with women, and if you're not born with that knack there's no way you can acquire it.
   (b) Nobody can turn into a Casanova if he wasn't that way to begin with, but most people can learn at least some social skills that can make them more successful with women.
   (c) Almost anybody can become highly successful at attracting women, even if he isn't particularly attractive to begin with. It's all a matter of learning the right skills.

9. (a) Athletes are born, not made.
(b) Practice can greatly improve anybody's athletic performance, but you won't become an Olympic-class athlete unless you have superior skills to begin with.
(c) Native athletic ability is of minor importance in creating an athlete. There are lots of stories about champion athletes who showed only average ability as kids and who overcame great handicaps in their pursuit of excellence.

10. (a) I really enjoy recreational gambling (sports betting, casino gambling, etc).
(b) Gambling is all right sometimes.
(c) Gambling as a recreational activity doesn't interest me at all.

11. (a) Most people whose lives are mixed up are the victims of bad breaks.
(b) We cause some of our problems and others are not our fault.
(c) People whose livec are mixed up usually have caused most of their problems themselves.

12. (a) Complaining to your superiors at work is dangerous. Usually it'll just get them mad at you.
(b) Complaining to your superiors is sometimes the only alternative.
(c) I may not like people who complain to their superiors, but it's surprising how effective that tactic often is. The old saying: "It's the squeaky wheel that gets the oil" is true.

13. (a) Most of what they teach you in school is of little value in later life.
(b) Some of what you get taught in school is worthless.
(c) Many of the things taught in school may seem pointless at the time, but they usually serve a useful purpose in later life.

14. (a) Most people judge you only by surface appearances; they don't take the trouble to really get to know you.
(b) Many people aren't willing to take the time but some will.
(c) Most people are willing to be sincerely friendly as long as you meet them halfway.

15. (a) Most people in authority (teachers, employers, etc) play favorites. They reward brown-nosing more than performance.
(b) Some people in authority show a lot of unfair favoritism; others reward performance.
(c) Even if they don't like you, most people in authority will reward you if they feel you're doing your job well.

16. (a) Most people will take advantage of you if they can.
(b) Many people are selfish opportunists, but just as many aren't.
(c) Most people only want what's fair, even though it doesn't always look that way.

17. (a) Most disagreements between people and nations are inevitable because it's just about impossible to get inside somebody else's head and understand his thinking.
(b) Some disagreements can be resolved through mutual understanding; others are hopeless. Even with all the negotiating and understanding in the world, some people will never be able to get along.
(c) Most problems between people and nations can be resolved if both parties make an honest effort.

18. (a) The average guy really doesn't have much control over his life.
(b) You can control some things in your life; others are pure chance.
(c) It is surprising how much control you can have over your life if you work at it and if you're willing to try unusual ways of doing things.

19. (a) I don't pay much attention to servicing my car. A good car will keep running like a tank even if you ignore it, and a lemon will remain a lemon no matter how nicely you treat it.
(b) I give my car "normal" servicing.
(c) I'm very careful about servicing my car. I get things like oil changes, lube jobs, new points, etc, according to the recommended schedule.

20. (a) I often get depressed.
(b) I sometimes get depressed.
(c) I rarely get depressed.

SCORING
Give yourself 1 point for each (a) answer, 3 points for each (b) answer, and 5 points for each (c) answer.

If you scored 20 to 46 points:
You see the world as a confusing, unfriendly, and basically unjust place. You believe human beings are relatively powerless and are at the mercy of powers like luck and fate that are beyond their control. Because they feel they have relatively little influence over what happens to them, men in this category are often quite unsure of themselves. They are more likely than most men to be influenced by others and to conform. On the other hand, since they feel little responsibility for the bad things that happen to them, such men are usually able to lead lives that are remarkably free of guilt.

47 to 73 points:
Men in this category tend to be among the most pragmatic people. They are *situationally* oriented. When they encounter an unfamiliar set of circumstances, they look it over to see what it has in common with their past experiences and how it differs. Such men can be highly successful, but they can also be unpredictable since they don't approach life consistently.

74 to 100 points:
You believe you can do anything. You see the universe as a friendly, just, predictable place. You feel that if you do your part, you'll get what you want. Men in this category have a strong belief in their own capabilities. They feel they can affect the course of events. High achievers in most fields share this world view. These men sometimes can be undone, however, by one fatal flaw. They are not quick to recognise a futile situation. Since they believe they can overcome anything with the force of their own will, they may beat their heads against a wall for years and wonder why they're getting nowhere.



LUXURY COMES TO EXTRA MILD
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BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
25
KING SIZE
ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL
World famous since 1890
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

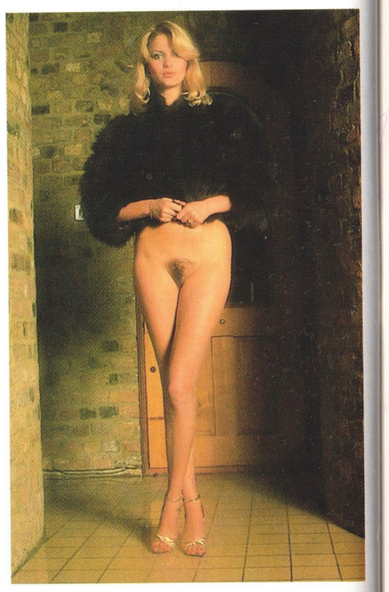
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

# SWEDEN

## LIV

Liv Anderssen is a confessed music groupie. The 24-year-old actress from Uppsala says she cut her teeth on the scene as a young teenager chasing after Bjorn and Benny of Abba but long before the soft pop group met their Waterloo, Liv had moved on to bigger and harder things. But she claims her greatest success in another field — chasing after speed skaters. "I'm pretty fast myself," she says. "I have improvised a role in *The Ice Man Cometh* more than once."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO PETER



# FRANCE

## DANI

Dani Bouvier keeps herself under lock and key each Sunday afternoon outside the Pompidou Centre in Paris. Several times during the course of the afternoon this 19-year-old contorts herself into a ball to be bound in a heavy padlocked chain. Then, as francs fly from spectators and clatter around her sweaty body, Dani squirms and wriggles her way to freedom. She says it's an uncomfortable way to earn enough to pay her art school fees, but in France a girl is sometimes forced to live on *pain* alone.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDRE COUTTS

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

# MEXICO

## EMANUELA

From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of Baja California red-blooded hombres are acclaiming the charms of 20-year-old Emanuela Lopez. Emanuela is a dancer at the famous nightclub, Tijuana Tilly's, and like her Aztec forbears she's a sun worshipper. As well as soaking up solars, this tantalising tostada also enjoys her tequila and always follows the old Mexican drinking custom. As she puts it herself, "Lick, sip, suck, amigo."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEWIS EDGAR

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

# CANADA

## CATHERINE

Canadian Catherine Garrigan says she agreed to shed her maple leaf for the camera in order to attract potential boyfriends. Sounds a mite unbelievable in view of all the good things this 22-year-old receptionist has obviously got going for her. But Catherine tells us that since she broke up with her ice hockey playing boyfriend after four years of ego massage and Moosehead Lager, she's determined to nail a new man. Catherine, it's moments like these you need Mounties.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER GRUBER

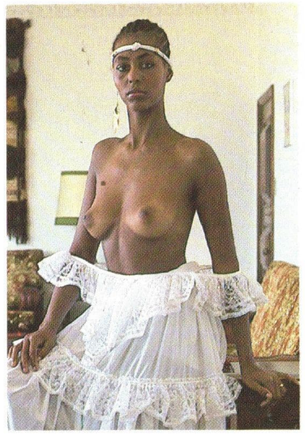
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

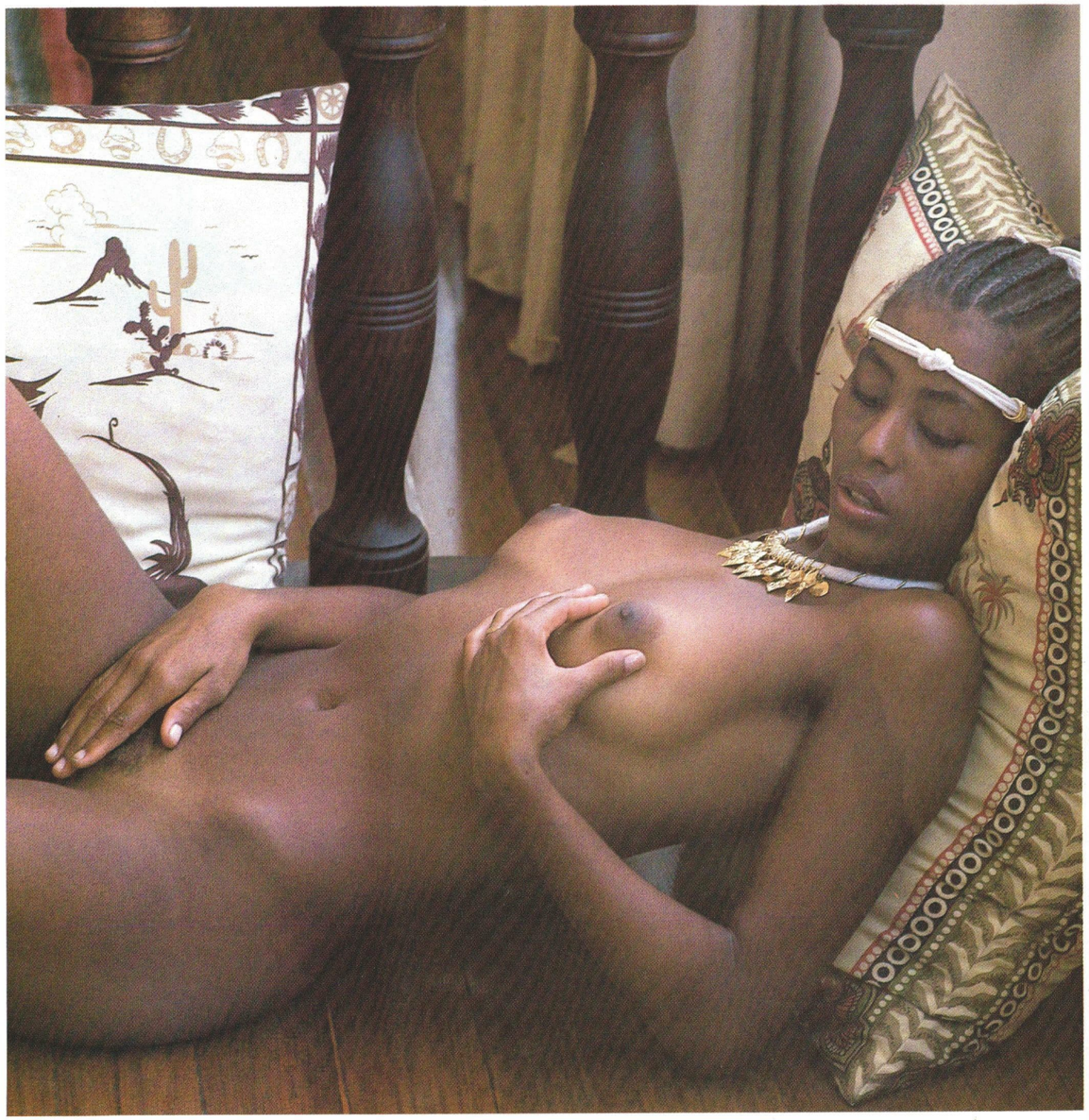
# JAMAICA

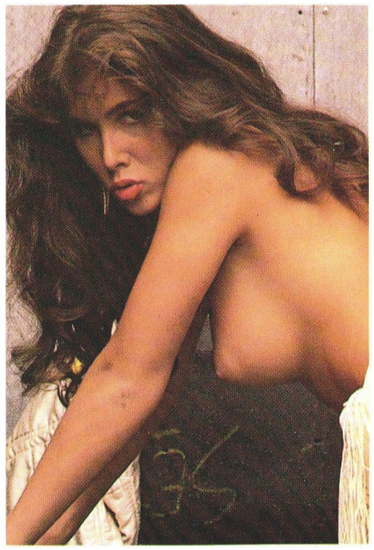
## OPHELIA

Ophelia Richards is sad to say she's on her way from Jamaica, won't be back for many a day. The 19-year-old beauty has secured a modelling contract in the States and with a little reluctance she's leaving her home in Kingston to move into the fast lane in New York. "The prospect is too exciting to pass up," she says. So for the record, if anyone asks Jamaica, Ophelia went of her own accord.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIWER OHLSSON







# TURKEY

## HUSSAMA

The Anzacs at Gallipoli could attest to the fighting spirit of the Turks, and fiery 22-year-old Hussama Yusuf seems to be cut from the national cloth. Hussama is a budding actress who is becoming known for her tempestuous performances on Turkish TV. This Turkish delight is also a bit of an amateur archeologist but says that since she became a star the amorous advances of dirty diggers on archeological sites have forced her to throw in the trowel.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREI PYAT

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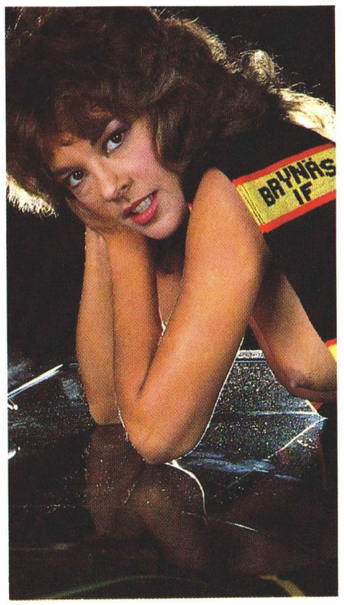


## GERMANY

### LOTTE

Lotte Schmidt says she's never been able to work Australians out. "I met many Aussies when I was backpacking through Asia. They were friendly, helpful and good companions," says the 23-year-old. "But then one year I worked as a waitress at the Oktoberfest and met another breed. They were very loud, they put tomato sauce on their sauerkraut and told me I had the best schooners in Munich. And I've never been sailing in my life!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAN CONRAD

# ALFA 33

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Welcome to a new vehicle for self expression. An expression of your style, your taste. Welcome to the personal family car as defined by Alfa Romeo. The Alfa 33.

The line and shape of the Alfa 33 have been designed not only to slip through the wind with ease, but to provide an extra-spacious cabin that can seat five adults, comfortably.

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*The 5-door hatchback split rear seat configuration.*

Add the flexibility of the brilliantly conceived 2/3, 1/3 split rear seat configuration and you have a personal family motor car that is unsurpassed.

Fanatically crafted, uncompromisingly appointed, exhaustively quality controlled.

The Alfa 33.

The Line. The Style. The Power.

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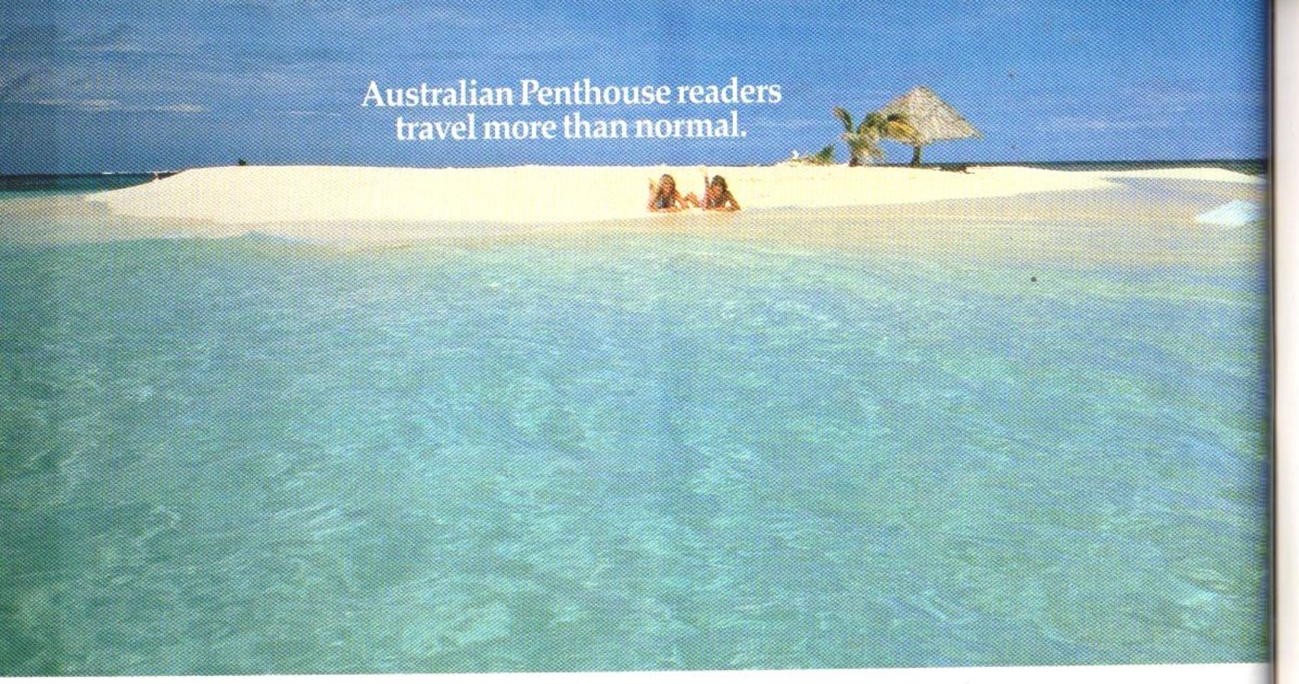
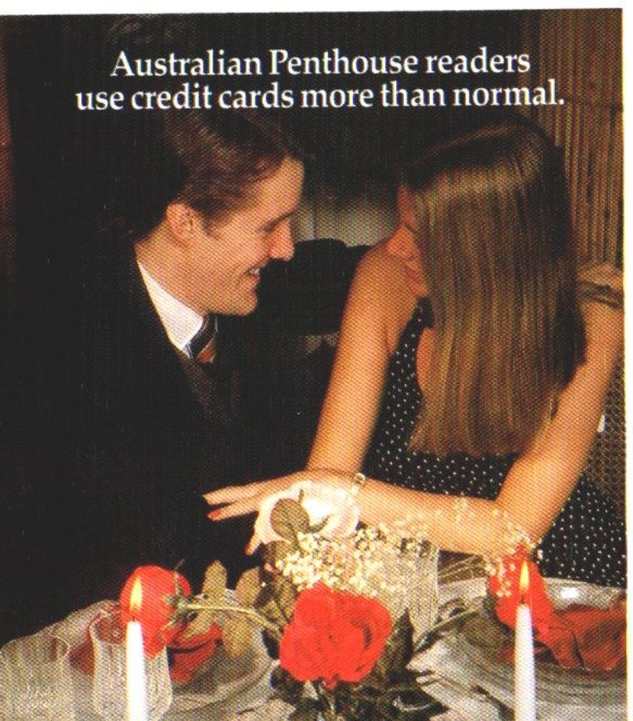
Alfa Romeo




Many publishers go on and on about numbers of readers being of prime importance.

And it would be easy for us to agree with them, after all, the largest selling men's magazine on a per issue basis in Australia is Australian Penthouse.

The latest ABC figures verify that. We outsell the Bulletin, Time, Newsweek, Playboy, Australian Business, BRW and all the sporting magazines.




But unqualified numbers are of little importance.

Millions of men could be reading a magazine and it might look great on a media schedule. But if they're the wrong men, the results in the market place won't look very good at all.

While people choose to read one publication or another for emotional reasons, the reasons an advertiser chooses a magazine have to be logical ones.

It has to be a business decision and one based not on his or her own reading habits, but on ones based on facts.

And the facts simply are the Australian Penthouse reader drinks more wine, spirits and mineral water than the average Australian male.

It follows that such an abnormal person must be a prime target for companies marketing such products.

The Australian Penthouse reader also is more interested in owning or renting VCRs. He smokes more than the average man. And he intends making more overseas trips.

Also, he uses American Express and Diners Club more than the normal Australian male does.

From these facts there's only one



# Guys who read Penthouse aren't normal.

conclusion to be drawn:

The Australian males who have the money to spend, and are spending it, read Australian Penthouse.

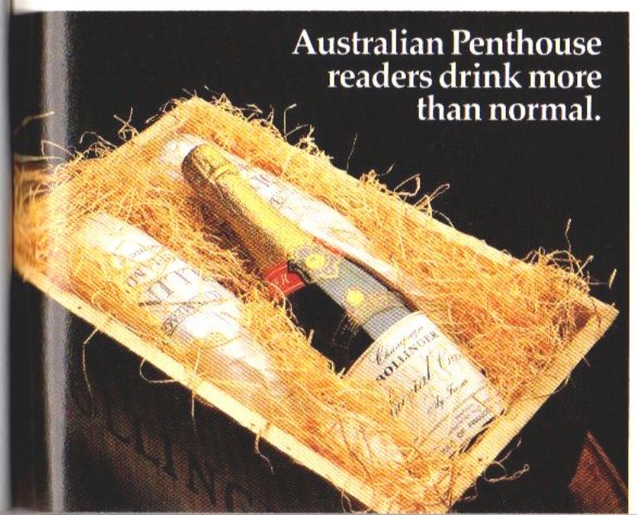
And as Australian Penthouse is kept, there's a lot of repeat viewing of your advertisement, among other things.

These are extras that aren't even included in our already attractive cost effective figures.

So don't let embarrassment stop you from putting Australian Penthouse on your schedule.

It could be more embarrassing explaining why it isn't.

**Australian Penthouse readers smoke more than normal.**

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**Melbourne:** Bob Gaff (03) 690 8233,
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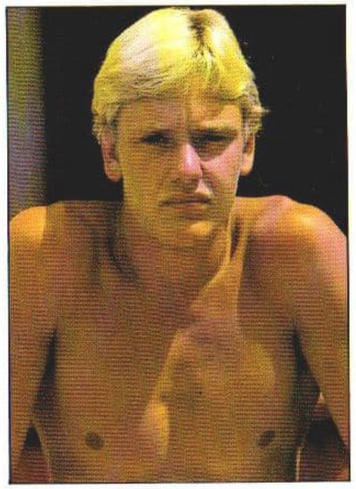
Australian
PENTHOUSE

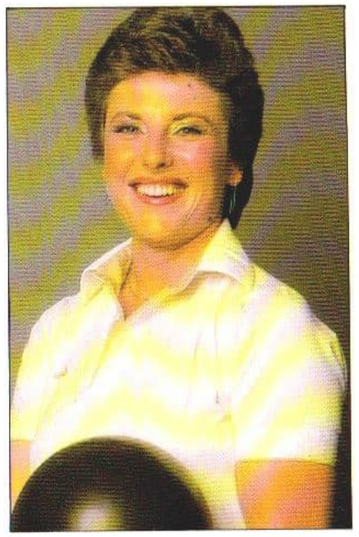
**NOW, MORE THAN EVER, IT'S A BUSINESS DECISION.**

# PENTHOUSE PEOPLE



## GUY LEECH

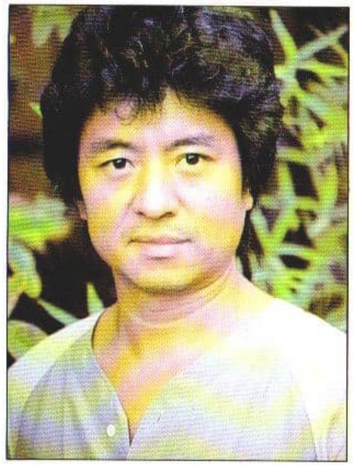
Guy Leech's resilience is such that for him the iron man event is a virtual sprint. The 19-year-old lifeguard may not stand head and shoulders above the rest on the beach, but once in the surf he transcends normality. When Leech pounded up the Gold Coast sand to win the $30,000 Coolangatta Gold tri-aquathon in January, pocketing $20,000 in gold bullion, he arrived as an advertising item. Michael Edgley, who staged the race as a promotion for his latest movie, *The Coolangatta Gold*, signed him up and placed him in the hands of a Sydney publicist. Leech should earn at least $50,000 this year — big money compared with what he makes patrolling pools at the Warringah Aquatic Centre. The money should keep Leech in food for a while — but not for long. Mother Hubbard wouldn't last long in the Leech family home in the northern Sydney suburb of Cremorne. Guy goes on the cupboard prowl from 4.30am daily, beginning with a round of biscuits and a milkshake. An early morning swim is followed by breakfast — muesli, sausages, eggs, bacon, toast, a milkshake with eggs and multiple vitamins. Fruit salad and ice-cream follows, Leech then heads off to the beach for further training, slicing through some fruit and dropping three thick salad sandwiches and another milkshake for lunch. The afternoon pool shift sees Guy fit in ice-cream, cakes, fruit and a training run while ensuring the safety of swimmers. Two dinners, one at work and one at home, and the Leech boy is ready for bed. "I have to eat continuously. It makes you feel sick, and sometimes you're sick in the surf, but you need the energy," he says. Marathon swimming, rather than the iron man events where he is nonetheless extremely competitive, appears to be the key to Guy's immediate sporting future.



## JEANETTE BAKER

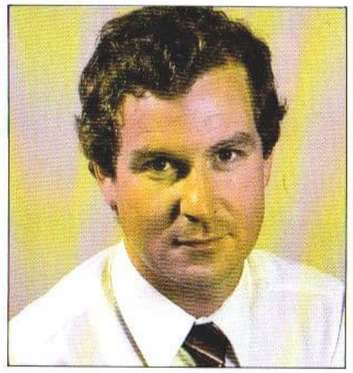
A sporting champion who lists John McEnroe and Dawn Fraser among her heroes could not possibly be a shy, retiring type. Sydney's Jeanette Baker, the only woman to win successive ten-pin bowling World Cups, is certainly no saint — even if she finds prayer the best way of relaxing during a tournament. "I'm not a religious fanatic," 28-year-old Jeanette explains. "I whisper prayers to myself when I'm nervous or worried because it calms me." A good-looking, once-married, once-divorced extrovert with a good line in conversation and a throaty laugh, Jeanette is a scene-stealer when let loose in the lanes. A showgirl in ten-pin alley. She prances around in side-split skirts, shrieks with delight at a much-needed strike and screams "stupid bitch" at a poor bowl. Jeanette is the type of competitor who would be readily marketable in one of the big-money sports like golf or tennis. As it is, she has attracted far more publicity than any other Australian ten-pin bowler in recent years. But her amateur status means she has earned only $15,000 in 10 years of competition. Not for her the chance to see the world and rage until the early hours when not competing. Jeanette has to work for a living, as a promotions assistant with AMF. And after work comes training. "It's not an exaggeration to say I would only average one night out a month," she says. Although constantly considering retirement, Jeanette will hang on for at least the rest of this year because the World Cup is coming to Sydney — but she has to qualify for a place by winning the South Pacific Classic. The fact that the current world champion is not even guaranteed a start in the World Cup indicates the level of competition and the merit of Jeanette's achievements in the sport.





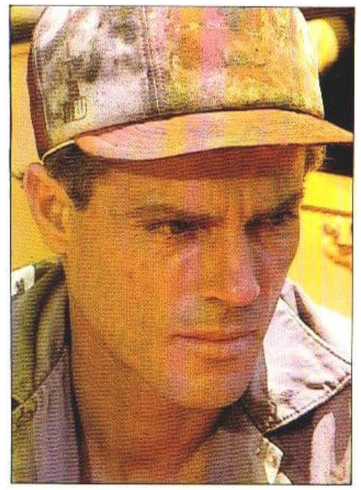
## DOMINIC CHOY

He owns the only chain of Chinese restaurants in Australia, he handles millions of dollars in investment capital for Hong Kong businessmen, and he designs anything from luxury homes to multi-million dollar shopping complexes. His story is the quintessential rags-to-riches fairy tale founded on a combination of extraordinary business acumen, creative flair and the sort of dedication that results only from years of grinding childhood poverty. Born in a tiny village near Canton in 1947, Dominic Choy smuggled himself into Hong Kong at the age of 11 and four years later, alone and afraid but determined to get an education, he jumped aboard a cargo ship bound for Australia. Eventually he got into high school and then put himself through an Architecture degree at the University of NSW by working as a dishwasher at night. Choy built up a successful architectural practice but didn't enjoy "having to kiss people's bottoms", as he politely puts it. He designed a restaurant for himself, borrowed the capital and began to combine Eastern principles of aesthetic harmony with the rigors of business life. The result is a very successful string of five Choy-designed restaurants which belie the need for Eighties-style standardisation. "Now," says Choy, "people are always asking me to take over their restaurants and night-clubs to make them profitable." His advice is worth plenty to the many Chinese developers who entrust him with millions in investment capital each year, but the 36-year-old dynamo is much more interested in the company of artists and writers. "It is my responsibility," he says, "to contribute my design skills to Australia. Here, the government and individuals take no pride in buildings. The Chinese people must share their expertise in aesthetic matters. That is our strength, and it is my strength. It is why my business is successful."



## ROBERT WATSON

A vaccine for genital herpes? A plan to desalinate water using bacteria? A tree growth accelerator? These are not fanciful pipedreams of the distant future. They are all projects which, along with many more, are on the drawing board of dynamic 32-year-old Melbourne entrepreneur Robert Watson. Watson is no highly qualified technocrat; in fact he has no scientific background whatsoever. Since the age of 19 he's been a self-employed businessman, at one stage importing vending machines from Italy. But he became aware of the huge commercial potential of biotechnology during a flight to Sydney in 1981, when he chanced to sit next to Latrobe University microbiologist Dr Darryl Reanney. Watson was so excited by their chatting that he formed a company, Gentech Australia Pty Ltd, with the aim of researching, developing and promoting new biotechnological products and processes. The association with Reanney continued — he's now Gentech's scientific reseach director — and the company has also reached a research agreement with Latrobe Uni. Watson stipulates that Gentech is "only interested in spending money on products that are easily commercialised." Gentech's first product, developed at Latrobe, has the look of a big money-spinner. It's a diagnostic kit for genital herpes that's already being marketed in the US. Watson is especially fervent about the commercial prospects that herpes presents. "The whole world's got it," he enthuses. Consequently, there's a vaccine for genital herpes and a test kit for chlamydia (linked with NSU) also in the pipeline. Other projects include something that could have massive ramifications for industry: a revolutionary new fermentation process, the distribution rights to which are owned by Gentech. With biotechnology and "sunrise" industries increasingly regarded as the future of Australian manufacturing, the star of Robert Watson appears to be well and truly in the ascendant.



## HAROLD HOPKINS

Harold Hopkins was a 19-year-old carpenter from the Darling Downs when he made the decision to become an actor. His twin brother was on a "Gregory Peck trip," fronting up in local amateur theatricals, and Hopkins, who says he had not until then heard the call of the footlights, was roped in to watch. Sitting there watching his brother portraying someone else sparked something in him. "The idea of getting inside a new character and doing it so well as to affect people, to make them watch and believe, excited me. It reminded me of mastering a musical instrument." Hopkins wrote to the National Institute of Dramatic Art and was accepted in 1965, graduating in 1967. Now, at 40, he maintains that he still feels that rush of excitement, almost power, when he's acting. While he's not a household name like Bryan Brown or Mel Gibson, Hopkins' face is well known and he's recognised within the film industry as one of the best character actors in Australia. A string of acclaimed movie credits including *Don's Party, Monkey Grip* and *Gallipoli* attest to the opinion. Hopkins will be seen this year in the films *Buddies* and *Stanley* (in which he plays the boyfriend of a character portrayed by Graham Kennedy) and the TV production *The Winds of Jarrah*. Hopkins was between roles when he spoke to *Penthouse* while lazing around with his wife, actress Sue Collie, at their small Bondi flat. The couple alternate between the beach flat and a shack Hopkins has built beside the Hawkesbury River. He's a landscape gardener when he's not acting, and says he's happiest living the "nuts and seeds" life in the shack, turning the land into an Eden of tropical fruits and exotic flowers. In the generally pacy and often backbiting film industry, Harold Hopkins gives a fine performance as one who has got his act together.

# Sweet Chastity

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

OTTO, LONG LOST TWIN BROTHER OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, HAS RETURNED TO CASTLE DREER. TO ESCAPE THE TEDIUM OF HIS POETIC RECITATIONS AND THE MOOD OF SOPORIFIC BOREDOM THAT HAS CREPT INTO THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CASTLE, SWEET CHASTITY HAS BEEN PURSUING HER OWN SOLITARY PASTIMES.....

WEREWOLVES ARE AN ENDANGERED SPECIES!

ECOLOGY and PRESERVATION PARTY

STOP THIS CRUELTY!

DO YOU REALIZE THAT IF THESE BLOOD SPORTS AREN'T STOPPED **NOW**—YOUR CHILDREN WILL NEVER SEE A LIVE WEREWOLF IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT?



SHE IS UNAWARE THAT HER MOVEMENTS ARE BEING CLOSELY MONITORED.....

WHY DON'T I JUST GO DOWN DERE AN' GRAB HER, SPECS?

DON'T UNDER-ESTIMATE HER, MOOSE!

SHE'S JUST A DAME! A BROAD! A SKOIT! I CAN HANDLE IT!

WE DON'T NEED ALL DIS MAKIN' NOTES AN' WATCHIN' STUFF! ALL YA NEED FER A SNATCH IS A FAST GETAWAY CAR!

LOOK—WE DO JUST AS THE BLACK WIDOW SAYS! WE'RE SOLDIERS! JUST TRY TO REMEMBER THAT, MOOSE—WE CARRY OUT ORDERS

SHE ISN'T A CREATURE OF HABIT, MS—THERE'S NO PATTERN TO HER DAYS

WHY DON'TCHA UEST LEAVE IT TO ME? I'LL GO DOWN AND GRAB DA BROAD FER YA! NO SWEAT!

WILL YOU TELL THAT BIG CRETINOUS ANACHRONISM TO SHUT HIS MACHO MOUTH! THIS ISN'T SOME CRUMMY B MOVIE! THIS IS A REVOLUTION!

LOOK—MOOSE DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM. HIS WAYS MAY BE A BIT OLD FASHIONED, BUT HE'S A PRO—AND YOU NEED A PRO FOR THIS CAPER!

OKAY! OKAY! BUT KEEP HIM IN LINE. I'M RUNNING THIS SHOW AND WE DO IT MY WAY! ANY MORE HASSLE AND WE STICK HIM IN A TRAILER PARK FOR SENIOR CITIZENS AND WE DO THE JOB OURSELVES!

GIVE HIM A BREAK—HE NEEDS THIS JOB TO SUPPLEMENT HIS MAFIA RETIREMENT PENSION!

SMARTASS WOMEN BOSSES! SNIFF! BIG WOIDS! IT WUZN'T LIKE DIS IN DE OLD DAYS! ME AN' BUGSY... AN' LUCKY... AN...

MEANWHILE, AT CASTLE DREER

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING!

OH YEAH! YOU WEREN'T UP AT 5 A.M.!

I'M DRIVING INTO THE VILLAGE, TOOMBS — SHOULD ANYONE ASK AFTER ME!

CHASTITY, MY DEAR, COULD I BEG A LIFT? I FANCY A QUIET CRUISE THROUGH THE LOCAL HOSTELRIES!

gay days

OF COURSE, UNCLE OTTO.

"MORNING, UNCLE VINCENT — HAVE A NICE DAY!



DERE'S A CAR LEAVIN' DA CASTLE NOW. JEEZE — DAT'S MOVIN'!

THAT WILL BE HER! LET'S GO — YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

LOOK OUT!

SCREECH

WHAT'S GOING ON?

DON'T SHOOT!

WE SURRENDER!

GET OUT OF THE CAR — SLOWLY!

KEEP YOUR COOL, UNCLE OTTO! LET ME HANDLE THIS!

STAY CALM, UNCLE OTTO...

....WHEN I GIVE YOU THE WORD—JUMP FOR IT!

DOWN THAT CLIFF? OH, MY GOD! I CAN'T!

JUMP FOR IT!

GET HER—ALIVE!

IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN —JUMP!



BUT OTTO'S LEGS FAIL HIM. HE STANDS—ROOTED TO THE SPOT!

JUMP, YOU FOOL!

EEYAAGH!

DON'T LEAVE ME!

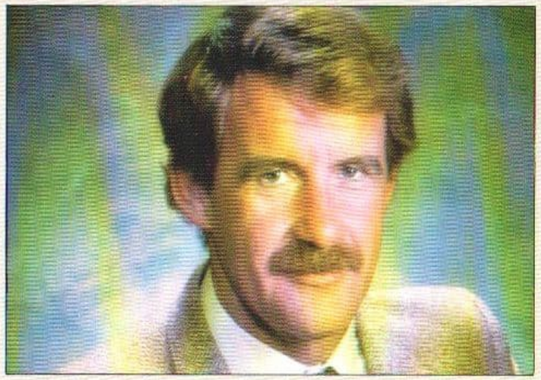
DON'T LEAVE ME!

DON'T LEAVE ME!

OH, NO!

THAT'S A PRETTY STUPID REQUEST! IT ISN'T THAT WE ARE UNSYMPATHETIC TO HIS PLIGHT —BUT WHAT DOES HE EXPECT HER TO DO? WE'LL SEE NEXT MONTH!

# ADVISE & DISSENT
## OPINION



BY ROBERT SPICER

The author has recently written his first, highly controversial book, Ball Breaking. The book concerns the exploitation of men by women, an issue on which he has a strong opinion, based on his experiences and observations over many years in the restaurant and nightclub industry

# EXPOSING THE MYTH OF FEMALE EQUALITY

Anyone involved in the Sydney Hilton bombing will know what sort of reaction I should have expected following the publication of my book *Ball Breaking*. The reaction was one of *blind fury* — and if anything that's an understatement. Openly telling the truth in Australia today is dynamite, and daring to publish a book full of it is considered the equivalent of tossing a stick of gelignite into the Member's Stand at Flemington on Melbourne Cup Day.

But to tell the truth about women — as they really are beneath the benign cloak their propaganda machine has spread across society's consciousness — is tantamount to a kamikaze mission. Derek Ballantyne from a Melbourne Sunday paper commented that "the writer has a death wish" and "the book was written in a suicidal frenzy." Kinder pundits reassured me that readers would realise that I had written the book after being mortally wounded by treacherous lovers, and forgive me my lunacy. Others felt I must have spent my life in the company of shrewish monsters and therefore would be forgiven all the more by more fortunate readers for the acid conclusions I reached.

After meeting me, the Melbourne *Age* implied that it was difficult to believe I was a misogynist (a woman hater) but that to write the book I had to be one. In fact, everyone could believe any contortion of fact, however far-fetched, but practically no-one in the media would face the alternative, at least not in print or on air, that the book was simply the truth as I had experienced, studied and observed it.

Once the uproar surrounding the publication of the book really snowballed, it began to take on the proportions of an American political campaign. I was not interviewed by the media, but rather interrogated. At any sign that the book was being taken seriously, panic set in.

John Singleton set up an open-line talk-back with noted feminist Wendy McCarthy, *Cleo's* advisor on women's affairs. We found very little to disagree on. This incensed Singleton, and he left the studio for the races 15 minutes before the scheduled end of the show, leaving us all just sitting there like stale jars. He didn't mind sitting there promoting a verbal football match, but he didn't want serious discussion.

Machomendon't want tohear thatwomenare pulling thestrings, but all aware men should realise that by pulling the *sacred cows* from their pedestals and throwing them into the game of life, men will halve their own workloads and increase that part of their own earnings which they will be able to retain for their own use and pleasure. They will also have the added advantage of having partners who are not just walking-talking window-dummies.

As the round of interviews, debates, talk-back shows and luncheons continued, the world was seeming more like Barnum and Bailey every minute. The publicity was causing a storm — and the storm more publicity. I was on a rollercoaster! It was a far cry from the idyllic months on the Gold Coast I spent writing the book.

Would I have started if I had foreseen the end result? Perhaps not. Whether or not the book is correct in its conclusions is in my view no longer in doubt. The calls on open-line talk-back radio, Australia-wide, prove that. "Absolutely true," said one woman. "Truest book since the Bible," affirmed another. "Women are never honest, they cheat, lie and connive," said a female university graduate. "I've told my two sons to beware of the cunning devils," declared a Melbourne mum. A university student laughed: "There's nothing as ridiculous as watching grown men running around in the wind and rain opening car doors for me and getting soaked to the skin, but if they're fool enough to do it, why should I complain?" Jenny, a young married woman in Sydney, exclaimed to Ita Buttrose on her radio show, "This book is just so true. It's just how I was brought up to think; it's exactly how I got my man; and it reveals how I keep him under my thumb." One housewife related to Patrick Tennyson on Melbourne 3UZ: "Of course it's all true. I've manipulated and deceived my husband for 30 years. I get my way with false tears and turn my back on him in bed as punishment when he displeases me." "Sex!" wrote a Brisbane woman. "Men think of nothing else. I have a large circle of girlfriends and none like it at all, let alone ask for it."

So much confirmation from the public, but what do the "experts" think?" Loudmouth, ratbag Pine Gap types (as distinct from genuine, thinking feminists) shouted me down, claiming I was out of touch with the aspirations of the majority of their sex. Who is really out of touch?

In the Sixties, when the tidal wave of women's lib engulfed the Western world, only 65 percent of self-proclaimed liberated young women saw themselves as settling solely for the role of dependent wife and mother. Not so in the Eighties according to American researcher Matina Horner. In her "Female Fear Of Success" studies that proportion is nearly 90 percent: a figure staggeringly at odds with the media-formed impression of the new achievement-orientated Superwoman.

Men have always found the jungle of the real world a frightening and overpowering place, and in the main they scuttled (after a few years sowing wild oats) back to create a family environment similar to that which nurtured and supported them in their youth.

Women have only recently dipped their toes into the waters of the real competitive world. However, in preference to the long and arduous haul of becoming self-supporting and truly independent, most women are, in ever-increasing numbers, opting for the free ride of dependency through marriage. If men wish to ever attain some sort of relief from their burden of carrying women and children on their backs for life, they must fiercely resist this slide back into the old situation of total exploitation of men by women.

These "lame ducks" we carry must be forced to walk, by our sides perhaps, but walk nonetheless. They must not be carried. Men must become arch-feminists: not just supporters of a choice for women between independence and dependence, but instead, vocally demanding nothing less than total equality. Total equality of responsibility, and total equality to make their own lives and face up to their own failings. In fact, we must demand that they face life as men do with all the stress and pressure that entails.

Now that assertiveness, drive and the will to succeed are the cornerstones of survival (not physical strength), the time has come for women to take their place in an equal partnership with men.

In short, they must pay their own bloody way!

"Men must become arch-feminists: not just supporters of a choice for women between independence and dependence, but instead, vocally demanding nothing less than total equality"

# LOOSE ENDS

Australia II has left a colorful wake of spin-offs since she nosed across the Newport finish line. Perhaps the kitschest little item to be dreamed up yet is a sterling silver limited-edition model of the yacht, crafted by M.R. John of the UK firm of Boehn and Llandow. Bond International at 50 Clarence St, Sydney, have 300 of these mantlepiece curiosities for sale and they're confident all will be snapped up quickly, despite a price tag of $995 — enough to knock the wind out of anyone's sails.

If you want to bone up on what to do when the Big One drops, brush up on self-defence techniques, or simply want to know how to survive when you're stranded in the Sahara, check out Paladin Press at 9 Newburgh Place, Auburn, Victoria 3122. Paladin have a surprising and most comprehensive catalogue of books for practical people. One of their titles, *Better Read Than Dead,* just about sums up what they're all about. Write for a catalogue or phone (03) 82 5514.

If you haven't dared get your feet wet at the beach since *Jaws* hit the big screen, you may be comforted to know that an American has invented a shark-proof suit. San Diego marine biologist Jeremiah S. Sullivan has designed a 7kg underwater suit which consists of an epoxy resin shield sandwiched between a heavy gauge mesh of stainless steel. Sullivan has tested the suit successfully with a range of sharks but has not yet allowed a tiger shark or a white pointer to test his mettle. The designer guarantees his $3000 outfit with the words: "A person with the suit on will fare far better in dangerous waters than anyone without it."

The casting problem faced by beach fishermen has been tackled. Enterprising Victorian inventor Wai Ming Tsang has patented what he calls a Beach Bazooka, a cannon-type gizmo which can fire your bait, hook, line and sinker up to 250 metres over the roughest surf out to where the big ones are biting. That's well over twice the distance that can be achieved by a strong fisherman in good conditions. The Beach Bazooka gets it's oomph from compressed air and can be pumped up with a hand pump. Mr Tsang has designed three models — the top-of-the-line deluxe model weighs in at about 12kgs and costs $179. Direct enquiries to 74 Inglis St, Sale, Victoria; or telephone (051) 44 1866.

The queasy come, queasy go award of the month has to go to Fast Food, a Telesys game distributed by Computer Classics for the Atari 2600 video game system. In Fast Food you're a mouth with the all-consuming task of wolfing down as many pizzas, chips, milkshakes, burgers, icecreams and gherkins as you can. The more calories you can swallow, the higher your score — but you've got to steer clear of purple pickles, eat too many of the little buggers and you're out of the game, presumably having a quiet electronic chunder. Modern technology at its most awesome.

In December *Penthouse* we ran a Sanyo competition in conjunction with the Pet Of The Year Vote. The first vote out of the office Esky belonged to Stephen McGilvray of Calala in NSW. McGilvray wins a Sanyo Sportster mini AM/FM radio cassette for sending in his vote for another winner, Pet Of The Year Donna Burns.

PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

## PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

This photograph of Margaret James wins this month's *Penthouse* Polaroid Photo Competition for "John The Flasher" of Cairns in Northern Queensland. For coming up trumps, The Flasher has a choice of two prizes from Polaroid. He may choose a Polaroid SLR 680 Auto-Focus/AutoStrobe Camera or the recently released Polaroid 35mm AutoProcess System. This revolutionary outfit, comprising Auto-Processer, Cutter/Mounter and a pack of Polachrome 12-exposure film and slide mounts, allows you to process your own transparencies at home in minutes.

If you reckon you have a flair for photography, prove it by sending us a revealing snap, taken on any film, and let *Australian Penthouse* evaluate your talent.

Fill in the coupon below, put it in an envelope with your photo(s) and send it to *Penthouse.*

---

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse,* PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject)..... of .....
am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse.* I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject:..... Date.....

Signature of witness:..... Date.....

Adelaide's Chris Heins

## COMING IN JUNE PENTHOUSE

**The Filipino Connection** — Thousands of Australian refugees from female liberation invade the Philippines every year to indulge their wildest sexual fantasies. As a result, Manila has been transformed into the last bastion of unashamed ockerism. *Penthouse* investigates the Filipino phenomenon.

**High Risks** — One out of every eight climbers who venture to the highest Himalayan peaks is likely to stay there forever. This report describes the outrageous risks being taken by Australian mountain climber, revealing why there are old mountaineers and bold mountaineers, but very few old bold ones.

**Jerry Lewis Interview** — The King of Comedy still holds the record for more consecutive hit films than any other Hollywood personality. In this frank interview he discusses his drug addiction, his marital infidelities, his near suicide and his relations with organised crime.

**Pick A Card** — Which credit card is right for you? American Express, Visa, Diners Club, MasterCard . . . the list is getting longer all the time. This comprehensive service feature presents a checklist which will help you to make the right choice.

**Pet Of The Month** — The only thing higher than the eyebrows model Chris Heins raises when she shops on Hindley Street is the 22-year-old beauty herself. This Adelaide rager reckons she's high on life and Cheech and Chong films, and when she hits the ski slopes in June *Penthouse* she'll give you a lift as well.

# PSYCHIC FRAUD

*Continued from page 40*

underground water. The psychic power of divining is a delusion.

It is extremely significant that many water diviners have come forward to be tested by Dick Smith, yet no claimants to other psychic powers have come forward to be tested.

Even if diviners are honest, but deluded, they act in good faith when they come forward to be tested. What can we conclude about others who claim psychic powers but fail to come forward to try for Dick Smith's $100,000 or the opportunity to be tested by the Australian Skeptics?

### A TEST FOR TELEPATHY

Dick Smith has offered $100,000 to anyone who can prove their psychic powers. The opportunity to be able to state that one's psychic powers had been tested scientifically, by the Australian Skeptics, should have brought forward many claimants. Yet, apart from water diviners, only a few people claiming to have psychic powers have even written to Dick Smith for details of the offer.

Dick Smith told those who have written to first design and perform a preliminary test in front of an independent witness. If this test is positive Dick Smith will then conduct a proper test. Yet not one person has come back with a positive result from a self-designed test!

Dick Smith's offer is separate from the Australian Skeptics' interest in testing people with paranormal powers. If any Australians with psychic powers are not interested in money then they can still try to prove their powers to the Australian Skeptics and therefore be able to claim their powers have been scientifically tested and verified.

The discovery of a person with such powers would precipitate a systemic study, as with any scientific study. The Australian Skeptics will keep on scientifically investigating paranormal claims, looking for rational explanations and solutions and exposing psychic fraud wherever it occurs. The Skeptics would be as delighted as anyone to discover a real psychic. It is an exciting search.

*Mark Plummer is the National Chairman of the Australian Skeptics. The Skeptics can be contacted at Box 1555P GPO Melbourne 3001.*

**STOCKISTS**

**Cover and centrespread:** Photography by Chris Dickson; Make-up by Chris King; Hair styled by Judith of Sloanes, Paddington, NSW; Clothing and jewellery supplied by Daughters Of Temperance, Paddington; Shoes from Raymond Castles, Sydney, Melbourne and Auckland.




# WHY DID WE CALL IT THE Z SERIES?

## Because nothing can follow it.

The TEAC Z Series. Three cassette decks that are all the cassette deck anyone will ever need. Designed and built to provide absolutely the finest in cassette reproduction quality. In precision of performance. And in operational versatility. The transport and electronics are the pinnacle of TEAC technology, drawing on our know-how in producing superior open reel decks and professional equipment. Operational sophistication is unmatched. Any function worth having on a cassette deck is on the Z-7000. And the Z-6000 and Z-5000 are almost as impressive. In fact, you can tell just by looking that these decks are in a class by themselves. Bigger. Heavier. Without extraneous frills. Built for solid, stable, permanent excellence. The Z Series. Cassette deck performance from A to Z.

- Direct-drive capstan motor
- 3-head system
- dbx and Dolby B–C noise reduction
- Manual recording bias, level and EQ calibration system
- Heavy duty diecast chassis
- Electroload head loading system
- Direct-coupled playback EQ amplifier
- Real-time tape counter
- Memory repeat/play/stop
- CPS (Computomatic Program Search)
- Rec mute with auto spacer
- Standard remote control unit

- 3 direct-drive DC motors
- Direct-coupled playback EQ amplifier
- 3-head system
- dbx and Dolby B–C noise reduction
- dbx disc position
- Manual recording bias, level and EQ calibration system
- Dual-capstan closed-loop transport system
- Real time tape counter
- Automatic tape select
- 30-segment FL peak level meters
- Memory repeat/play/stop
- CPS (Computomatic Program Search)

- 3 direct-drive DC motors
- 3-head system
- dbx and Dolby B–C noise reduction
- dbx disc position
- Automatic recording bias, level and EQ calibration system
- Tape calibration memory
- Block Repeat
- Dual-capstan closed-loop transport system
- Real-time tape counter
- Automatic tape select
- Search To Cue, Search To Zero, Search To Record
- Spot Erase System
- CPS (Computomatic Program Search)

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